Mar. 26, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

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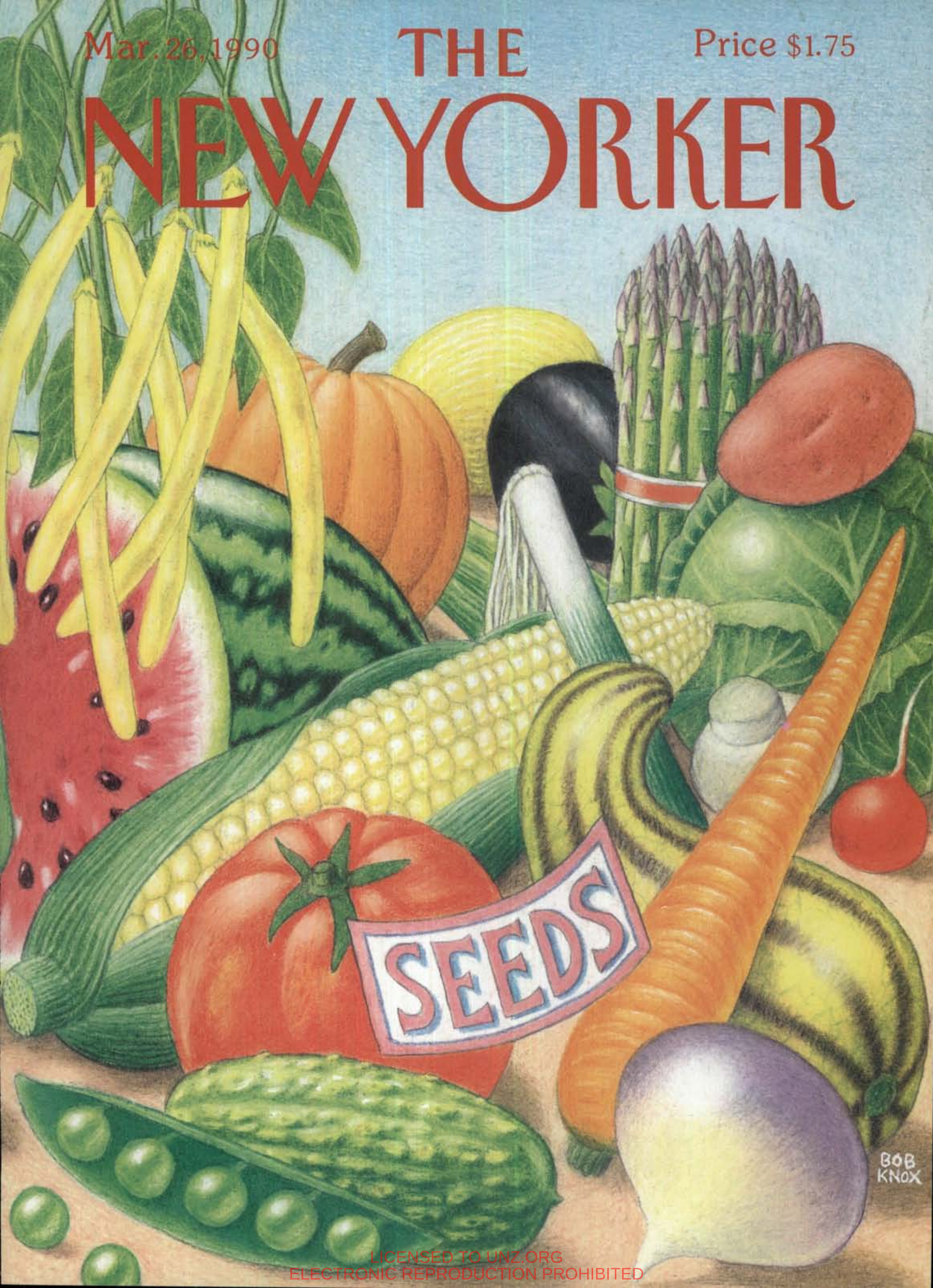

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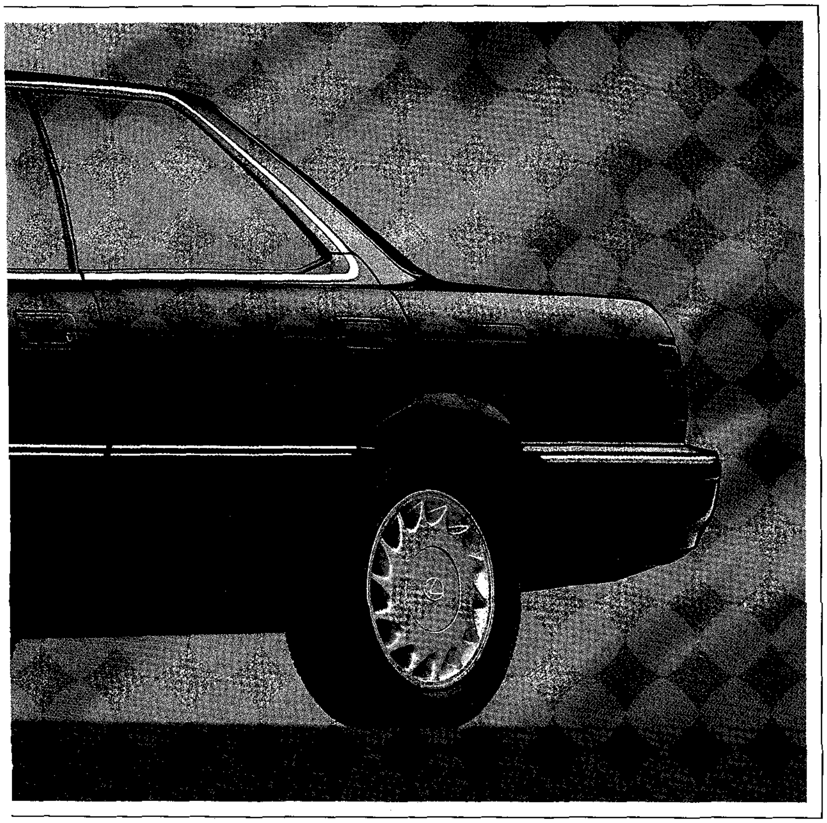

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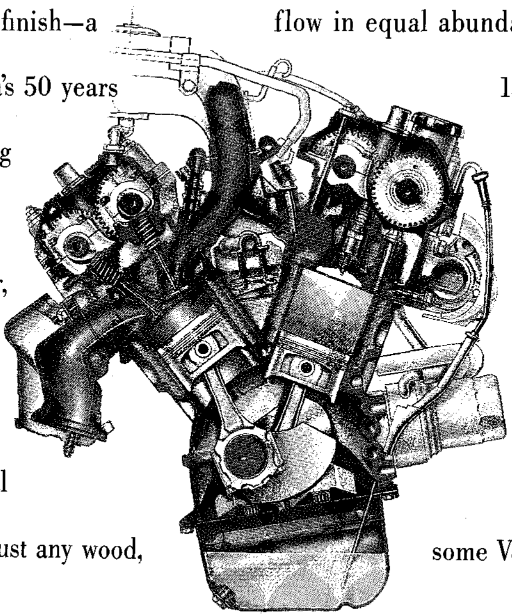

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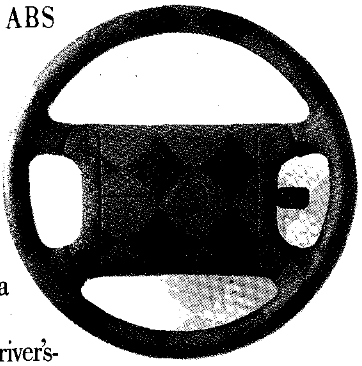

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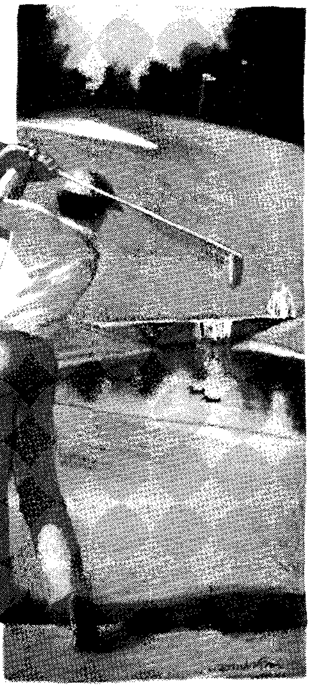

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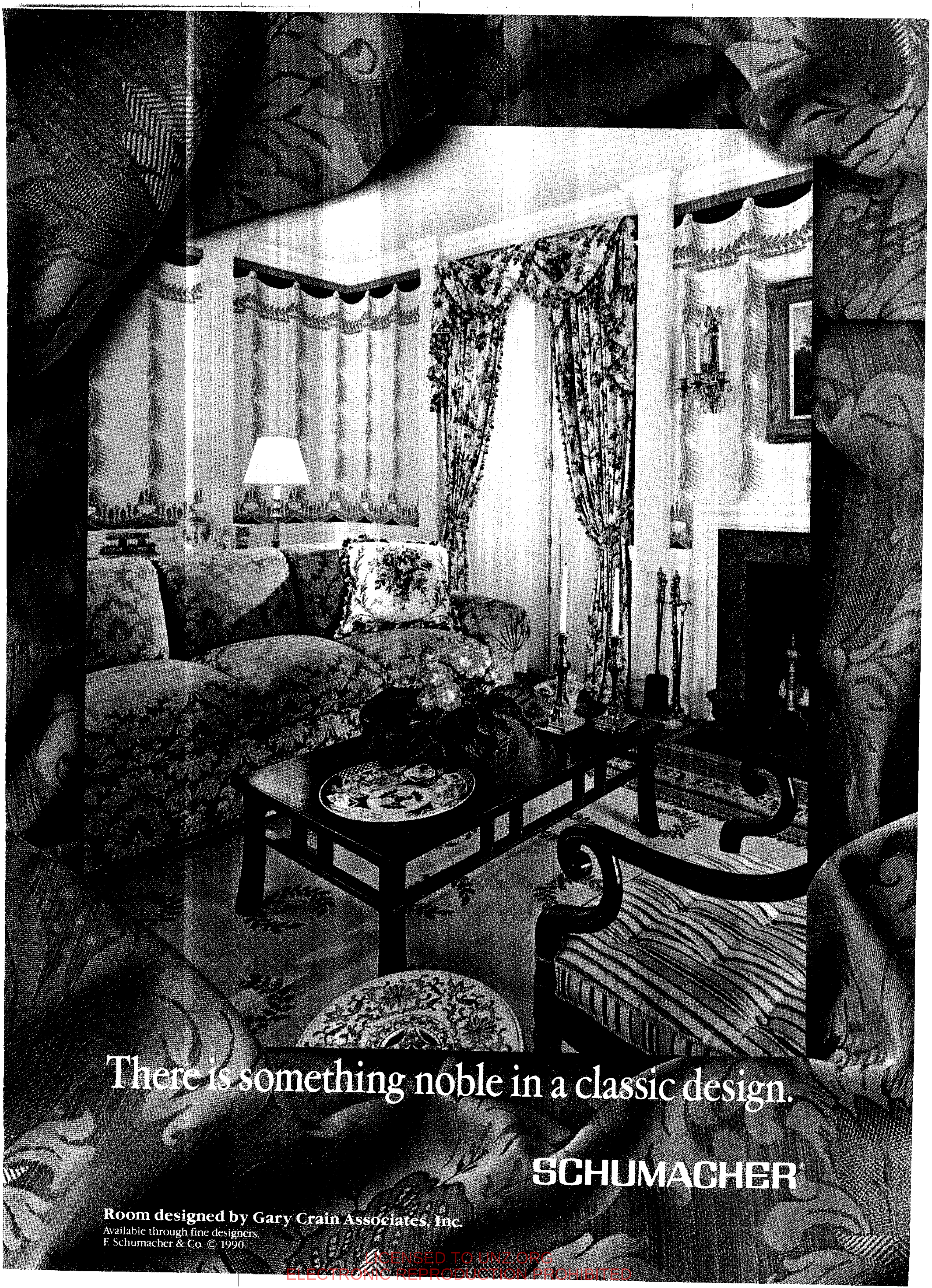
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

"WHIRLWIND seduction by an archduke made incredibly gay by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne," ran the Goings On About Town listing for a play at the Martin Beck the week that the Gershwin musical "Of Thee I Sing" opened on Broadway. It was Christmas, 1931, and the B. Altman & Co. ad on page 1 of this magazine warned, "Don't even look at a gangplank till you look at these salty sea-going new clothes." On Friday, G. K. Chesterton was scheduled to broadcast a little talk on the subject of Dickens, live from London, and "The Band Wagon" (with Fred and Adele Astaire) was playing on West 42nd Street.

In those days, a Goings On About Town theatre listing didn't bother with an address; it merely told you the cross street and whether the theatre was located on, or east or west of, Broadway. You could see Katharine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and Alexander Wollcott in a drawing-room comedy at the Belasco. Ethel Merman, Rudy Vallée, and Ray Bolger were appearing in George White's "Scandals," and the Group Theatre had something on. At the Broadhurst, Leslie Howard was about to open in Philip Barry's latest. The Marx Brothers were about to follow Eddie Cantor and George Jessel into the Palace (vaudeville had its own listing), and "Monkey Business" was a first-run movie.

Curtain time was 2:30 or 8:30—"unless otherwise noted," which it very often was, as in the case of "Mourning Becomes Electra," which started at 5:30. ("We might as well face it: this is O'Neill's greatest play. . . . But don't blame us if you get tired along about nine-thirty.") At Marconi, on East 59th Street, you could purchase a twelve-inch recording of the Mills Brothers singing "You Rascal You." A copy of this magazine cost fifteen cents—five dollars for a year's subscription—and might well contain one or two instances of the word "dirigible."

Starting next week, the New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players will be reviving "Of Thee I Sing"—the first musical ever to win a Pulitzer Prize—in a new production, conducted by Albert Bergeret and featuring the singular Keith Jurosko. Performances are at Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th Street.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

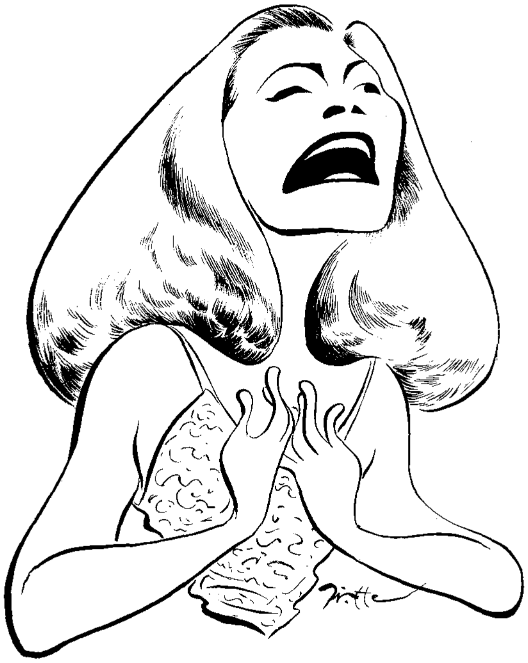
And the Soul Shall Dance—A play by Wakako Yamauchi, presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. Preview on March 20. Opens March 21 at 8, and will run through April 7. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 245-2660.)

Aspects of Love—The new Andrew Lloyd Webber musical, which is still running in the West End. Directed by Trevor Nunn, the show features Ann Crumb, Kathleen Rowe McAllen, Michael Ball, and Kevin Colson. In previews. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Bad Habits—A revival of two 1973 one-acts by Terrence McNally. Nathan Lane, Kate Nelligan, and Faith Prince are in the cast. Directed by Paul Benedict. Opens March 20 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Kathleen Turner is Maggie in this production of Tennessee Williams' play. With Daniel Hugh Kelly as Brick, and Charles Durning and Polly Holliday as Big Daddy and Big Mama. Directed by Howard Davies. Preview on March 20. Opens March 21 at 6:30. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)



Kathleen Turner in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's drama, with Justine Bateman, who is making her New York stage début. Directed by Gerald Freedman. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

The Grapes of Wrath—Gary Sinise, Lois Smith, Terry Kinney, and others in the Steppenwolf Theatre Company's production of the Steinbeck classic. Adapted and directed by Frank Galati. Previews through March 21. Opens March 22 at 6:15. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Lettice & Lovage—Maggie Smith and Margaret Tyzack star in this London comedy by Peter Shaffer. The cast also includes Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze. Staged by Michael Blakemore. Previews through March 24. Opens March 25 at 6:15. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Making Movies—A new comedy by Aaron Sorkin, the author of "A Few Good Men." With Michael Countryman and David Marshall Grant. Previews through March 25. Opens March 27 at 8. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

St. Mark's Gospel—Alec McCowen's one-man show, first seen in New York in 1978. Preview on March 20. Opens March 21 at 7:15, and will run through April 15. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Starting Monday—Ellen Greene and Pamela Wiggins in a play by Anne Commire. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Away Alone—No one could accuse Janet Noble's sweet, feckless comedy about young Irish immigrants in the Bronx of being overly sophisticated. The play is innocent, sentimental, and old-fashioned—a little like the characters it portrays—but the feeling it creates in the audience becomes infectious, a little like the laughter it inspires. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Bovver Boys—A play by Willy Holtzman, presented by the Primary Stages theatre company. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

By and for Havel—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/90.) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Cahoots—A new comedy by Rick Johnston, set on the Upper East Side. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Carbondale Dreams—Steven Sater's trilogy about a family of Ugly-American Jews in the Midwest began life as a pair of one-acts entitled "Beth" and "Bradley." (A third, "Arnold," has since been added.) We sat through "Beth" and found it so full of Jewish self-loathing and hostility toward one's parents (the work reeks of autobiography) as to be unendurable. Perhaps Sater needs to be reminded that the best revenge is living well, not writing poorly. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

The Circle—*Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns,* Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting **PRELUDE TO A KISS,** a new comedy by Craig Lucas. Alec Baldwin, Barnard Hughes, and Mary-Louise Parker are in the cast, which was directed by Norman René. (Reviewed in this issue.) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in absolutely top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Closer than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-

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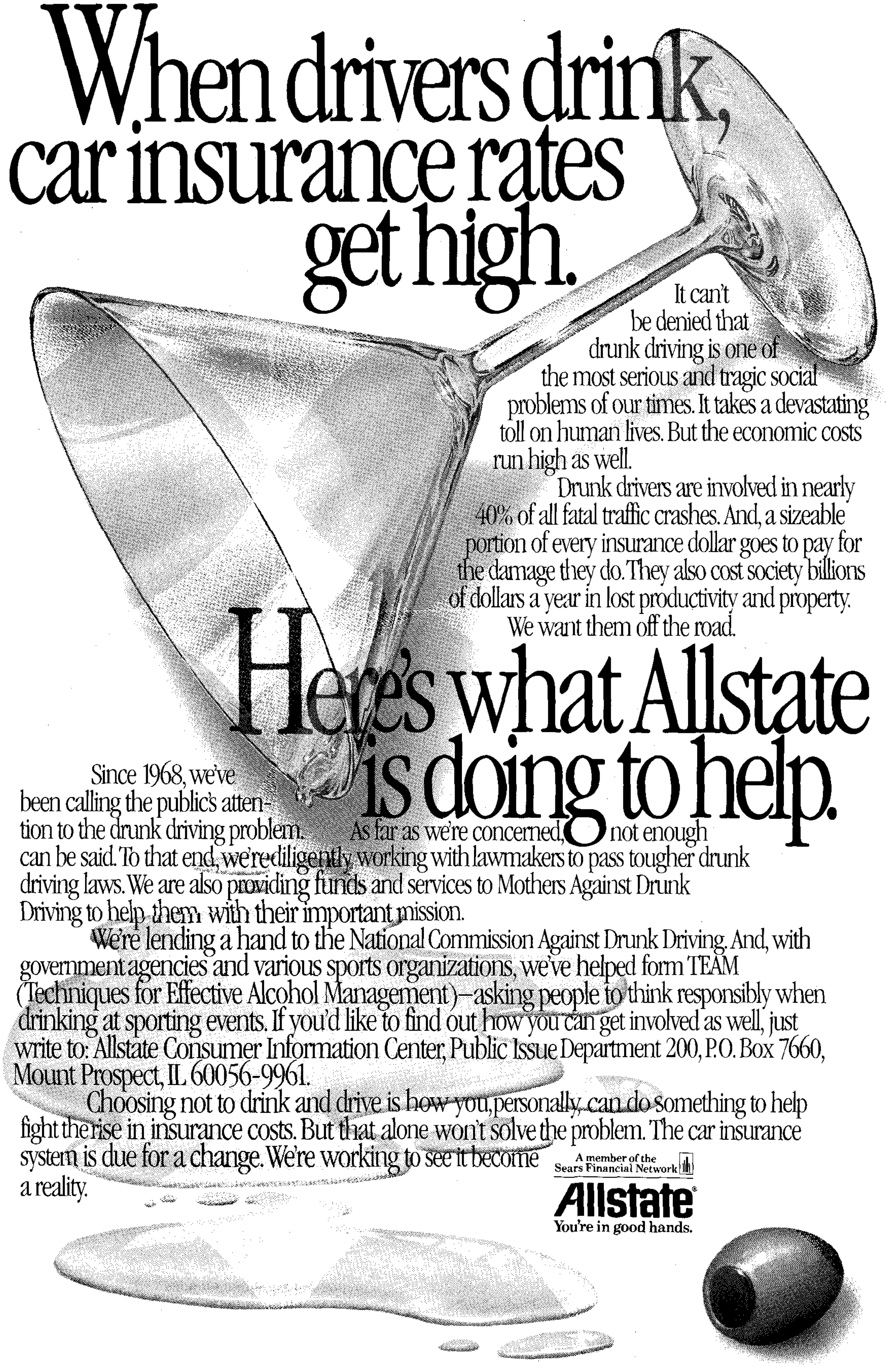

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Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Heart of a Dog—Deloss Brown's adaptation of Mikhail Bulgakov's 1925 novella. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 8.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

A Mom's Life—A one-woman play written and performed by Kathryn Grody, and directed by Timothy Near. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—All manner of hypocrites, fakes, liars, and other ethical discards are subjected to Eric Bogosian's incomparable mimicry and wit. The evening is anything but depressing. (2/26/90) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Some Americans Abroad—Yank Anglophilia and self-hatred among a group of academics on their department's annual theatre tour of England. The play, by Richard Nelson, would be worth seeing if only for the quality and style of the performances—particularly from Colin Stinton and Henderson Forsythe. You could do a lot worse than this well-observed and amusing comedy of manners. (So, as the record shows, could the playwright.) (2/26/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Sound of Music—Debby Boone is Maria in the New York City Opera's production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Spare Parts—A play by Elizabeth Page. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

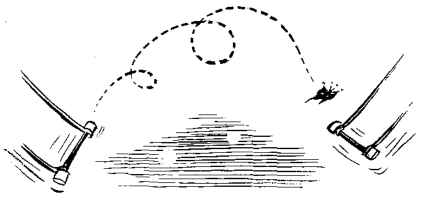
Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

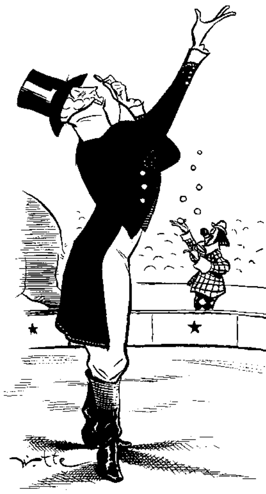
Uncle Vanya—Michael Frayn's adaptation of Chekhov's play. (Rapp Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 529-5921. Closes March 25.)

When She Danced—"She" is Isadora Duncan in this sad-edged comedy by Martin Sherman, which is set in Paris in 1923, when Isadora's career has come to a close, although she doesn't know it. She is surrounded by an international bevy of servitors and admirers and her crazy Russian husband: the polyglot dialogue is one of the better jokes. Elizabeth Ashley appears in the leading role, and she is admirably supported by, among others, Marcia Jean Kurtz, Jonathan Walker, Robert Sean Leonard, and Marcia Lewis. Tim Luscombe was the impeccable director. (2/26/90) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes March 24.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this recently updated revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffrey. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)





DANCE

In the course of "The Margot Fonteyn Story"—the "Dance in America" documentary that has recently been televised and is now available on videotape—a dancer from the Royal Ballet, Nicola Katrak, performs a solo from Frederick Ashton's 1935 ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée." Ashton had choreographed the solo for Fonteyn, who danced the role of the hero's fiancée; it was the first variation that Ashton made for her, and, as she told us on a recent New York visit, she still remembers it fully. For the film, Fonteyn coached Katrak in the part, but not in a conventional way, for Katrak lived and worked in London, while Fonteyn was on her ranch, in Panama. Here's how it went: Katrak had learned the steps in London some years before from a dance notator (the ballet is recorded in Benesh notation), and she had worked on the style a little bit with Ashton himself, just before his death. When she began to brush up on the solo for the Fonteyn documentary, she asked the ballerina for help as well. So Fonteyn taught the dance to a ballet dancer in Panama and had that coaching session videotaped. The videotape helped Katrak put the finishing touches on her own performance; and while no one involved with the process would suggest that video coaching was preferable to live communication in the studio, all would agree that it was much better than no coaching at all.

Why not take this process a step further and establish a video library of distinguished dancers coaching their important roles? As far as the art of dancing is concerned, this would be at least as valuable to future practitioners as a given filmed performance. At the moment, we have bits and pieces, such as the glimpses in recent films of Annabelle Gamson coaching dances by Isadora Duncan, or Allegra Kent coaching Balanchine's "La Sonnambula." Our wish list is much longer. The masters won't be around forever, and we don't seem to be producing new ones the way we used to. All kinds of theatrical dancing—notably the ballet—seem to be falling into a deep sleep. With a coaching library, we'd be investing in their renaissance.

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement. March 20 at 8: "Points in Space," "Polarity" (première), and "Fabrications." . . . ¶ March 21 at 8: "Inventions," "Quartet," and "Field and Figures." . . . ¶ March 22 at 8: "Points in Space," "Polarity," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ March 23 at 8: "Shards," "August Pace," and "Fabrications." . . . ¶ March 24 at 2: "Field and Figures," "Polarity," and "Cargo X." . . . ¶ March 24 at 8: "Inventions," "Quartet," and "Cargo X." . . . ¶ March 25 at 3: "Polarity," "August Pace," and "Pictures." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Feld Ballets/NY—March 20 at 8, March 25 at 7:30, and March 28 at 8: "Medium:Rare," "Charmed Lives," "At Midnight," and "Mother Nature." . . . ¶ March 21 at 8: "Kore," "Asia," "Adieu," and "Ah Scarlatti." . . . ¶ March 22 at 8: "Contra Pose," "At Midnight," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ March 23 at 8: "A Footstep of Air,"

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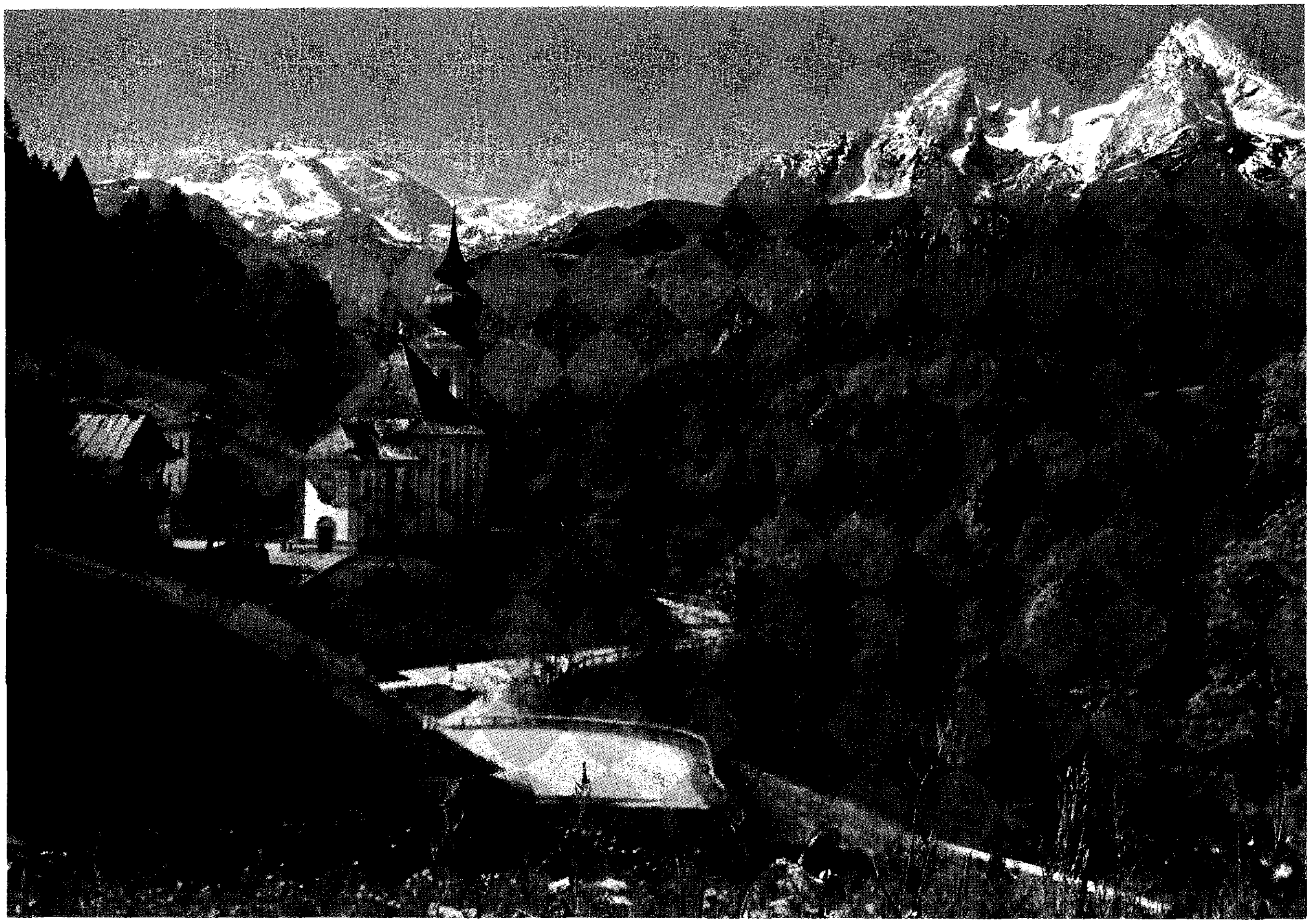

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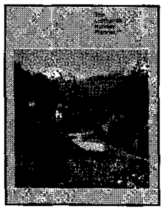

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"Circa," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ March 24 at 8: "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," "Danzon Cubano," and "Ah Scarlatti." . . . ¶ March 25 at 2: "Kore," "Danzon Cubano," "Adieu," and "Ah Scarlatti." . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Shadow's Breath," "Danzon Cubano," and "Mother Nature." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through April 1.)

"Oba Oba '90"—An updated version of a Brazilian music-and-dance revue that played here in 1988. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

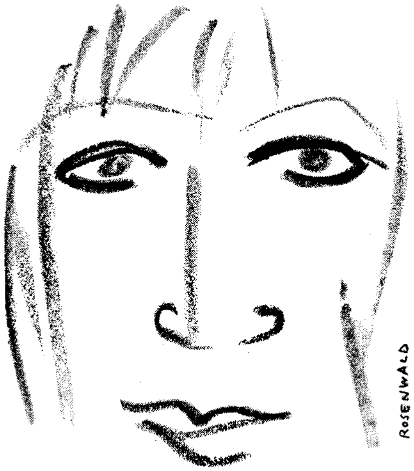
Donald Byrd/The Group—Presenting "Surveillance," "Whoosh," and "Bolla Blu." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. March 22-24 at 8 and March 25 at 3.)

Diane Jacobowitz Dance Theatre—In a program of works by Ms. Jacobowitz, including "Politically Correct Dancing." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. March 22-24 at 8 and March 25 at 2. For reservations, call 1-718 467-2725.)

Phoebe Neville Dance Company—Presenting the New York premières of "Dance with 3 Steps," "Scrimshaw 3-Voices," and "Soundings." (Nikolais-Louis ChoreoSpace, 38 E. 19th St. March 22-25 at 8. For reservations, call 393-9422.)

Nancy Meehan Dance Company—New and repertory works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. March 23-25 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Robert Kovich Company—In "Eddied Out" and other works. With a score, performed live, by John King. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. March 24-25 at 8.)



Marianne Faithfull at the Bottom Line

NIGHT LIFE

SINCE when do people make bootleg tapes at the Continental Divide? Since Luka Bloom started playing there, it seems. The Irish-born singer-guitarist—whose stage name is a rather bizarre tribute to those twin towers of modern culture Suzanne Vega and James Joyce—did a positively joyous acoustic set there the other night. Legality aside, preserving Bloom's shows doesn't seem like a bad idea just now: he recently released "Riverside," his major-label début, and success may put an end to his pub-crawling days.

Popular opinion has it that Bloom's recorded work—he was heard on a compilation album from the prescient indie label Bar/None before Warner Brothers snatched him up—is a rather poor relation to his live shows. This isn't quite true. "Riverside" is a fine, spare record—a sort of Irishman's "Nebraska." Bloom's songs, most of which are about blood being thicker than water, and love being thicker than anything, were recorded with a minimum of fuss. One hears exactly what one wants to hear: the singer's lovely, clear voice and his frenetic guitar playing.

Onstage, it must be admitted, Bloom is a little funnier and a lot louder. After playing around New York for two years—opening for the Pogues, Violent Femmes, and Hothouse Flowers, as well as giving regular one-man shows at the Continental Divide, Under Acme, and Tramps, where he'll perform on March 22—he has whipped up a considerable cult following. His performances generally start with his saying, "Good evening. My name is Luka Bloom. Would you please give me a warm welcome!," and include inspired covers of the Waterboys' "This Is the Sea" and (go figure) L.L. Cool J's "I Need Love."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer-pianist **steve ross,** whose performances are usually heavily spiked with the transatlantic chatter of Noël Coward, Cole Porter, and other latter-day saints, is currently at work in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Night clubs don't give just anybody a string section and a full-page ad in the *Times*. **peggy lee,** who has said of her fifty-odd-year career, "I tried to retire several times, but it didn't work," will be in residence through March 25. The singer recently released a collection of her own songs, and she'll be here reciting chapter and verse. Ms. Lee's band will include pianist Mike Renzi, guitarist John Chiodini, and drummer Peter Grant. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. **maynard ferguson,** the trumpeter and bandleader whose shining moment was the mega-hit "Gonna Fly Now" (the theme from "Rocky"), is in action March 20-25. In the past, Mr. Ferguson has been known for his high-note theatrics, making him a bigger hit with audiences than with critics. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. **marianne faithfull** will be here March 22-24. Ms. Faithfull, who was a teen pop star in the sixties, resurfaced in 1979 with a husky, cigarette-scarred voice and an album, "Broken English," that immediately established her as a gritty and compelling singer-songwriter. **jim carroll,** the poet, diarist, and rocker, is also on the bill. **robert fripp's** League of Crafty Guitarists is a giant, surrealistic think tank usually composed of more than twenty-three acoustic guitarists who sit in a semicircle and search for a melody. The group will perform here March 28-29. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **larry willis**—a musical descendant of Bud Powell—works with bassist **santi debriano** through March 24. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and the gravelly contralto **julie wilson,** whose current show is devoted to the music of Cy Coleman. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **ronny whyte** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A new, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. **mc coy tyner,** a pianist who offers listeners a lot of bang for their buck, leads a trio here through March 25; a quintet belonging to saxophonist **bobby watson** starts up on March 27. Music after ten.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**mose allison,** a blues singer-pianist who, according to one smitten critic, "takes you so far down it looks like up," leads a trio here through March 25; **cassandra wilson,** a Brooklyn-based singer-composer whose voice has been known to take some hairpin turns, will be doing her idiom-bending thing here as of March 27. Mondays are set aside for guitarist **les paul.** Music from eight. Dining.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A modernist night spot in the basement of the Hotel Edison. There's a glass-brick reception area, an oval blond-wood bar, and other interior-design novelties. The lighting—blue neon, in laserlike strips and wide halos—works on the eyes like a long day in front of the PC. **jimmy smith,** who, beginning in the fifties, was primarily responsible for making the organ a respected jazz instrument, comes to town March 22-24. A week of Latin-jazz begins on March 27, with **charlie sepulveda's** outfit; the **eddie martinez** quartet performs on March 28. Music after nine.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600) —An unpretentious second-floor jazz retreat where a bandleader was once heard saying, "I wanna introduce my drummer first on account of because he has to go put a quarter in the meter." The schedule: **gene bertoncini's** trio on March 21; **ken werner's** threesome on March 22; the **judy barnett** quartet on March 23; **joris dudli's** quintet on March 24; **richard rodney bennett** on March 26; **carol britto's** trio on March 27; and **joel forrester's** threesome on March 28. Music from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

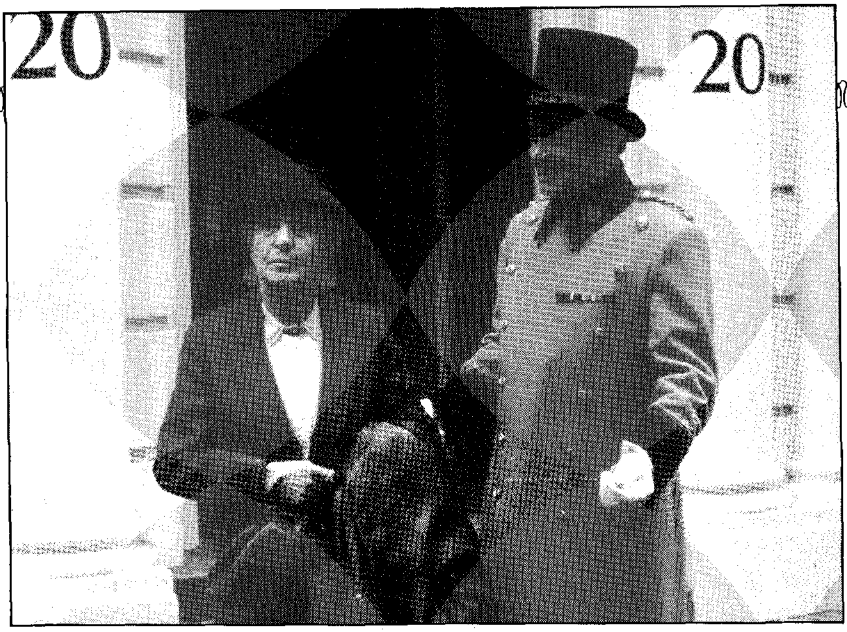
Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A burgundy room walled with mirrors that gives one the not unpleasant sensation of sitting in a giant glass of red wine. The microphone belongs to Evan Matthews on March 21; to Darcy Thompson on March 22; to **barbara lea** on March 23; and to **judy kreston** on March 24. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **john bunch,** a pianist whose style was shaped at the tail end of the big-band era, when he played with the orchestras of Woody Herman and Benny Goodman, presides here March 20-24, with **steve la spina** on bass. A trio led by the pianist **steve kuhn** kicks off on March 27. The music starts at nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music-and-performance space opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) There's a downstairs, too, where you can sometimes hear what's going on above for the price of a drink. **eugene chadbourne,** the guitarist, electric rakist, and exuberant experimental wildman, leads an ensemble here March 23-24. Also: **a. leroy & mimi goese,** plus **king missile,** on March 21; and, on March 26, the **mommy heads, rude buddha,** and the **false virgins.** Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant and bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry–potato chip hybrids. **zachary richard** performs March 23-24. Music after nine. Dining.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A shiny, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. **martin charnin,** the Broadway lyricist, composer, and



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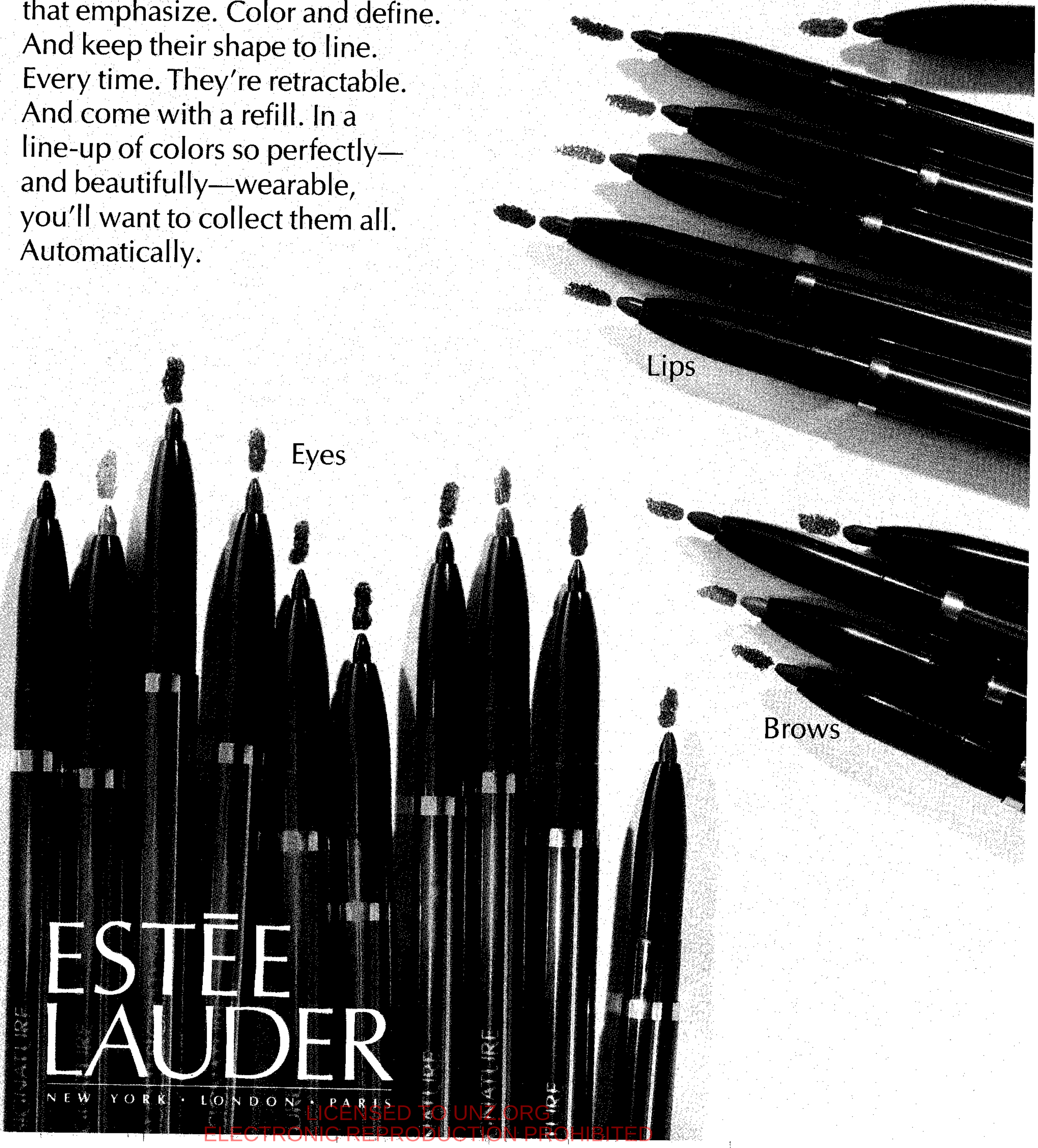
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director, brings in a revue called "Hits and Ms.'s" beginning March 20. The hits are shows Charnin had some hand in, such as "Annie," "The No-Frills Revue," and "The First"; the Ms.'s are eight "Annie 2" alums (all eight appear on opening night, two a night thereafter). Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. When the band is swinging, and you and your dreamboat are out on the floor cheek to cheek, everything can seem just swell. "Another highball?" "Thanks ever so." Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—There's usually a good reason to go the Ritz, but there's almost always a better reason to stay away. Even leaving aside its new midtown address—the sort of neighborhood you wake up in after you've been kidnapped—there's still the club's distressing pack-them-in, get-them-the-hell-out management tactics, and the fact that the atmosphere here, on any given night, is something between that of a high-school gym class and that of a police state. **Ian Mc Culloch,** the singer from the now defunct Echo & the Bunnymen, appears on March 23. His first solo effort, "Candleland," has the Bunnymen stamp: surefooted hooks and a lush, romantic sound. There are few surprises, but it's an infectious record. The dreamy hipster **Rickie Lee Jones,** who lives in a faraway land where everybody has nicknames, started out making ten dollars a night in Los Angeles clubs "full of bikers, degenerates, drunken men, and toothless women." She recently released a fine, long-awaited album called "Flying Cowboys," and she'll perform here March 27-28. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and one of the city's most international booking policies: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. The trumpeter **Don Cherry,** who has played with everyone from Ornette Coleman to Lou Reed, and who is, of course, Neneh's stepdad, takes the stage March 20-21. **Culture,** a reggae group, performs on March 22. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The eloquent flugelhorn player **Art Farmer** leads a quintet in this village temple of jazz through March 25. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that has become an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. **Luka Bloom** performs here March 22, and **Rockin' Dopsie** starts a week-long gig on March 23. Closed Sundays.

Woody's, 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—**Innocence Mission,** which hails from the wilds of Pennsylvania, released its début album not long ago—an exquisite record run through with murmurs of the Cocteau Twins and Kate Bush. The group's style of instrumentation is not unfamiliar—ringing acoustic guitars, airy synthesizers, far-off backing vocals—but singer Karen Peris has a gorgeous, breathy voice and her faith- and family-centered lyrics have pretty much upended pop's priorities. The group will be on the premises on March 21.

Zanzibar & Grill, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—The logo that appears on glasses, napkins, and matchbooks here—a bongo-playing monkey in fez and shades—embodies this pleasant restaurant-bar's blend of Africana and yuppie cool. The eponymous island is evoked by live palms, Rousseau-style murals, and etched-glass jungle scenes; Murray Hill is evoked by everything else. Sax-and-flute man **Lew Tabackin**—for many years now the linchpin in a big band led by his wife, Toshiko Akiyoshi—is here with a trio March 20-21.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

Wearing a belt of burlap and barbed wire isn't as discomforting as hating a benefit for a cause that's as central to one's existence as breathing. DIFFA (Design Industries Foundation for AIDS) is a wonderful and committed organization. Their Love Ball not only was the best party of last year but in the midst of all the vogueing raised more than a million dollars to fight AIDS. Recently, DIFFA sponsored another event—a performance of "Heartstrings," a musical anthology that originated in Atlanta and is now travelling around the country raising money to help those with AIDS. The single performance of the show at the Beacon Theatre earlier this month raised more than four hundred thousand dollars. Everyone's heart was in the right place. But their heads were somewhere else.

New Yorkers must have good manners after all. How else could so many of them have sat in a theatre in 1990, surrounded by several thousand other New Yorkers, many of whom now number lost loved ones in the three figures, and listened to Marlo Thomas and Christopher Reeve recite a Once Upon a Time tale of "a town, a wonderful place, filled with colorful people" that was visited one day by "a dark cloud, a blemish on a blue sky . . . mysterious and foreboding," and watched a troupe of relentless, hard-working singers and dancers soothing them with such "Up with People" lyrics as "There's got to be a morning after," "Somewhere out there, if love can see us through," and, best of all, "Nothing's gonna harm you, not while I'm around." If wishes were horses . . .

At intermission, nobody mentioned the show aloud, but there were more guilty whispers than in the Bergman canon. "Well, maybe that's what people need to hear in Raleigh-Durham," somebody offered in understandable defense. "They meant well" was repeated enough times to have served as the evening's mantra. "Look at how much money they raised." But look at how much misunderstanding they spread. What amount of money is worth spreading the lie that if we hug each other just a little bit more often we can get through this thing together? At the end of "Not While I'm Around," one singer promised to ward off demons, because "I've got ways." Why didn't you tell us?

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Crowbar"—A play, of sorts, by Mac Wellman, presented by En Garde Arts, and performed in the old Victory Theatre. The score is by David Van Tieghem. (209 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. March 19-25 at 8.)

"The Nature of Things"—A theatrical work written and performed by David Cale. Roy Nathanson and Marc Ribot have composed the score and will perform live. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through April 7.)

Chris Sullivan—In his new work, "One Mystake After Another." (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. March 23-24 at 8:30.)

Zoppe Circus Europa—Featuring the famous Flying Wallendas. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. March 23-24 at 7 and March 24 at 2.)

"Cities Out of Print"—A work by Susan Mosakowski is the first installment in the "Downtown/Uptown" performance-art festival, which will run through April 22. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. March 27-28 at 7:30. Through April 1.)

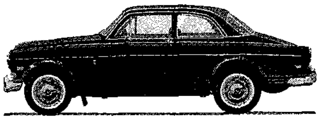
P.S. 122—March 22-25 at 9:30: "Salome," Sarah Schulman's adaptation of the Oscar Wilde play, with Kimberly Flynn in the title role and Jennifer Miller as John the Baptist. "Psychology," a short work also by Ms. Schulman, is the curtain-raiser. . . . ¶ March 23-25 at 8: "Fanfare Tripwire," a group dance by Sally Silvers. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

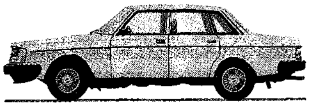
When Judith Linhares, an artist friend, told us to run and see John Wesley's show at the Fiction-Nonfiction gallery, we didn't waste too much time getting there. We have come to value our friend's sometimes mysterious but ever-tuned-in responses to art, but when we got to the gallery we were even more surprised than we had expected to be. Artists tend to point you to work that in some way, however oblique, corroborates their own, yet there seemed at first to be no connection at all between the lush, eccentric, Fauvist-symbolist paintings by Linhares that were in mind and the flat, schematic, Pop-cartoony works by Wesley that were on view. But the workings of Wesley's perverse imagination soon unravelled.

Wesley's Americanism is not in question. Olive Oyl and Popeye are in attendance here, only Olive Oyl appears to be undergoing some post-modern addition of a Blakean visitation and is being sat on by a small chorus of Swee' pea incubi. The spirit of Busby Berkeley is also on hand, in a painting called "Color Wheel," a kaleidoscope view of female figures wearing brightly colored, kinky platform shoes. The nuclear family is represented by "Daddy's Home," a veritable Daddy's nightmare in the form of repeated images of a demanding Nancy kind of girl who has assumed the primal terror of a Fury. (This work might also be a hilarious and anarchic riposte to Alex Katz's civilized, sophisticated 1960 painting "The Black Dress," in which the artist's wife, Ada, rhythmically and serially depicted, forms a one-woman frieze or montage.) Wonder Bread culture is lampooned in "Leche," in which a blond mommy figure proffers a glass of milk to a lineup of three progressively paler girls.

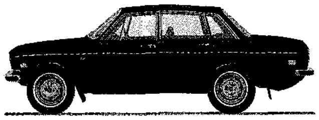
These paintings enjoyed some acclaim two decades ago, when they were made, and the California-bred Wesley, who is sixty-two, was included in the Whitney Annuals of '68 and '69, as well as in Documenta '72. He remains a strange, tantalizing presence whose work turns out to be more lyrical and psychologically attenuated than it appears initially. The colors for instance, while subdued, are actually almost Gorkyesque, the paint handling is oddly tender, and though he is obviously at home and awake in the Pop vernacular, he takes his naps in a Surrealist's bed.



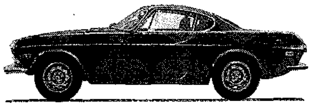
George A. Nall, Jr.
508,070 Miles



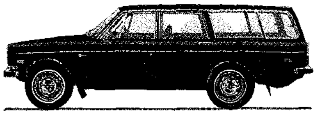
Walter J. Lukawski
400,000 Miles



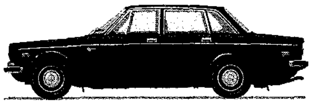
Richard P. Coyner
418,121 Miles



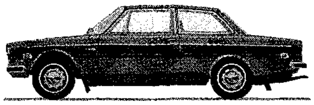
Irvin H. Gordon
1,032,144 Miles



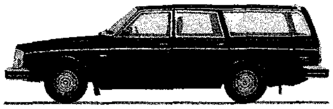
Jerome Groeshl
374,478 Miles



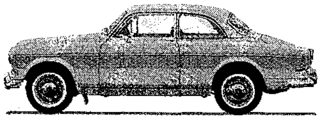
Jerald Borne
460,000 Miles



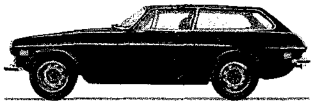
John W. Ayler, III
477,099 Miles



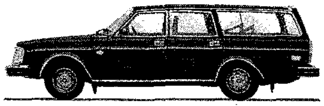
Tom Ekbaum
323,298 Miles



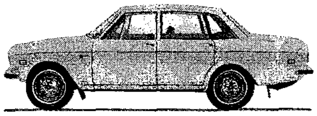
Rev. Orv Jacobson
407,873 Miles



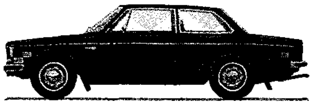
Lawrence J. Worthington
735,000 Miles



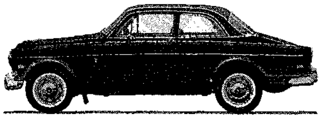
Irvin P. Keplinger, Sr.
312,472 Miles



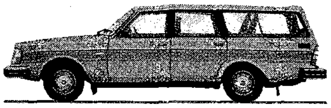
Cynthia Rochelle
497,330 Miles



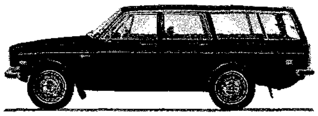
William H. Wirth
536,431 Miles



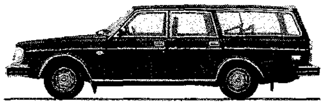
Mary Ann Swanson
373,824 Miles



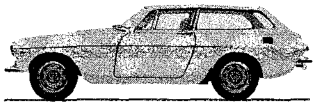
Tex Armentor
363,749 Miles



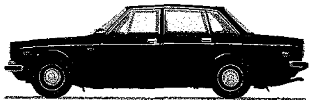
Thomas Jatko
919,344 Miles



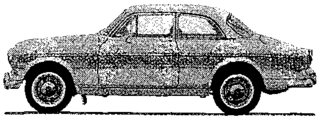
Lee E. Johnson
308,329 Miles



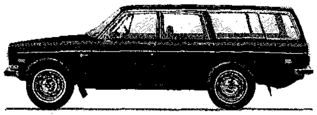
Milton E. Kaplan
430,000 Miles



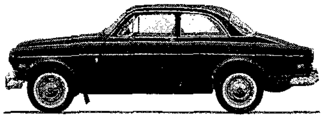
Ron Goodreau
310,150 Miles



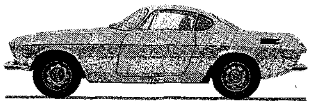
David E. Dent, Jr.
799,134 Miles



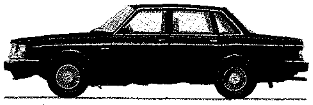
John T. Swinehart
647,000 Miles



Dennis Bedford
700,000 Miles



John Nolan
703,181 Miles



Edwin D. Sokol
342,875 Miles

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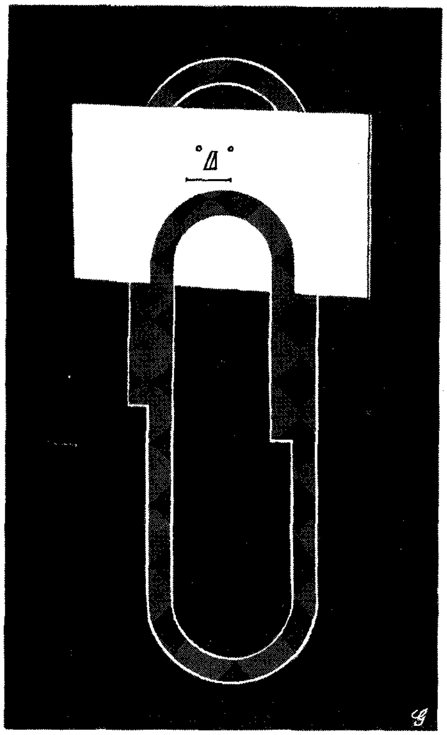

Self-portrait by Steve Gianakos

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An inspiring Caravaggio exhibition (a golden opportunity to inspect the two "Lute Player"s side by side) includes only five paintings by the great early-baroque painter; with luck, the show will herald a new era of blockbuster-busters. It documents with clarity the artist's first years in Rome, his interest in genre subjects, and his developing relationship with his first patron, Cardinal del Monte. The Caravaggios are followed by paintings and prints from the same period, many directly influenced by him, ending in symphonic glory with Georges de la Tour's delightful "Fortune Teller." Through April 22.... ¶ A show of paintings by Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805), whose work Diderot once praised as "morality in paint." Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The twist on Robert Moskowitz' brand of minimalist painting is that his central image is usually a representation of something phallic, and subtly so—a skyscraper, a cane, a smokestack. An exhilarating retrospective traces the motif's methodical evolution. Through May 1.... ¶ "Photography Until Now." Through May 29.... ¶ Photographs by Tina Barney. Through April 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Before the museum closes to complete its restoration, visitors can see about a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures (by Chagall, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Léger, Calder, Giacometti, and others) from the collection. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—In "New Sculpture 1965-75: Between Geometry and Gesture," marvel of cool panache follows marvel of drop-dead elegance—all sprawled in perfect, if at times narcissistic, indolence over two monumental floors. The radical spirit of these works by Alan Saret, Lynda Benglis, Barry LeVa, Keith Sonnier, the late Robert Smithson, Bruce Nauman, Joel Shapiro, Richard Serra, Richard Tuttle, and the late Eva Hesse has apparently evolved into a state of profound and impeccably pomaded art-historical grace. The many triumphant pieces here have not lost their potency; on the contrary, they now appear seminal. Through May 20. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Czech Modernism: 1900-1945." There are some electrifying paintings in this show and a healthy and welcome selection of drawings, prints, and books, all of which give a strong sense of a vital, nearly volcanic exchange of ideas—the artists and painters of Prague seem to have devoured every kind of modern art that came their way. Many of the works are peculiar hybrids: Cubo-Expressionism (one fractured fellow knifing another), Expressionistic primitivism (the merger of Munch and Rousseau). Through May 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures, this year by thirty-two contemporary artists, eight of whom will receive awards from the Academy-Institute. Among those represented are Ida Applebroog, Milton Resnick, Mel Bochner, and Petah Coyne. Through April 1. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—An exhibition of paintings that attempts to look at the parallels between artists of African descent in the United States and Brazil, two formerly slave-dependent nations that abolished slavery at roughly the same time. The most moving part of the exhibition is a display of various grotesque iron shackles from Brazil, reproductions of old prints of slaves wearing them, and the startling statistic, printed on a wall label, that six per cent of the African slaves were shipped to the United States and sixty per cent to Brazil. Mel Edwards' "Lynch Fragment" series of sculptures, which is installed nearby, is the richer for this historical material. Through May 28. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of many ebullient paintings and watercolors by the brilliant and irresistibly charming Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827). Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—During Japan's Kamakura period (1185-1333), power shifted from the court to the samurai. In this dramatic installation the court paintings—mostly scrolls with angular portrayals of poets—run down one wall, and swords, gleaming with perfection, run down the opposite wall in a duel for refinement and mastery. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show from Düsseldorf of works by German artists whose paintings and drawings protested against the First World War and the Weimar Republic. The best known are Otto Dix, Käthe Kollwitz, and Max Ernst. Through May 23. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of more than a hundred illuminated manuscripts from fifteenth- and early-sixteenth-century Holland that indicates the influence these works had on later painters. Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Pen-and-ink and chalk drawings from the Renaissance by the brothers Taddeo and Federico Zuccaro. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Mary Kelly's "Post-Partum Document" is the closest the art world gets to a cult classic. Her new work, "Interim," continues her critique of traditional gender and class roles, this time through an examination of identity, desire, and desirability in women approaching middle age. The four parts of this environmental, text-centered, post-women's-movement work are visually distinct and distanced. They challenge traditional expectations of how art works should function and are deliberately nonauthoritarian and only somewhat seductive.... ¶ Jana Sterbak's post-body-art objects have great style—a metal chaise that emits a mild electrostatic shock, for example. Through April 8. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Spring training for non-players in a show called "Diamonds Are Forever," which offers the reflections of contemporary authors and aritsts on that most American of pastimes: baseball. The parks, players, equipment, and action are all immortalized, by fans such as Claes Oldenburg, Edna Ferber, Nicholas Nixon, Roger Angell, and Andy Warhol. Through April 21. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of contemporary sub-Saharan African art that should inspire serious rethinking of such issues as cultural imperialism and the function of art within society. Through May 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Georg Baselitz—A substantial group of the artist's important, early "Hero Paintings" from the sixties. Baselitz' hero figure may make you think of Wozzeck the soldier, opera's leading Everyman. In these rich, lean paintings—there is also a beautiful group of prints on the same theme—he undergoes multiple incomplete sex changes and other mortifications of the flesh, and he projects an air of tragicomic fatalism. The spareness and completeness of these works, which are painted in a way that vaguely suggests the styles of both Philip Guston and Willem de Kooning, are thrilling. Through April 14. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Neil Jenney—A no-nonsense display of six industrial-strength paintings by a five-star homeboy. Four are from 1969-70 and are painted in Jenney's bright, brushy Dick-and-Jane style. They look freshly hatched, as if the artist had discovered a fountain of youth for pigments. The other two—"Atmosphere" and "Morning"—are recent and are placed in solid, Dutch-looking frames. Through March 31. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Paul Laster—These interesting and very good-looking small works with transparent tape and print mediums over found images do more or less what Peter Schuyff's drawings on found drawings did earlier in the season. Laster, however, takes a more analytic (and less intuitive) approach and is more specifically fixated on the history of photography and on modernism. Also, in a separate show, three big recent color drawings by Carlo Maria Mariani, just the neo-neoclassicist we've been longing to hear from. Through March 31. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

WAR AND PEACE

*There's a clash of arms off Third Avenue. But it has less to do with Presidents and party leaders than with kings, queens, rooks, and knights. Each military advance is heralded by flags that proclaim "*White Moves,*" then "*Black Moves,*" and, finally, "*Checkmate.*" The battle in progress is on the forty-by-twenty-five-foot chessboard (designed by Pamela Waters) mounted on the wall on 48th Street facing the plaza of 767 Third Avenue. One of the largest chessboards in the United States, it is the arena where the building's owners restage some of the famous wars in the history of chess. Each Wednesday at noon, a new move is charted in an ongoing series of skirmishes. (At the moment, the owners are on Game Thirty-Six, which duplicates an 1894 match between Siegbert Tarrasch, one of the five original Grand Masters of chess, and one H. Hirschler.) When the final move of a game is made, the "*Checkmate*" flag appears, but there is no respite; a new campaign, with fresh warriors, is immediately launched.*

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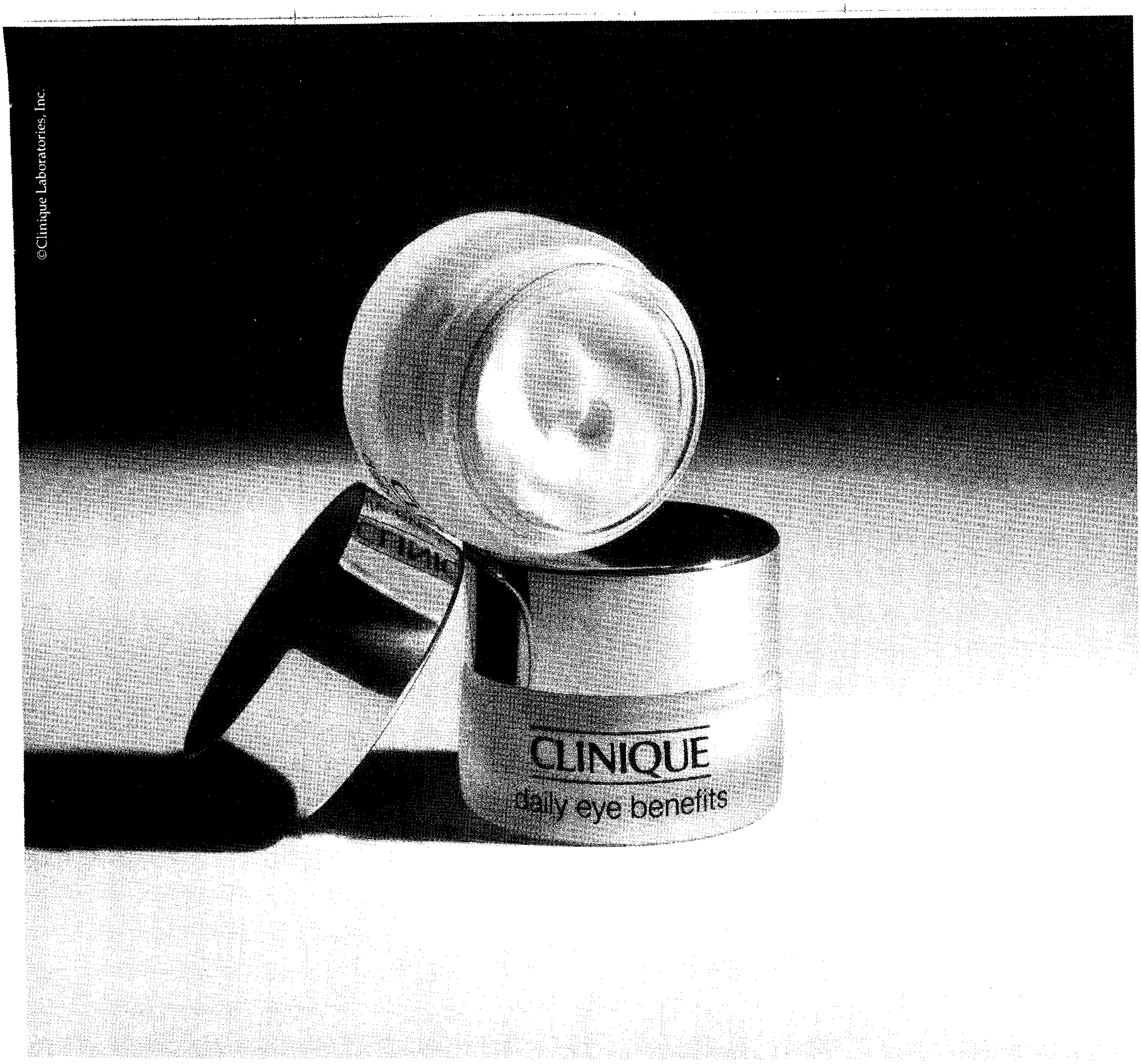

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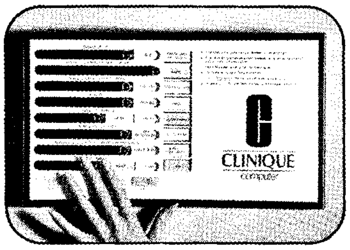

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Paul Resika—Recent paintings by a marvellous painter in the lyrical, abstract landscape genre pioneered by Dove, Avery, et al. The yellow-to-orange range and the color blue seem especially to galvanize Resika's work, for instance in the fuguelike "Silent Pier," with its sad, sunset tones, or in the euphotic "Half Moon," with its pale, lemony lights within a milky blue. Through March 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Short List—**hannelore baron,** Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (open Mondays, through April 21); **melvin edwards,** CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. (open Mondays, through March 31); **george grosz,** Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through April 14); **michael heizer,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through March 24); **marion kenyon jones,** Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. (through March 31); **hugo robus,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through April 14); **fulvio testa,** Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through March 31).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

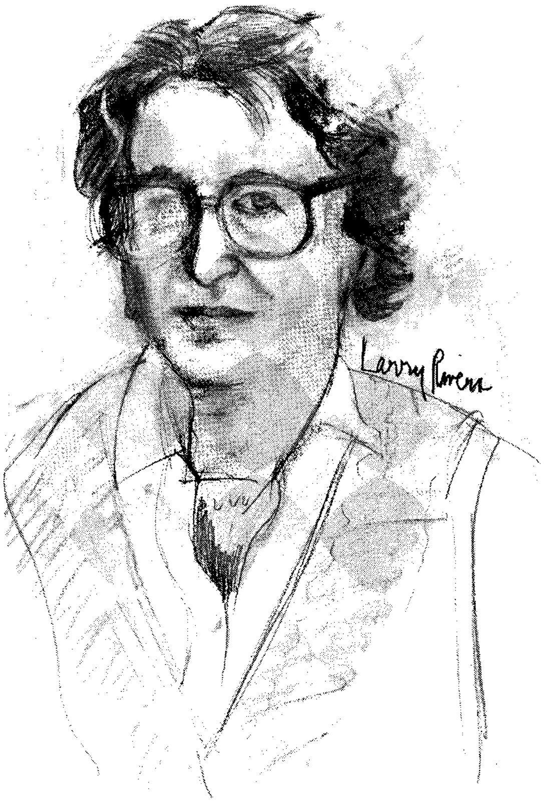
Arman—A man who knows how to run with a theme. In these so-called "Dirty Paintings," the theme isn't smut but squeezed, dripping tubes of quality paint. They have been glued onto every square inch of each canvas, and they "do" Abstract Expressionism while "being" one hundred per cent Arman. They look frightfully expensive, as if the artist were bragging in a buffo way. Through March 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Art & Language / Lawrence Weiner—This British duo mocks the sacredness of art with an installation of paintings. Most consist of Monet-like rows of trees overlaid with one of two nearly identical texts, whose differences result from interchanging like-sounding words that have something to do with Humpty Dumpty. It's Monty Python meets art critique, but, unlike the group's earlier, incisive painted commentaries, the current work satisfies neither category. / A rich show of sketches spanning many years but concentrating on the past few. The work on display—including designs for posters, exhibition spaces, signage, and more—broadens New York's rather singular view of this pillar of conceptual art. Through March 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ronald Bladen (1918-88)—Thickly impastoed paintings from the late fifties; and one floor sculpture from the seventies, in the artist's most familiar, matte-black, physically powerful and harshly linear style. A heartbreakingly charming quotation by the late Thomas Hess, in the exhibition brochure, tells us that Bladen was "an original 'Tenth Streeter' " and thus "an artist with strong opinions and few words." All the works bear this out. Through April 7. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th.)

Grisha Bruskin—Crass metallic sculptures of rotund Communists holding tennis rackets and hammers and sickles that are funny, like Boteros, but little else; also, narrative paintings that have a naïve charm but are indecipherable. This artist's work fetched among the highest prices at the much publicized 1988 Sotheby's auction in Moscow. Through March 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Dine—A big, pompous show of recent works on paper, including a series titled "Glyptotek"—studies of sculptures the artist visited at that German museum—and other assorted figurative themes. Showoffy talent, vulgar emotionalism (signalled here by dreadful splurges of red), and, increasingly, an oppressive and sanctimonious humorlessness have, sadly, become Dine's way. Through March 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)



Jane Freilicher

Llyn Foulkes—This painter made an important contribution to the Pop-art movement in Los Angeles. But now, in true anti-Pop spirit, he has spent five years making the one painting on view—a shallow-relief assemblage, actually—titled "What's Up Pop?" It's a maniacally obsessive portrait of the artist sitting in his armchair, watching TV, with his gun in his holster, his children standing by, and his eyes bugged out in utter comic horror. The décor is strictly Americana retro-redneck. It's a postwar time vacuum that is intimidatingly intense and fascinating, but also somewhat off-putting. Through March 31. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Recent landscapes. Freilicher, like Alex Katz, is a master of representational, plainspoken painting and a thoroughgoing late modernist. Where Katz, however, makes the happenstances of living look like design, Freilicher makes all design in living appear to dissolve. This evanescent quality is made explicit in a possibly experimental painting called "Red Ground," in which one of her characteristically forthright, if disengaged, views of eastern Long Island comes into focus almost as a chimera, across an encroaching canvas turf. The artist's sense of lucid, educated, even *pleasant* fatalism is even more exquisitely conveyed in two more familiar, partly curtained views through her studio window: "Sundown" (1988) and "Window on the Bay" (1990), in which the vertically gathered blinds seem to lightly mock Barnett Newman's zips. Through March 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Michel Haas—Forcefully executed paintings on paper of large shadows of animals, people, and musical instruments—a diluted, decorative Expressionism. Through March 31. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joan Nelson / Ed Ruscha—Exquisite paintings of landscape details from Old Master paintings. A multifacetted faith in painting distinguishes them from the skepticism that underscores much similar work. / Ruscha's "Twentysix Gasoline Stations" is an important document in the history of books by artists. The photographs from that work on view could easily be placed alongside the great on-the-road American movies. The stations that Ruscha documents are sealed in a time that seems to exist only cinematically, and yet the photos are still fresh. Through March 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Tetherow—Strange, beautiful acrylic paintings of faint, spidery, sexually loaded lines and intense color stains—rich material for a Freudian. Through March 31. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Valerio—Large realistic paintings that are mostly overstaged, tricky iconographic displays. An exception is a portrayal of a mid-lifer (the artist) and his dreamy female companion bathed in magnificently rendered greenery. From afar the paintings look like brightly lit Photo-Realism; only up close do we see evidence of a master with the brush. Through March 30. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

"Graphic Design in America"—From Coke bottles and Ritz-cracker boxes, to M & Co.'s eighties album designs for Talking Heads and menu designs for the restaurant Florent, with Knoll furniture ads and I.R.S. tax forms in between—this exhibition offers a clean sweep of its subject. Of course it's interesting, and bound to be a crowd pleaser, but it's too tidy—like a report. Through April 7. (IBM Gallery, Madison Ave. at 56th St.)

Short List—**leland bell,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 18); **squeak carnwath,** Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 31); **john digby,** Suzuki, 24 W. 57th St. (opens at 11:30, through March 24); **herbert katzman,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through March 31); **minoru kawabata,** Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through March 28); **robert lahotan,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 28); **katherine porter** (through March 31), and **roberto caracciolo** (through March 24), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **bridget riley,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 24); **mitchell siporin,** Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 3); **antoni tàpies,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 23); **robin utterback,** de Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 28).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Paul Brach—Large crosshatched drawings in graphite that depict some moody weather floating across mesas; formally, they seem to be a synthesis of all color-field painting. Through April 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Jay Coogan—Small bronze sculptures of plantlike figures, with sausage legs and mushroom shields, in theatrical or burdensome poses—witty, but classically kitsch. Through March 24. (Helander, 415 West Broadway.)

Walter Dahn—An exceptionally good show of recent paintings and vitrine sculptures by a mercurial young German artist. In the two-dimensional works, paint, pigment, and silk-screened images from a variety of sources, including Alfred Jarry and the great Mexican satirist Posada, meet on canvas to create strange, plangently beautiful little odes on the poetic grotesque. Through March 24. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Jane Dickson—New paintings and drawings that evoke the haunted city-street realism of a nineteen-thirties artist such as O. Louis Guglielmi. Dickson's signature device, evident in many of her stronger works, is an oddly angled overhead perspective—basically a second-story view of pedestrians—that contributes generously to these pictures' sustained atmosphere of anxiety. The paintings are somewhat suppressed-looking and static, but the drawings have a daredevil ease and simplicity. Through March 28. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Braco Dimitrijevic—Even though they may not know it, today's post-conceptualists owe something to this artist. Since 1969, he has challenged the role of fame in history by photographing occasional passersby, sometimes placing them in the company of famous artists, and sometimes displaying his snaps in huge photographic banners on buildings in Venice, Zagreb, and Berlin. Some of these casually appealing banners and other period documents—subway "ads," street placards—are on view at the Hearn Gallery. Through April 3. (39 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ At the Klagsbrun Gallery, bronze portraits of passersby Helen Berger, Mario Orsini, and Peter Someren are displayed on green marble plinths in a circle, alternating with busts of Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo Buonarotti, and Albrecht Dürer. Through March 31. (51 Greene St.)

Fred Eerdekens—Ugly metal sculptures whose shadows spell pompous words and phrases—"concept" and "content," for example. Through March 24. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

Aaron Fink—Paintings of large fruit and of a hat. Great craft in the details, but the artist seems to have forgotten his content along the way. Through March 31. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

General Idea—A dramatic and engaging installation work that is this collaborative trio's latest self-portrait. It consists of three taxidermic baby seals adrift on a sea of Styrofoamlike icebergs, and it is loaded with witty contradictions and timely references, most having to do with various types of survival of the fittest. The work's fractured white-on-white field becomes a pun on white-on-white modernist painting. All in all, the ostensibly endangered seals are a curious and revealing image coming after the group's AIDS projects. Through March 24. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Ralph Humphrey—Honest, handsome, forthright abstractions, at home in a cementlike impasto. For many people this artist's work has been a long-running, low-intensity affair of the heart. This is admirable, considered stuff—lately, it's been looking good, too—but its literalness makes some people a little restive. Through March 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Will Insley—These old-fashioned grid paintings were made with a regularized Impressionistic technique. The brushwork brings depth to the pieces, which the grid short-circuits. An early painting on view indicates that these are part of an ongoing enterprise to depict the artist's "one city." The works are very pretty, if a bit stiff, and more interesting than engaging. Through March 24. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Win Knowlton—Rough concrete sculptures that are much more appealing than the artist's better-known, slick, sleek-surfaced ones. Most of the new pieces play with balance—a chair that has fallen on its rocklike head, for instance. Some have metal reinforcing rods jutting out of them, forming a kind of drawing in air. There's a certain dumbness to the materials, but for the most part the forced primitivism has paid off. Through March 24. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Donald Lipski—A sedate show of the artist's tiny found and altered objects pinned to the wall like butterfly specimens. Also, two large works that play with the issue of "big" sculpture, including one that consists of a large piece of glass shoved into a battered string-bass cover. Through April 7. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.) . . . ¶ At Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway, organic objects—lemons, tomatoes, roses, etc.—float in preservative-filled glass tubes mounted on the wall.

Allan McCollum—This artist's new work is stunning: more than two thousand symmetrical, Rorschach-like drawings from a series that could stretch into the billions, crammed on the walls and on tables in the Weber gallery, which temporarily looks more like Ye Olde Print Shop. McCollum has come up with cogent images for questioning the nature of content in art, and his works are beautifully crafted, never sliding into *épater-les-bourgeois* cynicism. Through March 24. (142 Greene St.)

Bruce Nauman—The best of his current three shows features his newest multi-monitor video work—a deadpan, mesmerizing examination of childhood teachings, aped behavior, and fantasy, using a mime and Simon-says instructions. Through March 24. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Large wax sculptures, most of them suspended, representing partially dismembered animal carcasses that have been stuck together—particularly powerful portrayals of mutilation. Also, waxes of heads, some with their tongues sticking out, that are especially haunting. Through March 31. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway, and 65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Carl Ostendorp—An engaging New York début by an abstract painter. The large monochromatic paintings look as if they were done with a huge stream of colored shaving cream that was sprayed and dripped and has hardened. The smaller ones look like pebbly residue from the side of the road that has been covered in colored epoxy; they are both straightforward and coy. Through March 31. (Wolff, 560 Broadway.)

Peter Plagens—White paintings with drips, by the art critic. Through March 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joseph Santore—Included among these voyeuristic painted portraits is an especially disturbing one of two naked women in a sexual repose surrounded by detached onlookers, including a skeleton, and a sea of heads embedded in the floor, in a canary-yellow twilight zone. The artist is aggressively adept with a brush, but his use of color is so claustrophobic that the viewer is inspired to flee. Through April 14. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Maura Sheehan—These new environmental sculptures, collectively titled "Insulation," are an assortment of tents, tepees, and beach cabañas created by brilliantly swagging large sheets of aluminum-foil-like material onto light, efficient structures of metal tubing—a technical upgrade for Sheehan. Through March 31. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway.)

Tony Tasset / Jim Shaw—A disappointing show of cool sculptures, objects, photographs, a text piece, and a drawing. / Peculiar and endearing same-sized works in many different mediums and styles, arranged in a frieze. There's an assemblage of eyeballs, tattoo-like drawings, and a painting of a sad-faced egg overlaid with a purple-and-yellow fishnet pattern. Through April 7. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

Meyer Vaisman—This ringleader of Neo-Geo has come up with highly entertaining white-collar roguery in his new works: faux Gobelin tapestries—actually printed in Paris on tapestry stock—of medieval Netherlandish narratives into which bellowing Disneyesque cartoon characters have been inserted. These works are charged by a more baroque and power-centered nose-thumbing than was found in the artist's previous work. In some the imagery is incredibly rich though somewhat hidden. Through March 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ursula von Rydingsvard—A powerful exhibition of heavy wood sculptures with figurative references—a mature vision operating at full force. Through March 31. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

Peter Voulkos—The newest plates and vessels by this central figure in California ceramics during the fifties and sixties are aggressively primitive, macho, and dull. Through March 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Stephen Westfall—A sweet, subtly colored, flesh-and-pink painting of spatial planes and the narrow spaces between them; and muddied geometric paintings with intense colors and vibrating opticality. Through April 7. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

"Illegal America"—Given recently legislated restrictions on N.E.A. funding and the marketplace's sometimes voracious appetite, this re-creation of an exhibition of provocative art created outside the law seems more important than when it was first mounted, at Franklin Furnace, in 1982. In thoroughly readable documents and photographs the exhibition brings together such diverse and pungent works as the Guerrilla Art Action Group's People's Flag Show at Judson Church in 1970, Gordon Matta-Clark's transformation of an abandoned pier building into a deconstructionist cathedral, Krzysztof Wodiczko's projection of a swastika onto the façade of the South African Embassy in London, and Rebecca Howland's poster for Colab's "Real Estate Show," which confronted East Village gentrification head on. Very few of the displays are art; they are, rather, documents of art—necessary reminders of the ephemerality of creative impulses. Through April 21. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Group Show—Titled "Token Gestures" and curated by the clever entrepreneurial team of Collins & Milazzo, this visually interesting exhibition stresses the most flamboyant aspects of abstract illusionism by artists such as Stella, Richter, Polke, Twombly, and the relatively unknown Charles Clough, who is thus given a refreshed aesthetic "context." He is the sole subject of a small, adjoining Collins & Milazzo show. Through March 31. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Short List—**eric bainbridge,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through April 14); **arnold bittleman,** Milliken, 98 Prince St. (through April 4); **jonathan borofsky,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through March 28); **neil campbell,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. (through April 7); **steve gianakos,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through April 7); **martin kippenberger,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through April 7); **svetlana kopystiansky** and **igor kopystiansky,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through April 11); **gary lang,** Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through March 21); **ann messner,** Fawbush, 568 Broadway (through April 5);

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MARIANNE STIKAS, Davis, 568 Broadway (through March 31); **DOROTHEA TANNING,** Nahan Contemporary, 380 West Broadway (through March 31); **MARK TANSEY,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through March 31); **BERNAR VENET,** Castelli, 578 Broadway (through March 31), and Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through April 14); **JOHN WESLEY,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through March 31).

OTHER GALLERIES

MASSIMO IOSA GHINI and **PHILIPPE STARCK**—A concise and delightful display of recent furniture and objects by two contemporary giants of design. Ghini, who has not yet attained the cult status here of his counterpart, seems to have learned both from Carlo Mollino and from surfer culture. His "Confluenze" desk is made of mahogany so elegantly curved and highly polished that it looks as if it were peeled into place. His sofas are as inviting as big pairs of lips, which they resemble. Through April 5. (Modernage, 795 Broadway. Opens Saturdays and Sundays at noon.)

CHRISTIAN MARCLAY—An austere and somewhat disappointing show from an otherwise witty artist who has done some amazing things to records, audiotape, and speakers. Marclay's photographs in which broken records have been used as negatives are formally trite; a translucent room divider made of flexible vinyl records is attractive enough, but an old table with two speakers embedded in it is so glib it seems angry. Through March 31. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

CHARLES SAXON (1920-88)—Original watercolors for *New Yorker* covers, plus cartoons and sketchbooks. Through June 29. (Butler Library, Columbia University, 6th floor, Broadway at 114th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

FLORINE STETTHEIMER (1871-1944)—A rare, delicious chance to see a substantial group of paintings, all from the Columbia University Collection, by an artist to whom the epithets iron butterfly, hothouse flower, Proustian flapper, and great American original might equally apply. Homemade tarot cards and childhood notebooks are also on view, in vitrines. Through March 31. (Wallach Art Gallery, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

SHORT LIST—**GERHARD RICHTER,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through April 21); **JAMES TURNBULL,** Sragow, 67-73 Spring St. (open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6, through April 14).

PHOTOGRAPHY

WORD has it that the art dealer Betty Parsons had a favorite joke: "What's the difference between cats and dogs?" Answer: "Cats aren't afraid for their jobs." Parson's comment is also applicable to the difference between photographs of cats and of dogs: dogs are so much more obedient as models. Still, very few dogs have been recognized in this field, so when Man Ray, the most famous dog model of the seventies and early eighties, died it was as though an era had ended. Man Ray had gone on talk shows, and pictures of him had hung in respected galleries and museums all over the world. His partner, the photographer Bill Wegman, had seemed so symbiotically attached to him that it was impossible to imagine Wegman ever looking at another dog. But that first love has not been cheapened by the fact that the artist, in the mid-eighties, discovered another, and named her Fay Ray. She and her pups are on view in one original photograph after another in a current show at the Pace-MacGill Gallery, on East 57th Street. Christy Turlington and all the other big-name models had better watch out: Fay's got the kind of style that makes agents want to offer her anything.

TINA BARNEY—This artist's scenes of domesticity are on to something profound about the dynamics, habits, and possessions that weave people together and also keep them apart. When her work embraces complexity, as in a pink bedroom scene complete with the princesses of the house and their black maid, Barney is a photographer whose sense of sensuality and plot stands out. Through April 10. (Museum of Modern Art.)

"PHOTOGRAPHY UNTIL NOW"—John Szarkowski was the curator of this show of nearly three hundred works. It examines the technological, commercial, and creative developments that have shaped the medium over the past century and a half. Through May 29. (Museum of Modern Art.)

CZECH MODERNISM: 1990-1945—A show of a hundred and eighty-five black-and-white photographs, in conjunction with the exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper at the Brooklyn Museum. Through May 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

"THE INDOMITABLE SPIRIT"—Most of the ninety-four artists represented (among them Barbara Kruger, Cindy Sherman, John Baldessari, Louise Lawler, and Andres Serrano) have created works specifically for this show—a photographic response to AIDS. Through April 7. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—**CLEGG & GUTTMANN,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through April 7); **ROY DECARAVA,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 7); **ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE,** Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St. (through March 31); **WILLIAM WEGMAN** and **VICTOR SCHRAGER,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 24).

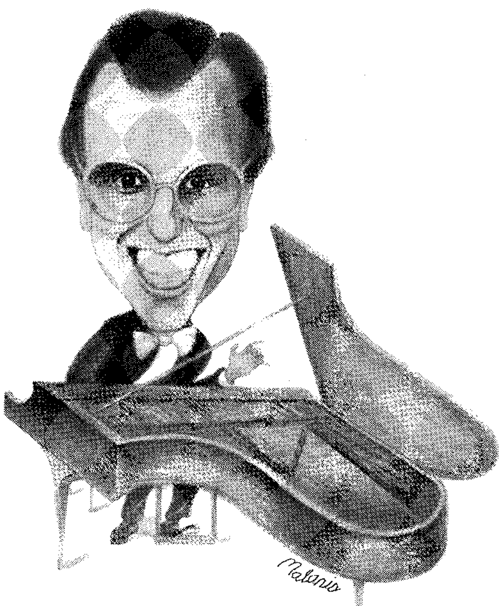
MUSIC

SEVERAL artists are in town to do what they do well, or, at any rate, what we have heard them do well in the past. The past is an unreliable predictor, but it is just about the only one we have. Christa Ludwig is one of the few remaining singers who can give an evening of German song that seems to draw on more than voice and received opinion; one senses a certain immersion in the material itself and the culture that produced it. She and James Levine have performed and recorded Schubert's "Die Winterreise" with success, and they are to repeat it on the 20th at Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Levine, in his role as the music director of the Metropolitan Opera, has had many of his best successes with Mozart; this season he is conducting a revival of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." There are a few performances of that opera left on the schedule, and in the meantime a new "Don Giovanni" opens on March 22. (Rumor from the Met has it that in this production Franco Zeffirelli will throw the public a curve by *not* swamping the opera with enormous sets.)

Finally, Trevor Pinnock, the renowned British harpsichordist, who has had an equivocal reception here as a conductor, comes to Alice Tully Hall for a recital on the afternoon of the 25th—at the harpsichord—with a program of Bach.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)



André-Michel Schub

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**OTELLO,** with Katia Ricciarelli, Placido Domingo, Barry McCauley, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Carlos Kleiber. (March 19 at 8.) . . . **FAUST,** a new production, with Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, Gino Quilico, and Michael Devlin; Charles Dutoit. (March 20 and March 24, when Allan Glassman will sing the title role, at 8.) . . . **DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL,** with Mariella Devia, Erie Mills, Uwe Heilmann, and Lars Magnusson; James Levine. (March 21 at 8 and March 24 at 1:30.) . . . With Marilyn Mims, Erie Mills, Uwe Heilmann, and Anthony Laciura; James Levine. (March 27 at 8.) . . . **DON GIOVANNI,** a new production, with Carol Vaness, Karita Mattila, Dawn Upshaw, Jerry Hadley, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (March 22 at 7 and March 26 at 8.) . . . **MANON LESCAUT,** with Mirella Freni, Peter Dvorsky, J. Patrick Raftery, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi. (March 23 at 8.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Kallen Esperian, Nancy Gustafson, Francisco Araiza, Brian Schexnayder, and Kevin Langan; Ralf Weikert. (March 28 at 8.)

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Kurt Klippstatter conducting Emmerich Kálmán's "Countess Maritza." The operetta will be sung in German, and the dialogue spoken in English. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. March 21 and March 23 at 8, and March 25 at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the concerts.)

GOLDEN FLEECE, LTD.—Presenting four short one-act operas. Mara Waldman will conduct. (Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. March 22-24 at 8 and March 25 at 3. Through April 1. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—Presenting a fully staged production of the fourteenth-century fable "Le Roman de Fauvel." (Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. March 23-24 at 8 and March 25 at 3.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—A new production of "Un Ballo in Maschera." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. March 24 at 7:30 and March 25 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. March 20 at 7:30: Zdenek Macal conducting works by Smetana, Dvořák, and Janáček. . . . ¶ March 22 at 8, March 23 at 2, March 24 at 8, and March 27 at 7:30: Christof Perick conducting music by Weber, Brahms, and Beethoven. With Ida Haendel, violin.

ORCHESTRE NATIONAL DE FRANCE—Lorin Maazel conducting. With Hildegard Behrens, soprano, and Douglas Major, organ. (Carnegie Hall. March 22 at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti conducting a Berlioz-Wagner-Scriabin program. With Barbara Hendricks, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. March 27 at 8.)

Cole Porter and George Gershwin

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting works by Vivaldi. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 27 at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." With Brenda Harris, soprano; Rebecca Russell, mezzo-soprano; Carl Halvorson, tenor; and Richard Zeller, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. March 21 at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass conducting Mendelssohn's "Elijah," with Sherrill Milnes in the title role. Also with Nikki Li Hartliep, soprano; Nancy Maultsby, mezzo-soprano; and Jonathan Welsh, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. March 24 at 8.)

New York Virtuoso Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing, among other works, a première by Ronald Roseman, who will play the oboe. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. March 25 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Cathedral Singers—Stephen Sturk directing. With a chamber orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. March 25 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Composers' Forum—Presenting a program called "Composers/Flutists: the Next Generation." (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. 431-9232. March 20 at 8.)

Thomas Gallant—Oboe, with a string quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 20 at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—With Harold Wright, clarinet, and David Jolley, horn. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 20-21 at 8.)

Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano, in a performance of Schubert's "Die Winterreise." With James Levine, piano. (Carnegie Hall. March 20 at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. March 20 at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. March 21 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Society—Presenting a chamber-music program with, among others, Benjamin Hudson, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Patricia Spencer, flute. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. March 21 at 8.)

Steven Hough—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. March 22 at 8.)

New York University Chamber Music Society—Presenting a program of music by Polish composers, including works by Joanna Bruzdowicz and Marta Ptaszynska. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 22 at 8.)

Sergiu Luca and John Gibbons—Violin, and fortepiano and harpischord. (Weill Recital Hall. March 23 at 8.)

Krystian Zimerman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. March 23 at 8.)

André-Michel Schub—Piano, in works by Beethoven, Bartók, and Schumann. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5400. March 24 at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—In the fourth concert in a series of six devoted to Beethoven's string quartets. (Alice Tully Hall. March 24 at 3.)

James McKissic—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. March 25 at 2:30.)

Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. March 25 at 3.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Performing a selection of string quartets. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. March 25 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

An Die Musik—Playing contemporary and classical chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 25 at 4.)

Flute Force—An ensemble of four flutists playing music by Barber, Gubaidulina, Gershwin, and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. March 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Odyssey Chamber Players—In a program of music by Mozart, Schoenberg, and Schumann. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. March 26 at 8.)

Robert Helps—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 26 at 8.)

Yuval Waldman—Violin. With Juliana Osinchuk, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. March 27 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music Today—John Harbison conducting the chamber ensemble in, among other works, premières by Peter Lieberson and Christopher Rouse. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 28 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe—"If you never liked Yes," these guys' manager said last year, "you'll hate this band." Uh, yes. Enjoined for legal reasons from using the name of the group they all played in (there have been eight different lineups of Yes over the past two decades), this is still Yes all over: the "trippy" time signatures, the grandiose keyboard washes and fanfares, and Jon Anderson's high-pitched Insect King vocals. In its own way, their psychedelia is as strangely endearing and irrelevant in 1990 as socialist realism. As one of the group's new songs puts it, "I can't believe we're ready to run another Fourth Dimension Dream." (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. March 23 at 8.)

Joe Satriani—In a world starved for guitar heroes, this native of Long Island (he now lives in Northern California) has more or less single-handedly resurrected the rock-instrumental genre with three albums of fingers flying on the frets of his Ibanez guitars. You can't really discuss his work without using words like "flawless," "accomplished," "virtuosity," and "technique." None of these qualities are part of what makes great rock music great, but Satriani is certainly doing an admirable job of exploring his craft. He's not transcendent, but he's awfully impressive. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 27 at 8.)

Kirk Nurock—With Marty Ehrlich. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 20 at 8.)

Steven Mayer—Performing eleven piano solos by Art Tatum. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. March 21 at 8.)

"Anything Cole"—The New York City Gay Men's Chorus presents benefit performances of a revue based on the music and lyrics of Cole Porter. (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. 279-4200. March 21-22, March 25, and March 28-29, all at 8; and March 24 and March 31 at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Joey Baron and Zeena Parkins—Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242. March 22 at 9.

Dorothy Donegan Trio—With Novella Nelson. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. March 23 at 8.)

Marilyn Crispell—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. March 23 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Karl Berger Trio—With Dewey Redman. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. March 23 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Julie Kurnitz and Richard Burke—Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. 777-0033. March 23-24 at 8.

Wall-to-Wall Gershwin—A free twelve-hour concert, with, among others, Marian McPartland, Mary Cleere Haran, Andrea Marcovicci, Steve Ross, and William Bolcom and Joan Morris. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 24 from 11 to 11.)

"The Unity Concert: A Tribute to Nelson Mandela"—Miriam Makeba, Tito Puente, Celia Cruz, and others. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. March 24 at 7 and 11.)

Oshagh—Music from Persia. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. March 24 at 8.)

"Heavenly Jazz"—The final concert of this season's series, featuring Milt Hinton. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. March 25 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Bill Ruyle—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. March 26-27 at 8.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, March 21 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, March 25 at 1:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Calgary Flames, March 27 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, March 20. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, March 27. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Orlando Magic, March 20. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, March 24. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, March 27. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, March 19. . . . ¶ Vs. the Knicks, March 28. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Wednesdays, at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Historic Papers—A signed letter from Trotsky to Lenin, about Soviet withdrawal from the First World War, and the manuscript of a story Orson Welles wrote and illustrated for his daughter Rebecca will be on view at the Swann Galleries, 104 E. 25th St., March 19-21, from 10 to 6. They—and other documents—will be auctioned off on March 22.

Panel Discussion—Artists Sarah Charlesworth, Leon Golub, Elizabeth Murray, Haim Steinbach, and Peter Halley talk about the uses of history in contemporary art. (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. March 22 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Antiquarian Book Fair—Maps, autographs, and some rare old volumes. (Sheraton Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. March 23, from 6 to 10; March 24, from noon to 6; and March 25, from noon to 5.)

Rakugo—Ancient Japanese standup-comedy routines performed, in English, by Shijaku Katsura. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. March 24 at 7:30 and March 25 at 2.)

Think Spring—Central Park in bloom? For a tour, meet a Park ranger at Fifth Ave. and 79th St. on March 25 at 1.

Readings—March 26 at 8: Eliot Greenspan and Jill Rapaport will read from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ March 26 at 8: Paula Gunn Allen, Beth Brant, Diane Burns, LeAnne Howe, and other Native American women reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.) . . . ¶ March 26 at 8:15: Marilyn Hacker and Robert Pinsky reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: Eudora Welty will read from her own work. Robert Hass and Tobias Wolff will also read. (Ethical Culture Theatre, 2 W. 64th St. For information about tickets, call 787-6557.) . . . ¶ March 28 at 6:30: Marian Seldes, Tyne Daly, Fionnula Flanagan, and Harris Yulin reading short stories by Chekhov, Raymond Carver, Edna O'Brien, and Gina Berriault. André Dubus will introduce. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Black Rain" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Year's Day" (directed by Henry Jaglom).
Theatre 3: Through March 22: "The Perfect Murder" (Zafir Hai). From March 23: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (John McNaughton).
Theatre 4: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through March 22: (Separate admissions) "Moving Pictures: Films by Photographers," a seven-program series about the impact of the photographer's eye on the art of cinema; and "Mr. Universe" (Gyorgy Szomjas; in Hungarian), with Laszlo Szabo, George Pinter, and Mickey Hargitay.
From March 23: (Separate admissions) "Summer Vacation: 1999" (Shusuke Kaneko; in Japanese); and "The Insect Woman" (1963, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle.
Theatre 3: "Mountains of the Moon" (†).

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Born on the Fourth of July" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver.
Theatre 3: "Internal Affairs" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 22: "Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer. From March 23: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 5: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, and Richard Jordan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 22: "My Left Foot" (†).
From March 23: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through March 22: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy. From March 23: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver.
Theatre 3: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, and Richard Jordan.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Rosalie Goes Shopping" (Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht, Brad Davis, and Judge Reinhold.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin. From March 23: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.
Theatre 3: "Men Don't Leave" (Paul Brickman), with Jessica Lange.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Mountains of the Moon" (†).
Theatre 2: "Glory" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Coupe de Ville" (Joe Roth), with Daniel Stern, Arye Gross, Patrick Dempsey, and Alan Arkin.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 2: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis, Ron Silver, and Clancy Brown.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin. From March 23: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Macho Dancer" (directed by Lino Brocka).
Theatre 2: "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Forbidden Dance" (Greydon Clark), with Laura Herring and Jeff James.
Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through March 22: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
From March 23: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 2: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin.
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "Men Don't Leave" (Paul Brickman), with Jessica Lange.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 2: "Mountains of the Moon" (†)
Theatre 3: "Rosalie Goes Shopping" (Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht, Brad Davis, and Judge Reinhold.
Theatre 4: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 5: "Coupe de Ville" (Joe Roth), with Daniel Stern, Arye Gross, Patrick Dempsey, and Alan Arkin.
Theatre 6: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 9: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin). From March 23: "The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jurgen Prochnow.
Theatre 3: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 22: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.
From March 23: "The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jurgen Prochnow.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 3: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 4: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 6: "Time of the Gypsies" (Emir Kusturica; in Romany).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mountains of the Moon" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"For All Mankind" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through March 22: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
From March 23: "Lonely Woman Seeks Life Companion" (Viacheslav Krishtofovich; in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sweetie" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 3: "The Plot Against Harry" (Michael Roemer).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis, Ron Silver, and Clancy Brown.

"I think of myself as Death, sometimes," said the femme fatale in James M. Cain's "Double Indemnity." "In a scarlet shroud, floating through the night. I'm so *beautiful then. And sad. And hungry to make the whole world happy, by taking them out into the night, away from all trouble, all unhappiness."*

When Billy Wilder and Raymond Chandler wrote their brilliant screenplay version of Cain's book, they left that speech out—with good reason. This film (playing March 23 and 24 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) has no room for extravagant explanations. And it doesn't need them. As you watch a bored housewife (Barbara Stanwyck) and a lust-struck insurance agent (Fred MacMurray) plot and carry out her husband's murder, arousing the suspicion of the agent's best work pal (Edward G. Robinson), everything you have to understand about the characters comes through.

Part of that's a tribute to the actors—especially Stanwyck. She turns herself into a sensual death dealer who embodies Cain's most alluring descriptions. There's something uncanny and eternal about the way she snares MacMurray's eager-to-please agent. Her voice is both harsh and seductive—a steel purr—and her movements toe the line between lewdness and propriety. She knows how to use an anklet to show off the curve of her leg.

Her performance peaks when, in a masterpiece of duplicity, she tearfully tells off the insurance-company president for suggesting her husband committed suicide. "Double Indemnity" is full of tense, gritty pleasures, including one of Robinson's strongest bulldog-style turns. But Stanwyck holds the brassy key to its success. She was that Hollywood rarity—a thoroughly unsentimental big star.

Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 3: Through March 22: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†). From March 23: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.
Theatre 4: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Mountains of the Moon" (†).
Theatre 6: Through March 22: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy. From March 23: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Forbidden Dance" (Greydon Clark), with Laura Herring and Jeff James.
Theatre 2: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "House Party" (directed by Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 2: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin.
Theatre 3: "Nightbreed" (Clive Barker), with David Cronenberg.
Theatre 4: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 5: "House Party."
Theatre 6: Through March 22: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†). From March 23: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through March 22: "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.
From March 23: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver.
Theatre 3: "Blue Steel."
Theatre 4: Through March 22: "Internal Affairs" (†). From March 23 (tentative): "The Last of the Finest" (John MacKenzie), with Brian Dennehy.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, and Richard Jordan.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Forbidden Dance" (Greydon Clark), with Laura Herring and Jeff James.
Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe and James Spader.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Revenge" (Tony Scott), with Kevin Costner.

West Side Cinema I and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Hard to Kill."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
March 19: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958, directed by Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Horse" (1941, Kajiro Yamamoto; in Japanese).
March 20-21: "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943) and "Sanshiro Sugata, Part 2" (1945), both directed by Kurosawa, in Japanese, with Susumu Fujita.
March 22: "Red Beard" (1965, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Mifune.
March 23-24: "Ikiru" (†); and "Scandal" (1950, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Mifune, Yoshiko Yamaguchi, and Takashi Shimura.
March 25-26: "High and Low" (1963, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Mifune; and "Throne of Blood" (1957, Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Mifune.
March 27-28: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971, Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Dersu Uzala" (1978, Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 20: "Lost in America" (1985, Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty; and "Modern Romance" (1981, Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.
March 21-22: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983, Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977, Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.
March 23-24: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977, Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Nazarin" (1958, Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
March 25: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Invitation au Voyage" (1983, Peter Del Monte; in French).
March 26-27: "Local Hero" (†) and "Atlantic City" (†).
From March 28: "The Bear" (1988, Jean-Jacques Annaud); and "Quest for Fire" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through March 20: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948, Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944, Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken.
March 21-22: "The Road Warrior" (1982, George Miller), with Mel Gibson, Bruce Spence, and Vernon Wells; and "Mad Max" (1980, Miller), with Gibson.
March 23-24: "Hairspray" (1988, John Waters), with Divine, Ricki Lake, Colleen Fitzpatrick, Leslie Ann Powers, Michael St. Gerard, Debbie Harry, and Sonny Bono; and "Lust in the Dust" (1985, Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
March 25: "1900" (1977, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
From March 26: "Roots" (1977). The eight-part television adaptation of the Alex Haley novel, with LaVar Burton and John Amos. March 26-27, Parts 1-4; and March 28-29, Parts 5-8.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 19: "Umberto D" (1952, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Il Bidone" ("The Swindlers"; 1955, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina, Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi.
March 20: "Anna Christie" (1930, Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935, Brown), with Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.
March 21: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "Blow-Up" (1966, Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
March 22: "Sawdust and Tinsel" ("The Naked Night"; 1953, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson; and "Monika" (1952, Bergman; in Swedish), with Andersson.
March 23-24: "Double Indemnity" (1944, Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948, Anatole Litvak), with Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.
March 25: "Performance" (1970, Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Don't Look Now" (1973, Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
March 26: "La Grande Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "La Bête Humaine" (1938, Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin.
March 27: "The Hollywood Revue" (1929, Charles Reisner), with Jack Benny, Joan Crawford, and Buster Keaton; and "Glorifying the American Girl" (†).
March 28: "Victim" (†); and "Peeping Tom" (1960, Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—An international festival of new films by new directors: March 19 at 6: "Celia" (Ann Turner, Australia). . . . ¶ March 19 at 8:30 and March 20 at 6: "China, My Sorrow" (Dai Sijie, France and West Germany; in Cantonese and Mandarin). . . . ¶ March 20 at 8:30: "Celia." . . . ¶ March 21 at 6: "Palombella Rossa" (Nanni Moretti, Italy). . . . ¶ March 21 at 8:30 and March 22 at 6: "Plainlands" (Pekka Parikka, Finland). . . . ¶ March 22 at 9: "Palombella Rossa." . . . ¶ March 23 at 6: "Double Edged Knife" (Murilo Salles, Brazil). . . . ¶ March 23 at 9 and March 24 at 3:30: "Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman, United States). . . . ¶ March 24 at 6: "Beijing Watermelon" (Nobuhiko Obayashi, Japan). . . . ¶ March 24 at 9: "H-2 Worker" (Stephanie Black, United States). . . . ¶ March 25 at 3:30: "Double Edged Knife." . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: "H-2 Worker." . . . ¶ March 25 at 8:30: "Beijing Watermelon." . . . ¶ March 26 at 6: "The Seventh Continent" (Michael Haneke, Austria). . . . ¶ March 26 at 9 and March 27 at 6: "A Wopbopaloobop a Lopbamboom" (Andy Bausch, Luxembourg and West Germany). . . . ¶ March 27 at 8:30: "The Seventh Continent." . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "Saint's Day" (Sergei Selyanov and Nikolai Makarov, U.S.S.R.). . . . ¶ March 28 at 8:30: "Maicol" (Mario Brenta, Italy). (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 708-9501.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

the past thirty or so years. March 20-24: Saul Bellow's "Seize the Day" (1987, Fiedler Cook; PBS), with Robin Williams, Jerry Stiller, and Joseph Wiseman. Showings Tuesday at 3 and 6 and Wednesday through Saturday at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." March 20-24: "The Pythons" (1979, BBC), interviews filmed on the set of "Life of Brian." Showings Tuesday at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 12:15. . . . ¶ "Laurence Olivier: The Television Legacy." March 20-24: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1973, Peter Wood; ABC), with Olivier, Constance Cummings, Denis Quilley, and Ronald Pickup. . . . From March 27: "The Merchant of Venice" (1974, Jonathan Miller and John Sichel; ABC), with Olivier, Jeremy Brett, Michael Jayston, Anthony Nicholls, and Joan Plowright. Showings Tuesday at 2:30 and 5:30, Wednesday through Friday at 2:30, and Saturday at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." March 20-24: "Making 'The Mahabharata' " (1989), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . March 20-24: "The Origins of Music" (1988, Jeremy Marre), a documentary. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From March 27: "Peter Brook" (1989, David Thomas), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre. March 21 at 2:30: "Great Balls of Fire" (1989, Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Winona Ryder. . . . ¶ March 22 at 2:30: "Parents" (1989, Bob Balaban), with Randy Quaid and Mary Beth Hurt. . . . ¶ March 23 at 2:30: "84 Charlie Mopic" (1989, Patrick Duncan), with Jonathan Emerson and Nicholas Cascone. . . . ¶ March 24 at 2: "They Live" (1988, John Carpenter), with Keith David. . . . ¶ March 24 at 5: "In a Glass Cage" (1989, Agustin Villaronga), with David Sust and Gunter Meisner. . . . ¶ March 25 at 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (1989, Terry Gilliam), with John Neville and Eric Idle. . . . ¶ March 25 at 5: "Farewell to the King" (1989, John Milius), with Nick Nolte. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "They Live."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. March 21 at 7: "Earth" (1930, Alexander Dovzhenko). . . . ¶ March 21 at 9: "Vampyr" (1932, Carl Theodor Dreyer). . . . ¶ March 22-24 at 7: "Autumn" (1934) and "Virginity" (1937), both Czech films, by Otakar Vávra. . . . ¶ March 22 at 7: "Butoh and Neo Dada," a program of seven short Japanese films by Takahiko Iimura. . . . ¶ March 22-24 at 9 and March 25 at 7: "Ecstasy" (1932, Gustav Machatý). . . . ¶ March 23 at 7: "Eros and Sex," a program of four short Japanese films by Iimura. . . . ¶ March 24 at 7: "Structural," a program of three short Japanese films by Iimura. . . . ¶ March 25 at 5:30: "Flashback and Dreams: Five Films 1933-34," short Czech films. . . . ¶ March 25 at 9: "Virginity." . . . ¶ March 27 at 7: "The Forbidden Land" (1989, Helena Solberg) and "Do I Kill Them?" (1983, Sergio Bianchi), both Brazilian documentaries. . . . ¶ March 27 at 9: "The Kayapó: Out of the Forest" (1989, Michael Beckham) and "Altamira: First Amazon Encounter" (1989, Neville de Almeida and David Guber), both Brazilian documentaries. . . . ¶ March 28 at 7: "Citizen Jatobá" (1987, Maria Luiza Aboim) and "Conversations in Maranhão" (1977, Andrea Tonacci), both Brazilian documentaries. . . . ¶ March 28 at 7: "Aerograd" (1928, Dovzhenko; silent). . . . ¶ March 28 at 9: "The Lost World of Kozak" (1988, Fernando Severo) and "Iracema" (1975, Jorge Bodansky), both Brazilian documentaries. . . . ¶ March 28 at 9: "Day of Wrath" (1943, Dreyer; in Danish).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—March 21 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Lola Montès" (1955, Max Ophuls; in French and English), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, Anton Walbrook, and Oskar Werner. . . . ¶ March 28 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Real Presence" (1983, Raoul Ruiz; in French), with Franck Oger, Nadège Claire, and Lou Castel; and "Snakes and Ladders" (1980, Ruiz; in French), with Jean-Loup Rivière and Pascal Bonitzer.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—March 19 at 6: "The Learning Tree" (1969, Gordon Parks), with Kyle Johnson, Estelle Evans, and Dick Ward; and "Sounder" (1972, Martin Ritt), with Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. . . . ¶ March 20 at 6: "Hollywood Shuffle" (1987, Robert Townsend); and "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka" (1988, Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Jim Brown, Isaac Hayes, Antonio Fargas, Bernie Carey, and Wayans. . . . ¶ March 23 at 1: "The Jackie Robinson Story" (1950, Alfred E. Green), with Robinson, Ruby Dee, and Minor Watson; "Paradise in Harlem" (1939, Joseph Selden), with Mamie Smith and Frank Wilson; "Ten Minutes to Live" (1932, Oscar Micheaux), with Laurence Chenault; and "Sunday Sinners" (1940, Arthur Dreifuss), with Smith. . . . ¶ March 23 at 6: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League; "The Color of Love" (1975), with Cooke; and "The River Niger" (1976, Krishna Shah), with James Earl Jones, Louis Gossett, Jr., Cicely Tyson, and Glynn Turman. . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "Coffy" (1973, Jack Hill), with Pam Grier, Booker Bradshaw, and Robert Doqui; and "TNT Jackson" (1975, Cirio Santiago), with Jeanne Bell, Stan Shaw, and Pat Anderson.

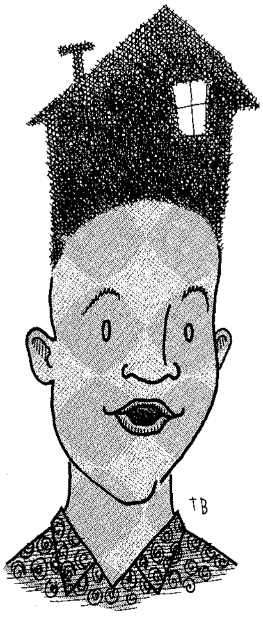
Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—March 23 at 6 and 8:30: "A Taxing Woman's Return" (1988, Juzo Itami; in Japanese), with Nobuko Miyamoto.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Atlantic City (1981)—This spa that became a racketeers' paradise during Prohibition and in 1981 was on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, the setting gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster.—P.K. (Cinema Village; March 26-27.)



Christopher Reid in "House Party"

Black Rain—The most surprising thing about this film, which tells the story of a family of survivors of the atomic-bomb attack on Hiroshima, is that it isn't depressing. It's too intelligent; every scene is drenched in irony. The director, Shohei Imamura, treats the bombing itself with telling poetic concision, as a series of awful tableaux flashing before us with the speed of memory. Then, abruptly, he cuts to a tranquil-looking country scene and a very different kind of story. It's five years later, and the Shizuma family, last seen making their way through the wreckage of the city, now live in a remote village and are preoccupied with a traditional problem of Japanese movie families: arranging a marriage. This leisurely rural existence is restful in only the most superficial ways: two members of the family suffer from radiation sickness and have been ordered not to work hard. The Shizumas live in a perpetual state of suspension, a constant twilight; their survival is more like a wary, static persistence. We're unsure how to respond; we've never seen a family drama quite like this. Imamura has transformed this Hiroshima story into a Sartrean soap opera. With Yoshiko Tanaka, Kazuo Kitamura, and Etsuko Ichihara. The screenplay, by Imamura and Toshiro Ishido, is based on a novel by Masuji Ibuse. Superb black-and-white cinematography by Takashi Kawamata; a harrowingly beautiful score by Toru Takemitsu. In Japanese. —T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/90.) (Angelika Film Center.)

Born on the Fourth of July—An antiwar epic, it's like one of those commemorative issues of *Life*. This one covers 1956 to 1976, and the counterculture is presented in a nostalgic, aesthetically reactionary way: it's made part of our certified public memories. The director, Oliver Stone, plays bumper cars with the camera and uses cutting to jam you into the action, and you can't even enjoy his uncouthness, because it's put at the service of sanctimony. The pure of heart, Catholic and patriotic hero Ron Kovic (Tom Cruise) thinks war is how he'll prove himself a man. He joins the Marine Corps and is sent to Vietnam; in 1968, his spine is severed, and he's left in a wheelchair, impotent, paralyzed from the chest down. The movie is a scream of rage at how he was betrayed, mutilated, neglected; it's also an uplifting account of how he boozed, quarrelled with everyone, and despaired until he stopped being contemptuous of the war protesters and became active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Overblown right from the start, this story is constructed as a series of blackout episodes that suggest the Stations of the Cross; rising strings alert you to the heavy stuff. Then the finale—Resurrection—takes Ron into white light, and John Williams lays on the trumpets. The script, by Stone and Kovic, is based on Kovic's autobiography. With Willem Dafoe, Tom Berenger, Raymond J. Barry as the gentle father, Caroline Kava as the castrating Mom, Kyra Sedgwick as Donna, and Abbie Hoffman. —P.K. (1/22/90) (Bijou Cinema, Manhattan Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Camille Claudel—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer ("French Provincial," "Barocco"), doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger

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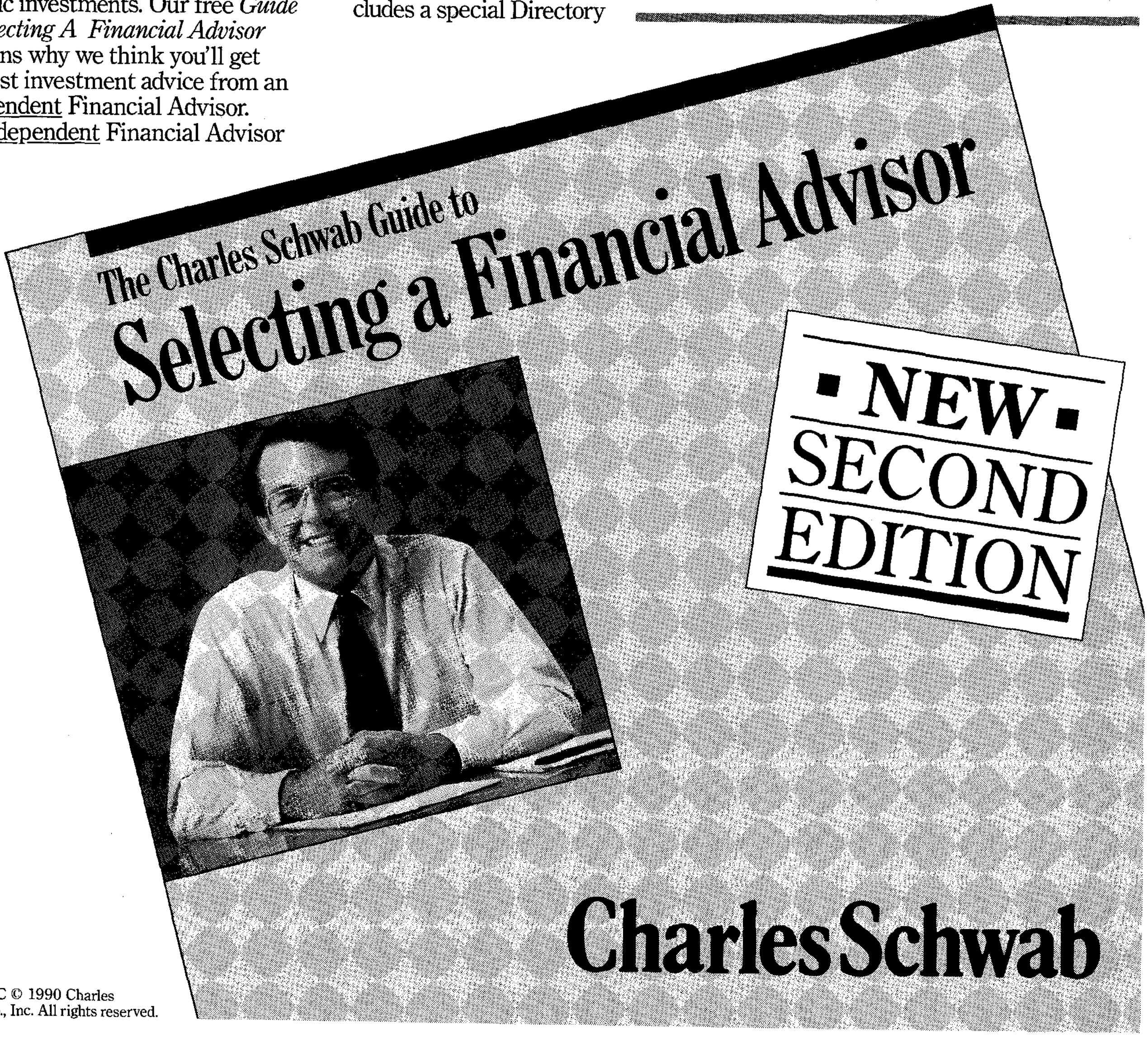

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Burt Lancaster in "Local Hero"

brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Paris.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Carnegie Screening Room; through March 22.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through March 22.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gros, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Gotham Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

For All Mankind—A documentary, directed by Al Reinert. (Reviewed in this issue.) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Glorifying the American Girl (1929)—The rise of a young girl (Mary Eaton) from the sheet-music department of a big store, through the dilemmas of small-town vaudeville, to her ultimate glorification in the Ziegfeld Follies, where, finally, we get glimpses of Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallée, and Eddie Cantor, as well as Ziegfeld himself (who also supervised the production), and such celebrities as Mayor Jimmy Walker, Ring Lardner, Texas Guinan, Johnny Weissmuller, Otto Kahn, and Adolph Zukor. Along her interminable way, the heroine renounces love (Edward Crandall) for the headdresses and bangles of a showgirl; the moral is that you pay a price for applause. Meanwhile, the moviegoer who wants to see how musical numbers were staged in Ziegfeld's day pays heavily for a few minutes of pleasure. The songs include "At Sundown," "Blue Skies," "What Wouldn't I Do for That Man," and "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover." Millard Webb directed; Ted Shawn choreographed the ballets. The Follies sequences were originally in Technicolor.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 27.)

Glory—This Civil War epic, based on fiery, spirit-stirring material that has never before been tapped for the movies, is emotionally moving even when the scenes falter. The 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was the first black fighting unit to be formed in the North, and the white colonel in command of the effort to prove that black men had the discipline and valor to stand up against the enemy was Robert Gould Shaw, the twenty-five-year-old son of abolitionists. As the small, sad-faced Shaw, Matthew Broderick shows us the misery of a softhearted commanding officer who is determined to prepare his men for what's ahead. Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Andre Braugher are the usual representative group of enlistees who bicker and quarrel before they shape up and become fine soldiers, but the actors perform the roles as if they've never been played before. Although the script is a conventional melodrama, the director, Edward Zwick, has made something more thoughtful than that. He doesn't have the instinct for images that would burst the written framework, but he's made a good film on a great subject. The screenplay, based partly on Shaw's letters, is by Kevin Jarre. With Jihmi Kennedy.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Gemini.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. It's extremely uneven—there are slick and sentimental passages and some that are impenetrable. But there are also emotional revelations and there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man, who has accomplished what he hoped to, sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; March 23-24.)

Internal Affairs—Bad fun. This sophisticated variant of other L.A. cops-and-coke-and-art-world thrillers has a creepy, rhythmic quality that sucks you in and keeps you amused. The subtext is ingeniously nasty: it's a dirty, sexy twist on the Iago-Othello relationship. This Iago is a prosperous veteran cop, played by Richard Gere, who's being investigated by two officers from the Police Department's internal-affairs division: a righteous, ramrod-straight Latino (Andy Garcia) with a beautiful blond wife, and his sane, honest partner (Laurie Metcalf). Gere torments the stiff-backed Othello (Garcia), boasting of his adulterous conquest of the blond wife, and ma-

Takashi Shimura in "Ikiru"

nipulates him into a jealous rage. Gere slithers through the picture very dexterously, but Garcia gives a one-note, glaring-eyed performance: except for his key, violent explosions (which are terrific), he's so rigid he's barely human. As Garcia's partner, a lesbian who doesn't try to ingratiate herself with anybody, Metcalf gives a strong, contained performance. Directed by Mike Figgis, whose previous feature was the 1988 "Stormy Monday." The smart script is by Henry Bean.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6. . . . ¶ Embassy; through March 22.)

Joe Versus the Volcano—With Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan, directed by John Patrick Shanley. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Bay Cinema, Baronet, U. A. East, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

Local Hero (1983)—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him, happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny and Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler.—P.K. (Cinema Village; March 26-27.)

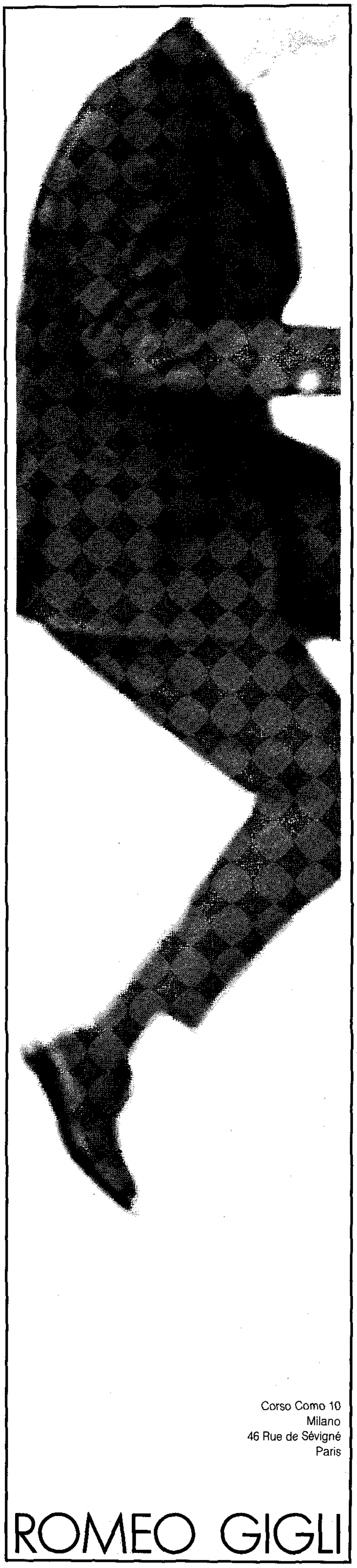
Mountains of the Moon—An awfully strange movie about an 1857 expedition to discover the source of the Nile and the subsequent feud between the explorers, Richard Burton (Patrick Bergin) and John Hanning Speke (Iain Glen). The director, Bob Rafelson, seems to be trying for a mixture of irony and spectacle, but he doesn't carry it off. Although he deliberately underplays the romance of nineteenth-century exploration, his historical irony isn't rigorous enough: it doesn't extend to Burton. Burton, a dashing intellectual adventurer, was in some ways ahead of his time; Rafelson distorts history to make Burton seem entirely a man of *our* time—the enlightened opposite of all the Victorian values and mores we now reject. Rafelson fails to make his hero human; he loves Burton but, by turning him into a prophet of twentieth-century values, betrays him. The director and his cinematographer, Roger Deakins, give the film a wonderful look in the African scenes; during the explorers' arduous trek we often feel, despite everything that's going wrong, that we're on the verge of seeing something amazing. But, whatever it might be, it remains just over the horizon. The film runs two hours and fifteen minutes, and seems longer. Also with Richard E. Grant, Bernard Hill, Fiona Shaw, and Paul Onsongo. The screenplay is by Rafelson and William Harrison (the author of a 1982 novel called "Burton and Speke").—T.R. (3/12/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through March 22.)

Quest for Fire (1982)—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001"; it's a heavy dose of Desmond ("Naked Ape") Morris, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly close-ups of torn flesh, and the composer, Philippe Sarde, letting himself go in the Stravinsky and Wagner department, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup, and the way the faces of the three warriors are simian and yet attractive; the sixties have made the ape look seem hip—these fellows might be rock stars. The hero Naoh falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who have pottery and the beginnings of a culture and know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. It's almost impossible to guess what the tone of much of this Stone Age love story is meant to be. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages" and Desmond Morris "created" the "body languages and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting March 28.)

Roger & Me—Michael Moore's widely praised muckraking documentary is about his two-and-a-half-year pursuit of Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, according to the film, is directly responsible for closing eleven plants and bringing about the destruction of Flint, Michigan—GM's birthplace and Moore's home town. The film purports to show what was happening in Flint from February, 1987, to August, 1989, but what happens is that Moore, a big shambling joker who's the director, producer, writer, and star, deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges. He chases gags and improvises his own version of history: in his account of the plant closings, the worker layoffs, and the construction of tourist attractions, he compresses the events of many years and fiddles with the time sequence. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. And he does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Quad Cinema.)

Victim (1961)—This pioneering attempt to create public sympathy for homosexuals and to publicize the English laws that put them in jeopardy is ingenious, moralistic, and moderately amusing. Structurally, it's a slick thriller about a blackmail ring that preys on homosexuals. There's a terribly self-conscious attempt to distinguish between the "love" that the barrister hero (Dirk Bogarde) feels for his wife (Sylvia Syms) and the physical desire—presumably a lower order of emotion—that he once felt for a young man (Peter McEnery), who appears to be more interesting in every way than the wife. The plot requires the barrister to sacrifice his career—to confess his own homosexuality—in order to trap the blackmailers. Basil Dearden directed, from a screenplay by Janet Green and John McCormick. With Dennis Price and Hilton Edwards. The film marked a turning point in Bogarde's career; having been an actor for over twenty years, he was tired of playing boyishly charming, happy, bouncy roles ("I was the Loretta Young of England," he said), and this time he acted his age in what was, in those years, a daring role.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 28.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF you've spent some time around ten-year-olds lately, as we had occasion to do the other day, you may have come upon a particularly elegant (and exasperating) item called Tetris. This is a computer game in which a variety of angular shapes made up of four squares—squares in a row, for example, or aligned as a chess knight's move, or staggered in a zigzag configuration—gradually drop from the ceiling of what looks like an empty silo. As the shapes float downward, the player is able to manipulate them—to move one to the right or the left, for example, or rotate the knight's-move shape on its axis so that it lands on its back (three squares wide) instead of its head (two squares wide)—and the object of the game is to have the shapes fall in such a way, one beside the next, that they fill the bottom of the silo without leaving a blank. If you fail to accomplish this (and the irregularity of the shapes makes it more difficult than you might imagine), a new layer of shapes begins to form on top of the first. Once you do fill a row, it disappears—poof!—and you are awarded points; everything else settles down a notch, previously covered air pockets open up again, and it becomes momentarily possible to fill them in with the shapes that are continuing to float down. Invariably, though, you muff a chance here, a chance there, and the incomplete rows start piling up. Soon the silo is a quarter, half, more than half full. And here things begin to get scary, because what you don't want is to let the rows get close to the top: as soon as even a single square gets jammed against the ceiling, the entire silo automatically fills up and the game is over.

Tetris was designed by a Soviet programmer named Alexey Pazhitnov, and is the first Soviet computer game to enter the United States market. It's not hard to guess where Mr. Pazhitnov came up with his idea. This past week marked the fifth year of Mikhail Gorbachev's tenure as the head of the Soviet Union, and in retrospect his entire term might be likened to an epic game of Tetris. The shapes—the challenges—keep floating down: Chernobyl, arms-control deadlocks, failed grain harvests, the Armenian earthquake, the Afghan evacuation, general economic prostration, striking workers in Gdansk's harbor, Lithuanian separatists, Georgian separatists, hard-line Communists to one side and radical democrats to the other, Russian nationalists, striking Siberian miners, Armenians and Azerbaijanis at each other's throats, East Germans pouring across the West German border, throngs in Wenceslas Square, riots in Timisoara, election reversals in Nicaragua, uprisings in Tadzhikistan. And, like a Tetris wizard, Gorbachev keeps trying to master them all: to manipulate and rotate them (having the Latvians attempt to negotiate a ceasefire between the Azerbaijanis and the Armenians, for example, or exploiting the sudden windfall afforded by the fact that the Soviets no longer have to subsidize Managua by using it to ward off some other short-term calamity)—to clear this row and then the next, never letting the pile get too near the ceiling.

NEW YORK
Z 57

Last week, the editors of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* reëvaluated the placement of the minute hand on the little clock whose face they have featured on their cover for the past four decades—the clock that is designed to suggest just how close humanity has come to midnight, or nuclear Armageddon. In the past it has come as close as two minutes to midnight (that was in 1953, after the first test of the hydrogen bomb), but now they have set it back four minutes, to ten minutes to midnight, the farthest away it has been in almost two decades. That feels about right. The world does seem a safer place these days, the ultimate threat much more remote, and, indeed, the clock itself seems an antiquated image, a quaint piece of nostalgia from a wall of the Atomic Café. (Of course, in a world that still contains more than fifty thousand nuclear weapons, roughly half of them under the control of a power that appears to be rapidly coming apart at the seams, that remoteness may be a delusion.)

Perhaps the atomic scientists should consider replacing their clock with a little picture of a Tetris board. On any given day, just how full is Gorbachev's silo? A quarter? Half? Two-thirds? Is he managing to retire rows—is the pile going down? Or are they stacking up on him? In this context, one of the most interesting features of Tetris is what happens as the silo starts to fill. In the early going, it's easy to retire rows, and it can take a long time for the silo to fill a quarter of the way, a little less but still a long time for it to fill halfway. But once the pile reaches roughly the two-thirds mark, the game usually ends within just a few more moves. The shapes are still floating down ever so gently, but now they have less and less space to traverse before they reach the top of the pile, and you have less and less time in which to manipulate them, and also less and less room. For example, in rotating a knight's-move shape you may inadvertently wedge it between the top of the pile and the ceiling, and then the game is over. So there's a real urgency to the question of how high Gorbachev's pile has become. If his game were suddenly to end—especially with those thousands of nuclear weapons still in place—who knows what time it would be then?

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Trial

A FRIEND in Washington writes:

If you had tried to attend the trial of Rear Admiral John M. Poindexter at the United States Courthouse here last week, as I did, you would have learned that the marshals allowed only thirteen members of the general public into the courtroom, and that you had to get up pretty early to be among the lucky few—at least, as long as Oliver North was testifying. (The Admiral is a figure of much less panache than Colonel North, of course, but he seems surprisingly relaxed these days—quite a feat when you consider that he's facing the prospect of going to jail for twenty-five years and being fined one and a quarter million dollars.) The reason it was so hard for an ordinary citizen to get into this trial was that the news media hogged most of the seats. At the courthouse, that "reporters as surrogates of the public" stuff is taken seriously. There are five rows of polished wooden benches on each side of the courtroom's center aisle, rather like church pews. Of the ten, six were reserved for reporters and sketch artists. The first two rows on the left side were reserved for family members, congressional aides, and courtroom staff. We, the rabble, were squeezed onto the two benches in the very back, and we had to share one of them with watchdogs from the C.I.A. and other intelligence agencies.

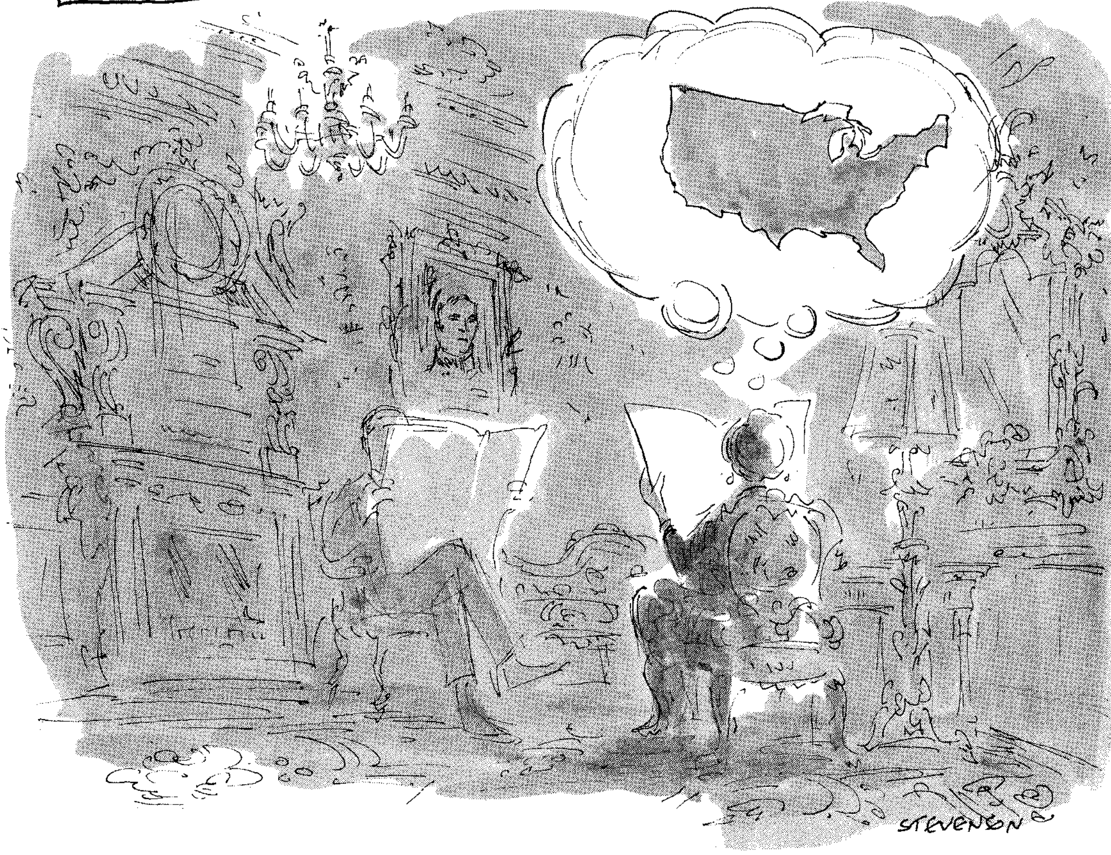
The doors to the courthouse opened officially at eight o'clock. After passing through the metal detectors downstairs, you had to rush up to Court Room 1, on the second floor, where a line formed along the wall directly across the hall from Court Room 2. (That's where Judge John Sirica presided over the Watergate trials.) During the opening days of the trial, there were always at least thirteen people queued up within minutes after eight, even though Judge Harold Greene didn't call the court to order until a quarter to ten. Once inside, if you left the courtroom for any reason you relinquished your seat to the next person in line. As a result, almost no one from the first wave of spectators left until lunchtime, when the courtroom was cleared. What this meant was that if you arrived too late to make the first batch of thirteen you had to wait in line all morning and through the lunch break, and hope to be one of the second group of thirteen, invited in for the afternoon session. I say "wait" in line. I should actually say "stand." There's a courthouse rule: Once the day's business begins, no sitting in the hallways.

The conversations one overhears in line make the wait worthwhile. At around nine o'clock, the reporters formed a line paralleling ours but separated from it by three strands of blue velvet rope. They mostly went in for shoptalk, chatty and mundane. The waiting citizens were more animated and, well, idiosyncratic. As I write this sentence, the man next to me is saying that his son graduated from the Naval Academy in 1957, the year before Poindexter, and also taught freshman chemistry to Oliver North there in the mid-sixties. "That's my interest in it," he announces to a sweet-mannered white-haired woman next to him. She identifies herself as an independent consultant for the General Accounting Office and then says, "I supported Reagan, but I'll never forgive him for that pardon." This inexplicable remark is followed by a question: Has Congress voted on North's pension yet? The man says he doesn't know, but adds, as the woman nods vigorously, "I think it's a damn crime. A man serves his country for twenty years, and he's not supposed to have a pension?"

Then, there was the woman seated next to me in the courtroom on the day of opening arguments. Heavyset, wearing sneakers and blue polyester slacks, and carrying a new-looking imitation-leather briefcase, she was apparently a regular around the courthouse; I heard her murmuring with another legal aficionado about the various cases and judges that each had observed recently. During the prosecuting attorney's initial remarks, I noticed that she had put on sunglasses and begun reading the Book of Exodus. A few minutes later, she gave up on the Old Testament and hauled out a paperback, whose smudged and yellowed pages were crammed with bookmarks; the first bookmark was a crumpled picture postcard of a beaming George and Barbara Bush, the second a newspaper photograph of Dan Quayle. Finally, she shut the book, and, although the cover had disintegrated in places, I was able to make out that it was a copy of Betty Ford's life story.

My favorite moment involved a high-school teacher from Minnesota, who showed up with three of her students on the first day of North's testimony. She was carrying the book "50 Simple Things You Can Do to Save the Earth," and mentioned that she was a big fan of National Public Radio. Her students had stopped to visit the bathroom on their way upstairs, and so reached the line a couple of minutes after she did. By then, a middle-aged gentleman in a shiny black business suit was standing behind the teacher; when the kids showed up, he spoke up to claim what he believed was his. "Now, I'll let you go ahead of me," he said, nodding to the teacher. "But I was here before you kids, and it's first come, first served. That's the way this country works. They only let thirteen people in, and I think we really have to respect the rules." The kids and their teacher quickly and graciously granted the man's point, and then discussed among themselves where they would rendezvous if they couldn't all get in. The kids weren't really upset. Mostly, they just wanted to see Ollie North in person, and they did, a few minutes later, when he strode resolutely down the hall, wearing his sombre-faced-patriot look. Neither the kids nor anyone else in line said a word to him. A minute or two later, the marshal motioned us forward. I stood twelfth in line, the teacher thirteenth. We entered the courtroom, leaving Mr. Protocol behind, and slid into the last two seats. "This is perfect," she said. "I got what I wanted, and my kids did, too."

DARK THOUGHTS IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE



QUEEN ELIZABETH READS ABOUT POSSIBLE RESTORATION OF MONARCHIES IN EASTERN EUROPE.

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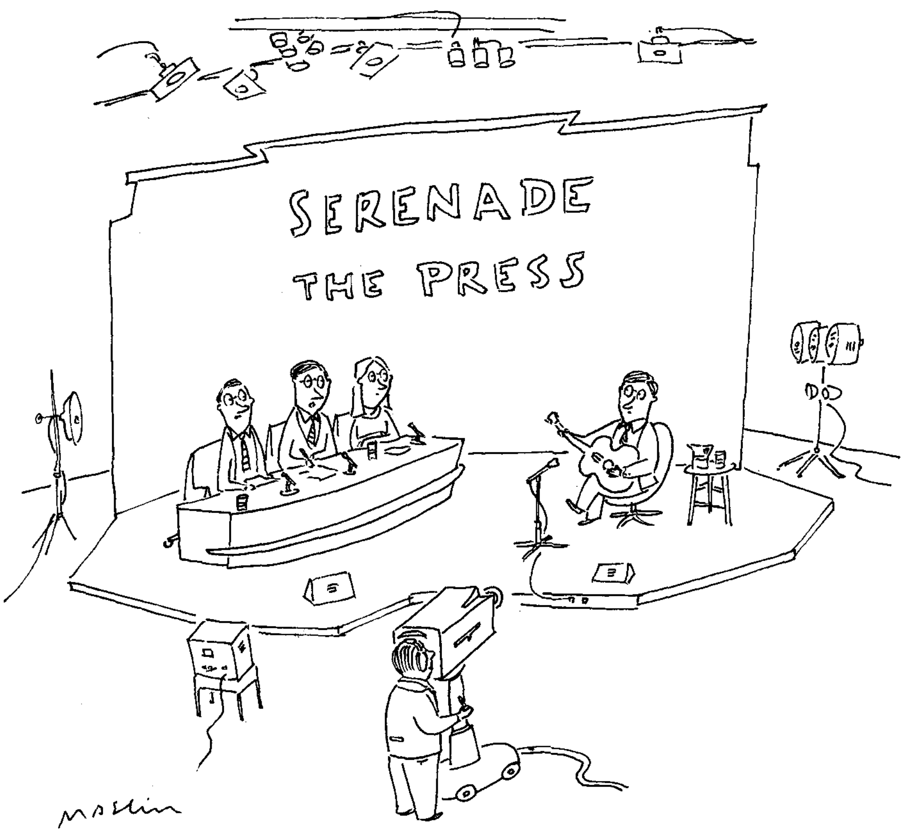
Birds

A FRIEND who has been vacationing in Florida writes:

A week in Pompano Beach, where I have been staying in a friend's oceanfront condominium, makes one wonder about the saturation point of a state that is, by its own count, receiving eight hundred new residents each day. So far, the land boom along the coast shows few signs of slowing down, but inland, where enormous retirement communities, parched golf courses, and marble-paved shopping malls have sprung up, there is the barren look of impending disaster. Condominium prices have fallen twenty or thirty per cent in some areas, and real-estate bankruptcies turn up in the business pages of the papers. On the bright side, there is a splendid classical-music station (WTMI), and a new art museum, in Fort Lauderdale. A woman named Francena Thomas, who is a community-relations troubleshooter for the Dade County police, has a call-in show on WNWS. The day I happened to tune in, she was fielding questions about the recent sentencing of a Hispanic policeman for last year's fatal shooting of an unarmed black man in Miami. In a calm, reasonable voice she agreed with several callers that police were often insensitive in black neighborhoods. To a man who complained that drug dealers were taking over his block Francena replied, "We become victims of what we permit to exist in our communities." If Francena's show is any barometer, South Florida's black residents are growing increasingly resentful of the white and Hispanic societies that surround and overwhelm them. The economic boom has produced only marginal improvements in housing and jobs, and criminals are gaining the upper hand in the black neighborhoods.

For the past week, South Florida has been unseasonably hot, dry, and windy. With temperatures in the mid-eighties, I was surprised to find the beaches practically empty; snowbirds, as winter visitors are called, prefer to dunk themselves in chlorinated pools attached to their apartment buildings. I have been out on the beach every day, swimming in the warm, salty ocean and feeding microwaved pancakes to the local seagulls. When I arrived, I bought a package of frozen pancakes to test the powers of the first microwave oven I'd ever encountered. The experiment was not a success. A minute-and-a-quarter zap produced a pancake that was soft around the edges and frozen in the center; a minute and a half produced one that was as hard as a rock. As I was about to throw my mistakes into the garbage, I remembered the flock of seagulls which lives more or less permanently on our strip of beach. Broken into pieces, the pancakes were a big hit. A cloud of flapping, squawking gulls suddenly enveloped me, and eight or ten of the bolder ones hovered about eight inches in front of my face, snatching pancake fragments from the air with their sharp, curved beaks. It was such fun that I've been microwaving a new batch of pancakes every morning.

The bright, staring eyes that I meet on the beach have reminded me of another ornithological encounter—one that, now that I think of it, previewed the disorienting quality of Florida life. Standing behind me in the Newark check-in line for Continental's Flight 787, to Fort Lauderdale, was a short, pale-faced man with dark hair and a small mustache. He wore a black frock coat and a top hat, and he was holding a cage that contained a large stuffed black bird. Our eyes met as we waited for the counter to open, and after a moment's reflection I said "Nevermore?" He said "Right." Regrettably, when Mr. Poe got to the counter the agent on duty insisted on substituting *his real name*. My travelling companion then introduced himself as Mel Harold, of Middleboro, Maine, and said he was on his way to present a one-man show on the life and times of Edgar Allan Poe at several high schools near Fort Lauderdale. "Some airlines give me a hard time about the raven, but I always tell them he travels on my lap," he said. "They love me in Florida. It's the kind of place that appreciates realistic fantasy."



"Excuse me, Senator, but isn't that the same tune the Administration's been singing?"

No End

"I HAVE a little bit of everybody," Frank Driggs was saying as he led us down his basement stairs. "Six inches of Louis, maybe more. A half foot of Benny, a half foot of Basie, another six inches of the Duke. I've got twenty-one file cabinets. Three of them are sheet music, the rest are all pictures." Frank Driggs is sixty years old and somewhat resembles John Barrymore in his "Grand Hotel" days: he's graying and pale, with sharp features and a good profile. He lives in a long, low stone-faced house out in Flatlands, Brooklyn, with two dogs, a cat, a gopher, a ferret, and, in the basement, what may be the finest collection of jazz photographs in the world. The basement is about fifty feet long and thirty-five feet wide, and is ringed with file cabinets and record cabinets. At Frank's invitation, we moved aside a pile of dusty LPs, fading photocopies, old bills, reel-to-reel tapes, and cassettes on a low table beside his desk and sat down on it.

"I'll show you something I got recently," Frank said, opening an old X-ray cabinet full of eleven-by-fourteens. "It's an original photograph of the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra, late 1924, with Louis Armstrong, who joined the band in 1924 and stayed through '25, and it's autographed by Louis to Fate Marable, the riverboat bandleader—Louis worked with him out of New Orleans from 1918 to 1921. Where the hell is it?" He opened another drawer. "Believe me, it's here."

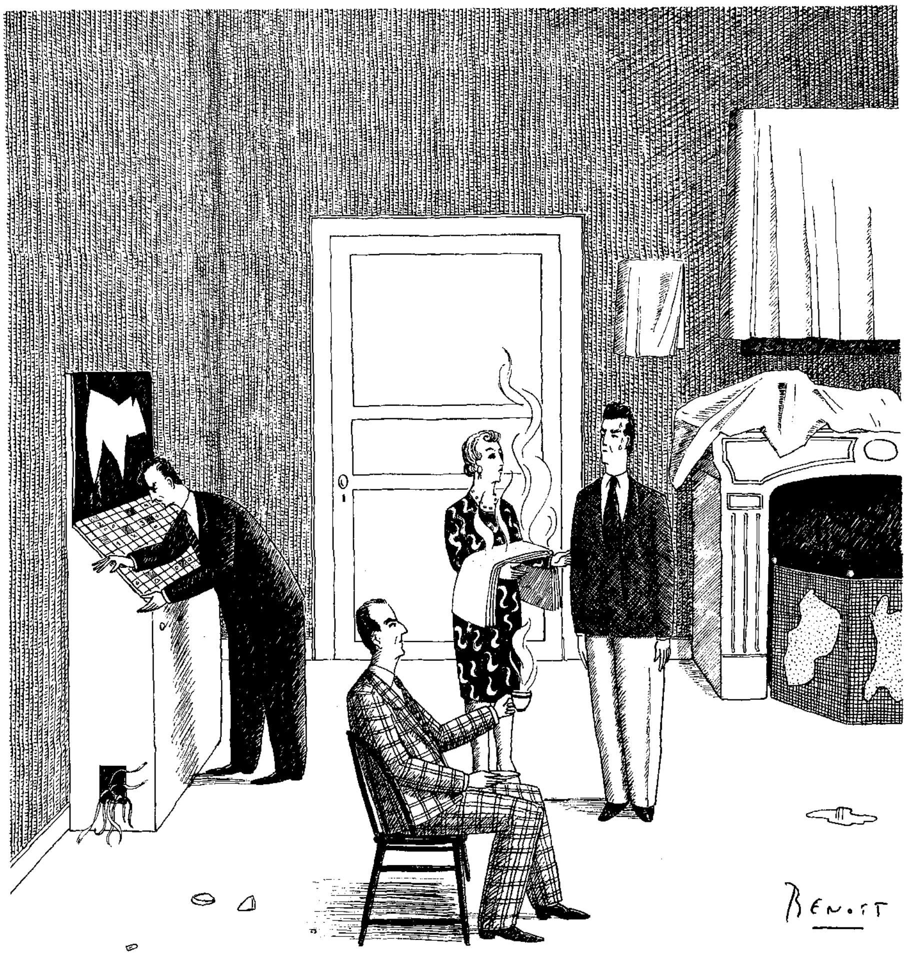
"Is it your most valuable photograph now?" we asked.

"I don't know," Frank growled from within the cabinet. "I never buy them for their value. I don't know what they're worth."

We asked how he had got started buying jazz photographs.

Frank slammed the drawer shut and sat down at his desk, empty-handed. "I began to buy—to *collect*—jazz photographs in the mid-nineteen-fifties, because I couldn't afford to keep buying the jazz seventy-eights that I wanted," he said. "I was twenty-something years old, and the records always seemed to cost more than I had. There was an old Broadway-stage photographer named Leo Arsene, with a studio on Seventh Avenue below the Winter Garden Theatre. I'd go there and he'd be selling his negatives for a quarter or fifty cents apiece, so whenever I had a few bucks I went over. Arsene used to hold the negatives up to the light like a deck of cards and shuffle them. 'You want Mr. Lucky Millinder?' he'd say. 'Mr. Hot Lips Page? Mr. Cootie Williams?' I didn't know much, but even then I'd think, Jesus! Stop! You're scratching them all up!" He shook his head.

Handing us a folder of Fats Waller photographs, Frank said, "Maybe you'd like to look at these," and went on, "In those days, I worked at a lot of low-level jobs in the backwaters of the entertainment business. I was a page at NBC, I schlepped film cans around for some film companies—that kind of stuff—and what I didn't spend on records and pictures I spent on girls." He paused to peek over our



There Were Conflicting Opinions on How to Combat the Shanghai Flu

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shoulder at the Fats folder: Fats surrounded by his big band in a sound studio; a bug-eyed Fats goofing at a keyboard; Fats, age eighteen, in a precocious formal portrait; Fats on the streets of Harlem, in a series of terrific candid shots, greeting the populace, gabbing with his pal and piano-playing peer Willie (The Lion) Smith; Fats, circa 1935, climbing into a gorgeous oversized automobile. "The guy could certainly take a picture," Frank said.

"I did a lot of interviews in the late fifties with old musicians, many of them old Kansas City musicians—old Basie-ites—for magazines like *Jazz Journal*, *The Jazz Review*, *Coda*," he continued. "I was like the water boy at *The Jazz Review* at that time. I also sold magazine subscriptions. I sold them to eat. All of a sudden, one day, a call came in to *The Jazz Review* and Martin Williams, the editor there, said to me, 'Hammond's looking for you.' " That was John Hammond, Frank explained, the legendary record producer and jazz patron, who in the sixties had invented the modern-day reissue program for classic-jazz recordings by bringing out a series of boxed retrospective sets—of Fletcher Henderson, Robert Johnson, Billie Holiday—which became educational touchstones for a whole new generation of jazz listeners. "I produced all those babies, under Hammond's auspices," Frank said. "I'd go in to work at ten o'clock and Hammond would be recording. I'd go into the studio with him as his assistant A. & R. man. Hammond involved himself in way too many things—he loved to be involved, and was on the boards of half a dozen charitable organizations, maybe more—and so along toward the middle of the afternoon he'd look at his watch and announce, 'Oh, I have to go to a meeting. Frank, you finish up for me.' I got all my early experience that way. What better job could a jazz lover and record collector have? It was beautiful."

Frank paused for a moment. "What was my biggest 'coulda been'?" he asked rhetorically. "In 1969, when they were putting together the 'Harlem on My Mind' show at the Met, I supplied all the sheet music, the records, and, of course, the jazz photographs. In trying to dig stuff up, I went to see the great Harlem photographer James Van der Zee, who at that time was starving to death in his photo shop on Lenox Avenue. I could have bought his whole store for three hundred dollars. He begged me. I didn't have three hundred cents."

Suddenly, Frank beamed with pleasure. "I got Popsie Randolph's stuff, though," he said. "Popsie was a band boy for Woody Herman and Benny Goodman, and after the war, when Popsie said he wanted to be a photographer, Benny bought him his first camera and he started taking pictures. This was probably in '47. Popsie was a press agent's dream, because he worked cheap and he worked quick. He shot on the fly at gigs, and he shot commercial portraits, eight-by-ten glossies, head shots, group shots. He died about ten years ago, and his sons were trying for the longest time to sell his stuff. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars they wanted for those negatives. There was Elvis Presley, Eric Clapton, the Drifters with Ben E. King—all these different rock acts. That's where the money is, of course. But there was also some terrific Count Basie and Lionel Hampton and, of course, Benny. Well, Popsie's sons couldn't find a buyer, and finally I took about sixty, seventy per cent—thirty thousand negatives. I've looked at them all. But it's only in the last few years that I've begun to print them up."

We asked why he didn't get some help.

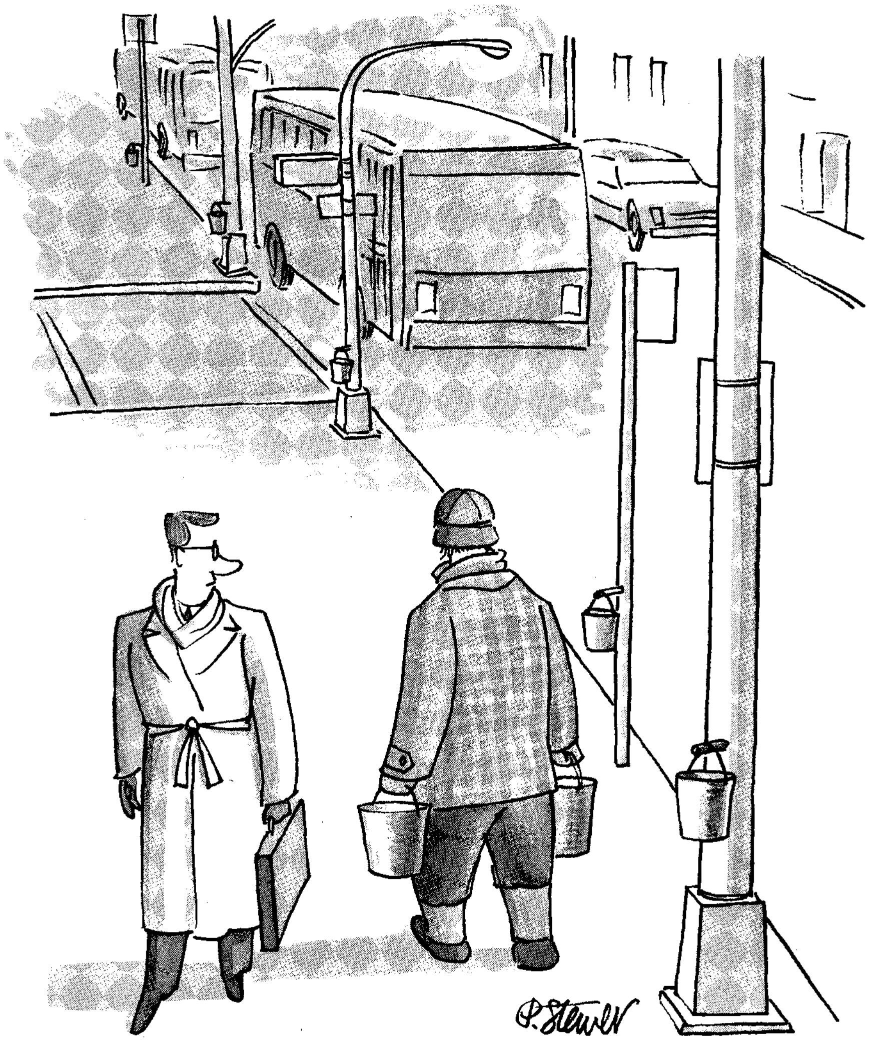
"Because it would drive me nuts," he said. "Someone would clear this room up in a day, but I'd be in a mental hospital for five years. My problem is, I don't want to work that hard. I want to write, I want to play music—I play the piano O.K., and I'm working on getting better. The fun of collecting this stuff is that there's no end. You don't know what's out there. Records there's a finite number of—you know that So-and-So made so many records. But with pictures you *never* know. There's always more. And who can ever have too much Billie Holiday?"

MAN'S FRIEND

THE first observations concerning the arrangement of the spiny cellprojections on a tapeworm's surface go back to 1905 (Serrurier). But it was F. N. Flory who first sensed their importance and meaning, and described them in a long paper, dated 1927, accompanied by extremely clear photographs in which for the first time the so-called "Flory mosaic" was made visible to the layman. As is known, the spines are set out in long parallel lines characterized by the repetition at variable intervals of similar elements. Their significance was discovered under singular circumstances: the credit goes not to a histologist or to a zoologist but to an Orientalist.

In a period of forced inactivity due in fact to the presence of the irksome parasite, and thus moved by a purely circumstantial interest, Bernard W. Losurdo, professor of Assyriology at Michigan State University, happened by chance to see Flory's photographs. Nevertheless, several singularities that no one had noticed until then caught his professional cryptographic eye: the lines of the mosaic are made up of a number of spines that varies within a rather narrow range (approximately twenty-five to sixty); there exist groups of spines that are repeated with a very high frequency, almost as though these were obligatory associations; finally (and this was the key to the enigma), the terminal spines of each line are sometimes arranged according to a pattern that could be described as rhythmical.

It was certainly a piece of good luck that the first photograph Losurdo examined should present a particularly simple pattern: the last four spines of the first line were identical with the last four of the third; the last three of the second line matched the last three of the fourth and sixth—ABA, BCB, CDC, and so on—in a rhyme scheme like Dante's famous terza rima. Yet it required great intellectual courage to take the next step: to formulate the hypothesis that the *entire mosaic* rhymes, and not only metaphorically speaking—that it actually constitutes a poetic composition, and conveys a meaning.

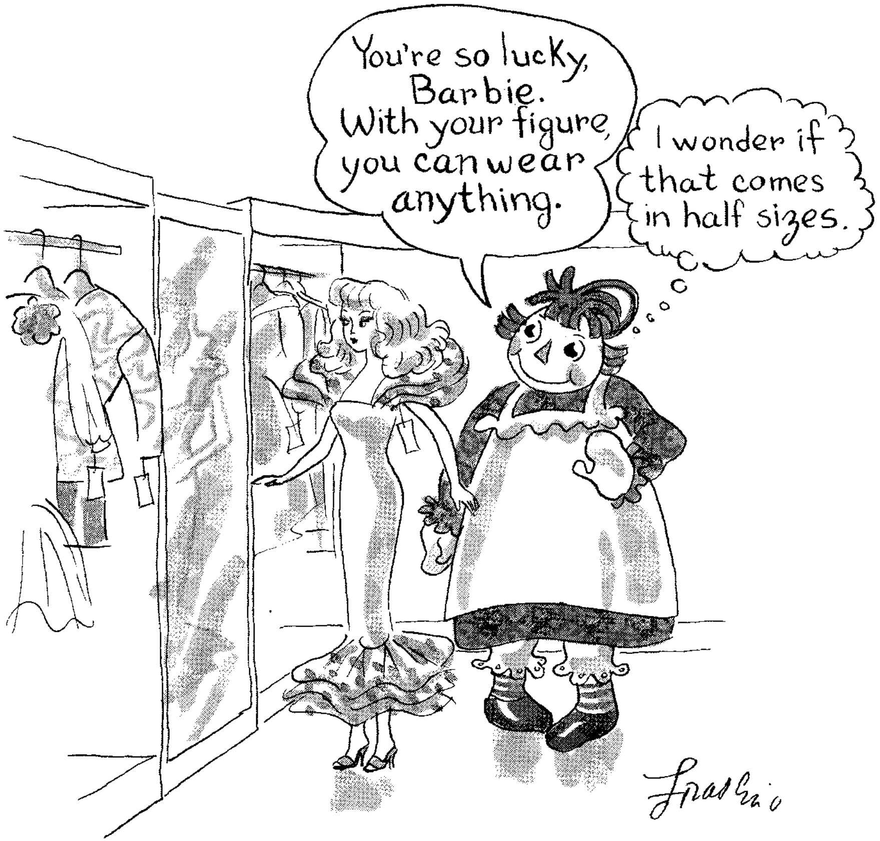


Losurdo had this courage. His cryptanalysis was long and patient, and it confirmed his original intuition. The conclusions the scholar reached can be briefly summarized as follows:

Approximately fifteen per cent of the adult individuals of *Taenia* are bearers of a Flory mosaic. The mosaic, when it occurs, is repeated identically in all their mature proglottid segments, and is congenital: it is therefore a specific characteristic of a single individual, comparable (the observation is made by Losurdo himself) to a man's fingerprints, or the lines on his palm. It is formed by a number of "lines" which can vary from about ten to two hundred—and, what's more, is sometimes rhymed and at other times is best described as rhythmic prose. Despite appearances, this is not a matter of alphabetic writing; or more precisely (and here we can do no better than quote Losurdo himself): "It is a form of expression both highly complex and primitive, in which alphabetic writing and acrophonetics, ideography and syllabism, interweave in the same mosaic and sometimes in the same verse, without apparent regularity. It is as though, in a summary and confused form, the parasite reflects its extremely ancient familiarity with the culture of its host in his diverse guises; almost as though, together with the fluids of man's organism, the worm had absorbed a small part of his knowledge."

Only a few mosaics were deciphered by Losurdo and his collaborators. Some are rudimentary and fragmented, barely articulated—what Losurdo calls "interjectory"; they are the most difficult to interpret, and may express satisfaction with the quality or quantity of the food, or disgust with some less pleasing component of the chyme. Others are limited to a brief sententious phrase. The following quotation, already more complex than such fragments but of doubtful interpretation, is understood as the lament of an individual, in a condition of suffering, who feels expulsion drawing near:

"Farewell, sweet repose and sweet


You're so lucky, Barbie. With your figure you can wear anything.
I wonder if that comes in half sizes.

SHOPPING WITH BARBIE AND ANN

abode. No longer sweet for me, for my time has come. There is so much weariness on my [....]; please leave me thus, forgotten in a corner, in this good warmth." But lo! That which was food is poison; where there was peace is anger. "Do not tarry, for you are no longer welcome: detach your [....] and descend into the hostile universe."

Some mosaics seem to allude to the reproductive process and to the worms' mysterious, hermaphroditic loves:

"You I. Who will separate us, since we are one flesh? You I. I mirror myself in you and see myself. One and manifold: light is death, darkness is immortal. Come, contiguous spouse, hold me close when the hour tolls. I come, and my every [....] sings to heaven."

"I have broken the [membrane?] and I have dreamt the sun and the moon. I have twisted upon myself, and the firmament has welcomed me. The emptied past, an instant's power, numberless progeny."

BUT far more interesting are certain mosaics of a manifestly more elevated level, in which is adumbrated the new and perturbing horizon of affective relationships between parasite and host. We quote some of the most significant.

"Be benign with me, O powerful one, and remember me in your sleep. Your food is my food, your hunger is my hunger; reject, I beg you, the acrid garlic and the detestable [cinnamon?]. Everything proceeds from you: the suave humors that give me life and the warmth in which I lie and praise the world. May I never lose you, O my generous host, O my universe. Just as the air you breathe and the light you enjoy are for you, so are you for me. May you live long and in good health."

"Speak, and I shall listen. Go, and I shall follow. Meditate, and I shall understand you. Who is more faithful than I? Who knows you better than I? Lo, I lie trustingly in your dark bowels, and mock the light of day. Listen all of you: everything is vanity, except for a full belly. Everything is mystery except for the [....]."

"Your strength penetrates me, your joy descends into me, and your anger [crimps?] me; your weariness mortifies, your wine exalts me. I love you, O sacred man. Forgive me my sins, and do not turn your benevolence away from me."

The motif of sin, which is here barely hinted at, by contrast surfaces with curious insistence in several of the more evolved mosaics. It is remarkable, Losurdo affirms, that such mosaics appear almost exclusively in individuals of considerable size and age, who have tenaciously resisted one or more expulsive therapies. We will cite the best known example, which has by now crossed the boundaries of specialized scientific literature and was recently welcomed into an anthology of international literature, where it aroused the critical interest of a much wider audience.

". . . should I therefore call you ungrateful? No, for I have transcended, and insanely let myself shatter, the bounds that Nature imposes on us. By recondite and marvellous paths I have come to you; for years, in religious worship, I have drawn life and wisdom from your founts. I should not have made myself manifest: this is our sad destiny. Manifested to and infested: hence your righteous anger, O master. Alas, why did I not desist? Why did I reject the wise inertia of my ancestors?

"But lo, just as your wrath is righteous, so my admittedly impious audacity is quite just. Who did not know it? Our silent words go unheard by you, proud demigods. We, a race without eyes or ears, receive no mercy from you.

"And now I shall depart, because you wish it. I shall go in silence, as is our custom, to meet my destiny of death or foul transfiguration. I ask only one gift: that this message of mine reach you and that you meditate upon and understand it. You, O hypocritical man—my similar, my brother."

The text is certainly remarkable, by any criterion. Just for curiosity's sake, we must report that the author's final wish went unfulfilled. In fact, its involuntary host, an obscure bank clerk in Dampier (Illinois), decisively refused even to look at it.

—PRIMO LEVI

(*Translated, from the Italian, by Raymond Rosenthal.*)

THE TREATMENT

I WAS going to be late. A fat woman in a vertically quilted brown parka—she looked like a walking onion—had kept everyone waiting in heavy snow at Ninety-sixth and Broadway while she argued with the crosstown-bus driver. She was trying to get him to take a transfer from the day before. She insisted, loudly, that a downtown driver had just issued the transfer to her.

"It couldn't be, lady," the driver said. His Caribbean accent, his delicate features, the touch of gray at his temples made him seem like an aristocrat with favors to dispense, especially in the presence of the bulging woman and the freezing masses outside.

"I'm telling you not five minutes ago," the woman said.

"And I'm telling you that he couldn't have any transfers from yesterday," the driver said. "They are destroyed each day."

Holding aloft the slip of blue paper, the woman turned around and shouted at the rest of us, bunched up against the snow and wind blasting off the Hudson, "Five minutes ago! Five minutes!"

During the silent glaring that followed, another crosstown bus stopped across the street, and among the passengers who got off were a bunch of Coventry School seniors, dressed only in sports jackets and slacks and running shoes. In two hours some of them would jostle their way into my Advanced Placement English class, and I would give them broadly farcical interpretations of the first half of "Billy Budd" until one of the quicker ones began to suspect that I was putting them on.

GENERIC PRODUCTS
DRIED MILK
DRIED MILK
COFFEE
COFFEE
COFFEE
COFFEE
TEA
TEA
TEA
TEA
TEA
TEA
SOUP MIX
SOUP MIX
SOUP MIX
CEREAL
CEREAL
CEREAL
BEANS
BEANS
BEANS
BEANS
BEANS
BEANS
PASTA
PASTA
PASTA
FLOUR
FLOUR
TOMATOES
TOMATOES
TOMATOES
TOMATOES
TOMATOES
TOMATOES
CUSTOMER
CUSTOMER
Gahan Wilson

"Hey, Mr. Singer," one boy called.

"Yo, Lenny, where ya headed?" another shouted, probably taking the weather as permission for impertinence.

If I'd wanted to answer the question, I would have said, "I'm going to see my psychoanalyst, Dr. Ernesto Morales." And if I'd wanted to amplify a bit I'd have added, "He's a Cuban, and a devout Catholic, apparently. There's a crucifix in the waiting room and another one on the wall behind his chair. I got his name from the school psychologist." And if I were histrionic, like the fat woman, I would have gone on, yelling my plaint for all to hear: "You see, boys, I am in real trouble. My mother died when I was six, my father and I are barely on speaking terms, and my girlfriend left me two months ago. When I told her I was thinking about ending it all, she said she thought that was an unlikely course of action for someone who at the age of twenty-eight was afraid to venture outside his own Zip Code. And I'm not going to be head of the Upper School next year after all. I told the headmaster he was kidding himself about his reasons for wanting to expand the scholarship program. He thought they were altruistic, and I thought they had more to do with wanting a league championship in football."

But no. It would never do even to allude to my problems to the boys. First of all, I wasn't so crazy that I didn't know how boring my plight would be to most people. The banality of evil is far outstripped by the banality of anxiety neurosis. Second, the kids weren't my friends, and, third, even though they weren't my friends, they were all I had left. Anyway, I wouldn't be seeing Dr. Morales much longer. He was a madman for whom conservative Freudianism was merely a flag of convenience, and I was just trying to keep him at a distance as I planned my escape—into what, I had no idea. The school psychologist must have been crazy herself.

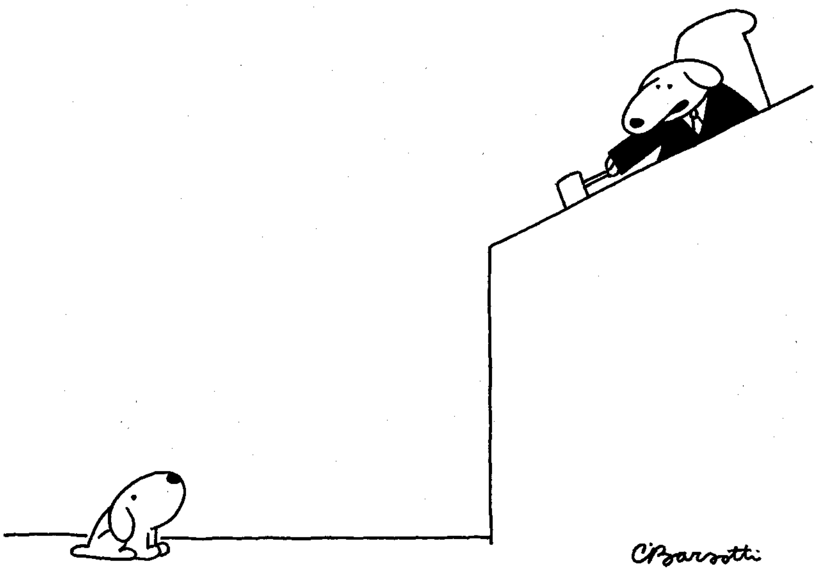
"How long are we going to allow ourselves to be treated like this?" the fat woman demanded of the wind.

"Come on," I said. "Here." I was third in line, and I reached around the person in front of me and handed the fat woman a token.

The woman snatched it from my

hand. "It's not the money," she said angrily. "It's the way we are treated. But obviously you don't care about that. So all right, all right." She put the token and the transfer into her purse and took out another transfer. She turned around, the fabric of her casing sighing against the metal panels of the bus's entryway, and handed the second transfer to the driver.

"Can you beat it?" the driver said to me as I paid my fare.



"Not guilty. If they hadn't read Safire yet, Safire shouldn't have been on the floor."

• •

TEN minutes after my session should have started, I pushed the buzzer outside the door of the brownstone in which Dr. Morales's office occupied the rear of the top floor, and he buzzed me in. In the stuffy, overheated waiting room, the noise machine, which looked like a Starship Enterprise gizmo, was hissing away. The machine could sound like anything—wind in a cane field outside Havana, a wave receding on a beach, a tiger's warning—but today it was just static. I looked out the window, which was flanked by two big flowerpots out of which *Cacti freudii derelicti* thornily protruded. In the backyard of the house across the way, snow was building up on the back of the huge sow.

"Yes, I know the story of this pig," Dr. Morales had said a few weeks earlier. "This was David Letterman's house, and he had this statue installed in the yard. And when he moved he did not take the pig."

"It's strange," I said.

"I agree," Dr. Morales said, "but what is even stranger to me is that you have not mentioned it before now. You have been coming three times a week for how long—two months now?"

"Four," I said. "But who's counting?"

"We shall get back to your anger in a moment," he said. "But right now perhaps you could talk a little about why you did not bring up such an odd thing for such a long time."

This was as far as I got in my recollection of the pig conversation, which had quickly and typically put us at swords' points, when Dr. Morales opened the door to his inner office. He was beaming, as usual, and was bent at the waist the customary ten degrees, in what I took to be sarcastic deference. This upper-body inclination made him seem even shorter than he was. He had on a white shirt and the vest and trousers of a three-piece suit, and his shoulders ballooned out like a miniature stevedore's. Light bounced off his shiny bald head, and behind his straight, heavy, broomlike black beard and narrow mustache, he was smiling the gleefully diabolical smile he always smiled. "Good morning, Mr. Singer," he said in his insinuating way—his voice, as always, even more flamboyantly Spanished in reality than it was in my memory. "Please come in."

"There was this fat woman on the bus," I started out after I lay down on the couch. I told him the rest. "She was probably on her way to *her* analyst," I said at the end. "Life in the city. How can someone let herself get so fat?"

"What do *you* think?" Dr. Morales said.

"Well, I suppose with some people it's just their metabolism or glands or something."

"So you are apologizing for her and for yourself."

"Myself?"

"With this 'Well, I suppose.' This is a habit, as I have pointed out before. You guess, you suppose, you think maybe. You castrate yourself before it happens what you so fear—that if you display your balls someone else will cut them off. Preëmptive self-castration."

"Opinions are testicles?"

"Yes. And so are feelings. You are amused, but this is the case. And people do not let themselves get fat, by the way. Again we have this passivity. They make themselves fat."

"Well, so why do they do it?"

"You must tell me what you think."

"It *could* be physical. They might—"

Dr. Morales dropped some papers on the floor. As he picked them up, he said, "Now we are like—what do you call them?—a champster on a wheel."

"Hamster. But sometimes it must be physiological."

"When it is, it is boring. As boring as this conversation. Unfortunate, maybe even tragic, but boring. The majority are fat because they want to be fat. They feel entitled to have more room and more attention than other people. They talk too loudly and they take up two seats on the bus. They cheave themselves around, and everyone else has to make room for them. And excuses, as you are doing. If you go to the mountain for a hike with them they get out of breath going up the hill and you have to wait for them. They want attention, and they are saying they should not have to take responsibility for what they do."

Dr. Morales paused. "You are smiling again, I can tell."

"It seems to me so outrageous as to be funny," I said.

"But were you not angry at this woman?"

"Of course. I told you."

"Then why do you laugh at me when I am denouncing her?"

The office was silent except for

the ticking of the wind-driven snow against the windows.

ABANDONED HOUSES SOUTH OF STAFFORD

Although you said there wasn't time I stopped
In Yorkshire, an intruder on the cattle
Grazing; tramped those grassy aisles and halls
Of Yorevale Abbey, ramparts of disaster,
Worn lattices of absence: tawny stone
Climbing the air. And here the stripped houses,

Bare clapboards the drifting weathers scoured, dry
Barracks for nothing—even disaster absent—
Brought back those elder ruins. The half-effaced
Façades stood up in the chilly apse of April
As if hung there from little swags of cirrus
Through the blue media of cold and light.

Since you had gone, I went to look, desiring
The walk, if that was what there was, on weekends.
The rocked walls rode on the momentous soil;
In the sun some wisps of wallpaper would flutter
From an upper room's plaster-and-lath that leaned
Crazily under the stress of beam and stud,

Hung on like petals to a blossom blown.
Doorframes with fluted columns, delicate cornices,
Panes of an Adam fanlight framed the meadows;
Windows opened on cows, the eyes of cows
Opening on windows; in a pasture, houses tumbling
Like the abbey among cows grazing Yorevale field.

Glisterings off the lake downhill flickered, lapped
At gravestones leaning like the abandoned dwellings
Back in Stafford, liver-spotted marble
From Vermont, red slate, Connecticut sandstone; grass
Crowded some fallen markers laid out level
As hearthstones, lifting them so they rose like lids

Opening, while other flags descending sank
Under the radiant blank of windy sky,
Dipped below turf, thick hanks of green scrolling
Them over. I froze to see, for you had gone;
For the derelict earth was warm, and young—the doors
Framing those meadows, meadows framing those doors.

—Stephen Sandy

• •

"Maybe it's because it would never enter my mind to go on a mountain hike with a fat person."

"Again the 'maybe.' You disavow your anger, and you do not have the courage of your own contempt. She is a clown, I am a clown, the entire world is a circus, correct? But even then it is only *maybe* that the whole world is a circus and everyone except you is a clown. I must tell you honestly that I do not know how to proceed right now."

"I did not disavow my anger," I said.

"Ah, but you did, you did," Dr. Morales said. "You presented it as if it were a play and you were a character but in the audience at the same time. You had even a title for it, as I recall. The Life of the City."

"Life in the City," I said.

"Now, really, Mr. Singer, I must protest. You are correcting me and resisting the treatment at every drop of the hat. You do not want intercourse but frottage."

"All right. I was angry at the fat woman on the bus."

"Oh, thank the good Lord Jesus Christ. Why?"

"Because she stole a token from me."

"No."

"She made me late for the session."

"At last the penis goes inside the vagina. But not quite yet with the ejaculation."

"What did I miss? Oh, I get it. Me. I made myself late."

"*And at whom are you angry?*"

"Myself?"

"*Why?*"

"Because I was late? By the way, is there a makeup test if I fail?"

"You know, Mr. Singer, you are a gigantic pain in the ass. *Now, again, why were you angry at yourself?*"

"I already said: because I was naughty."

"AND SO AT LAST WE HAVE FINALLY MADE THE BABY," Dr. Morales declaimed.

"But I already said that."

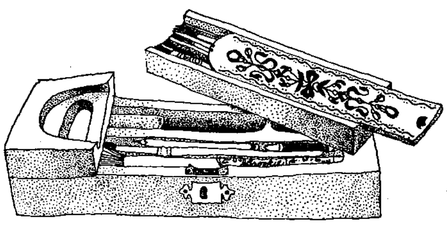
"No, you will have to pardon me, Mr. Singer, but you said first that you were angry at yourself because you were late. The second time, you said it was because you were naughty. Now, do not sigh this way, please. You are an English teacher. You know that the choice of words always matters."

"So I was naughty, like a little boy."

"Exactly." Dr. Morales shuffled his papers.

"When I'm late, I'm always testing you or trying to provoke you."

"Yes, especially if you could express a little less like a quadratic equation, with a little more feeling. You are a little boy who takes down his pants and shows his penis and testicles and anus, all the dirty parts, to see if your mommy will love you anyway, even though you are naughty. You are angry at yourself because you are in reality an adult who has allowed his unconscious to be seen. You also use your lateness to get me off the tracks of your more serious problems and to get extra attention for yourself."



"Like being a fat person."

"Oho! We have engendered twins today. Yes, the fat lady makes passengers wait. You make me wait. You are amused again."

"All your patients probably do the same kind of thing."

"This is guesswork, and in any case, much as you might like to, you cannot throw your arm on my shoulders and talk to me as a colleague about my other patients."

"The guy after me is often late."

"Perhaps he does not have a regular appointment time. You are hunting with blinders on and without a license."

"Sometimes when I leave I see him running down the street."

Dr. Morales yawned loudly. The wind moaned around the windows, as if nature itself wanted his special attention. The radiator behind his chair clanked and spluttered, the noise machine in the waiting room hissed, and the air seemed closer and hotter than ever. At length he said, "Are you not tired, are you not tired, Mr. Singer, from lifting these sandbags and throwing them up against the treatment here? You are only hurting yourself, you know. And the more construction you perform up on this bunker, the more clearly you can be seen."

"Then what's the problem? If it's all grist for the mill, it doesn't matter what I talk about, right?"

Another yawn, this one downright theatrical.

"I guess that to you, people who are fat or late for the ordinary little neurotic reasons must be just as boring as those whose pituitaries have run amok or who get detained by a police roadblock. It must be excruciating for you."

"Nor do I need your sympathy, Mr. Singer. And I do not recall saying that your neurosis was little. You have now succeeded in filling up fifteen of the forty minutes available with dramaturgical exercises, procedural pettiness, philosophical speculation, an attempt to join the New York Psychoanalytic Institute and form a partnership with me, and condescension to the tedium of my practice. Not one mention of the headmaster who has reneged on his promise, not one mention of the woman who left you, not one mention of the joy of teaching, not one mention of the sadness you must feel about your estrangement from your father, not one mention of what you are doing in your sex life these days. I suspect that your being late is in fact not a plea for attention but a reluctance to tell me that you have been masturbating."

"I'm sorry. I guess I was just struck by how boring many aspects of your work must be, and I said what was on my mind, as you are always haranguing me to do."

A long silence ensued.

"You are so kind to think of my working conditions," Dr. Morales said. "Perhaps you would like to vary my routine for me by going outside and taking a walk in the snow in the Park?"

"Well, you have been yawning and rearranging your papers back there."

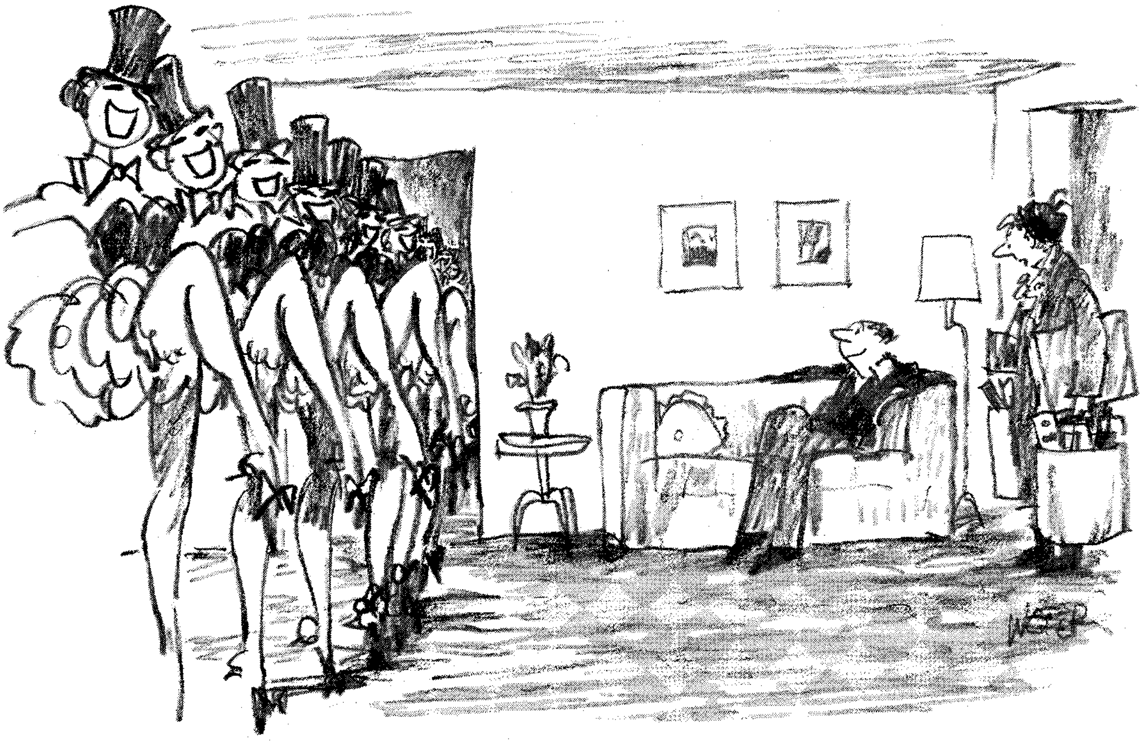
"I must congratulate you. You have graduated from being my partner to being my analyst. Shall we go?"

"You're serious?"

"There are no jokes, Mr. Singer."

THE sun was up high enough behind the clouds to give the air the bright, false-spring light that always marks an hour or two of daytime snowstorms, before afternoon arrives and the gloom lowers. The wind was coming from behind us, at the same speed we were walking, and the snow had retired from fine urgency to flaky slowness, its movement more horizontal than vertical, so that as Dr. Morales and I walked to the end of the block we seemed to be moving without moving. He had on a coat and hat so bulbous and red and shiny—it must have been some sort of weird new synthetic fabric—that he looked like a postmodern mountain climber or an explorer or astronaut. He didn't appear to notice the glances he got from nearly everyone we passed but charged ahead as if he had just caught sight of some lunar objective. I tried to keep up.

We entered the Park at Ninetieth Street and went down a little hill. Paths that had been shovelled were already re-covered by snow, and the banks stood three or four feet high on either side. We walked in silence for a few minutes, following a course that



"So. When the cat's away the mouse will play."

• •

took us—appropriately, it occurred to me—in a large circle. At the halfway point, Dr. Morales asked, "What are you thinking about?," and I said, "Not much." When we got back to where we had started, I stopped and scooped up some snow, made it into a snowball, and threw it at a tree about fifty feet off. It nicked the trunk.

"What a beautiful day, yes?" said Dr. Morales, beaming at the winterscape as if he had created it himself. "It makes you feel like a kid, no?"

"Yes," I said. "But you couldn't have had much weather like this in Cuba."

"You are still at point counterpoint, eh, Mr. Singer?"

"Just an observation," I said, moving off down the path. "Sometimes a cigar is a cigar."

"Yes, but not, I believe, when you light it and then try to ram it up someone's ass." He hadn't resumed walking, and when I turned to face him he looked, now, less exploratory than extraterrestrially Bolshevik, with the snow—which was intensifying again—swirling about him. He stood perfectly upright in his carapace, a few feet away, gazing at me austerely, as if I had failed to hold my share of the line against the Fascists outside Leningrad. Off to the side, some schoolboys on an outing tossed a Frisbee back and forth. Dr. Morales picked up some snow, compacted it vigorously, and, encumbered as he was, fired it at the tree I'd aimed at. Bull's-eye.

"I don't think this treatment is getting me anywhere," I said.

"You must give it time, Mr. Singer."

"I want to stop."

"Please do not do that, Mr. Singer."

"I thought this whole process was supposed to be more sympathetic, kinder."

"That is what you want? Someone to be kind to you?"

"Yes," I said, and, with that, tears welled into my eyes. "Yes, that's what I want."

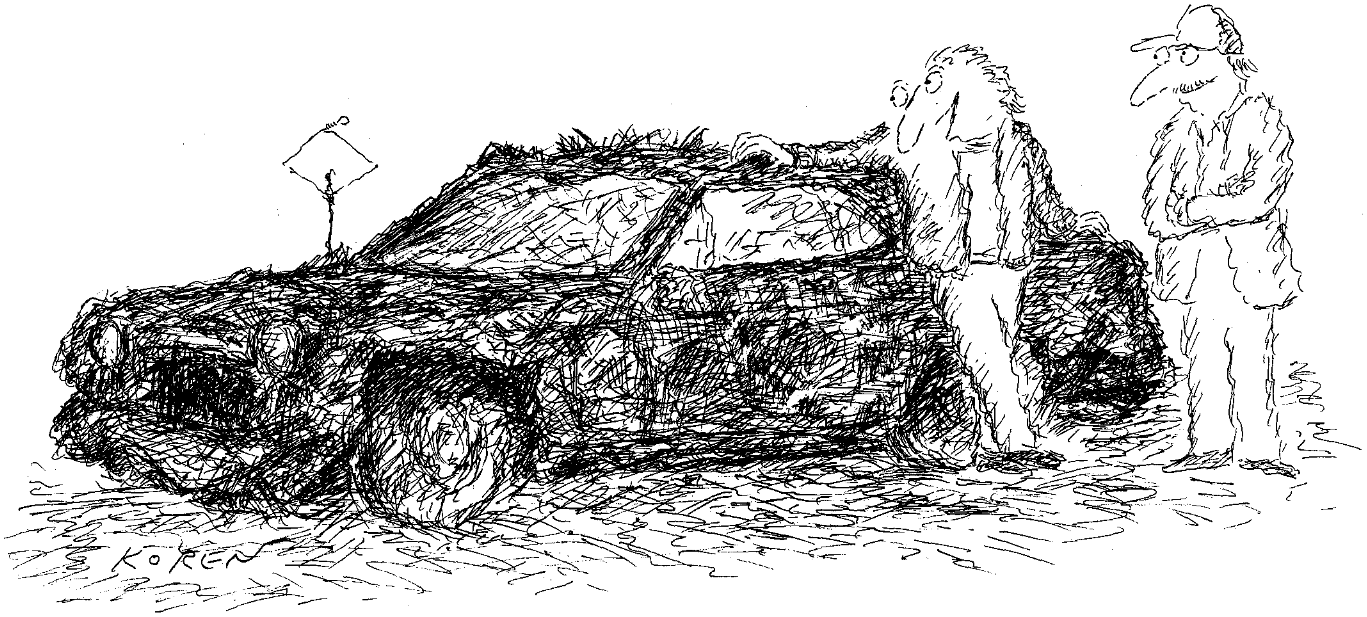
"I'm afraid this is not my function. What I shall try to do, if you will permit me, is to help you learn how to obtain from others what it is that you want."

The tears were now starting from my eyes, as if expelled by some great interior pressure, and even as I wept I smiled in childlike delight to feel such sudden lightness across my shoulders, such relief in not being able to govern myself. Dr. Morales walked along the path toward me. Despite what he had said, I expected that he might put his arm around my shoulders or explain that it was for my own good that he remained so aloof and exigent—some little gesture of concern. But even in the face of my weeping he didn't let go an inch, and what I got, after a Frisbee player ran between us, his coat flapping and his orange scarf trailing behind him like a pennant, was "I am sorry but our time is up. I must return to my office."

We walked out of the Park once again in silence, and Dr. Morales once again struck a lively pace. I hastened along in order not to lag behind like a child, which is very much what I felt like as I tried to wipe the snot and tears from my face with the back of a snow-crusted glove. At Fifth Avenue, Dr. Morales gave me a single formal nod of the head and hurried off toward his office. I got on the westbound crosstown bus, and there was the fat woman, occupying two of the seats reserved for the elderly and handicapped.

"Speak to our friends in Paris, and tell them that you've spoken to me, and that I said yes, there will be fringe this spring."

HE must work out. His striding through the snow, his dead shot with the snowball, his billowing shoulders have led me to imagine him at a gym, lifting weights and then putting in half an hour on a Nordic. Next to a priest. It's some kind of special, exclusively Catholic gym that I imagine, serving only the various brands of maniacal, too-bright-a-gleam-in-the-eye types that that religion appears to breed. The spirit of the place is martial. The fanatics go there and harden their bodies into worthy vessels of the all-consuming vocations they follow. So we have mafiosi grunting and sweating alongside philosophy professors, and young, sharklike politicians holding the ankles of supermarket managers as they do situps with barbells. Scattered throughout the cavernous facility, whose only ungrotty feature is a south-facing stained-glass window, are those who have gone the whole hog and become priests. And there is also a sprinkling of zealots who have somehow landed in the "helping professions"—tyrannical nurse supervisors, militant social workers, and one or two lunatic analysts like Dr. Morales. Commitment and determination burn like fire in the air around them.



"She's family."

• •

This vision comes to me on my way to a session with Dr. Morales as I walk through the little hollow where we stood in the snow, me crying, Dr. Morales not relenting. It's spring now—one of the few genuine springs I can remember in New York. After the snow on the back of David Letterman's pig melted, there were soft, cool days and chilly nights, with weeks' worth of trees fuzzing up with foliage, and none of the usual foretastes of the heat of summer, and no six-day block of rain and rawness.

I still feel as though in that blizzard I lost a battle in the war I wage triweekly with Dr. Morales, but it evidently instilled in me a love of combat, for I have gone on seeing him, holding in reserve the ultimate weapon: quitting. Soon after the al-fresco session, in fact, I took to leaving every morning at exactly the same time and walking across the Park, to make sure I wouldn't be late, feeling a shade less desperate but not wanting to acknowledge it officially, for fear it wouldn't last, muttering all the way, rehearsing the devastating termination remarks that have yet to be delivered. As the weather has turned, I've been making the trip more and more quickly, and I think, now, how this morning's conversation might go if Dr. Morales were to indulge me and himself in a ceasefire:

ME: Have you noticed that I'm not late anymore? This morning I was actually ten minutes *early*.

DR. MORALES: Yes, I have noticed. And why do you suppose this is?

ME: I think it's just that I'm getting into better shape and doing the walk faster and haven't adjusted for the difference yet.

DR. MORALES: I see. Do you take any other exercise?

ME: No.

DR. MORALES: Then I doubt that this walk alone is putting you in better condition.

ME: Well, you ought to know.

DR. MORALES: And what does this mean?

ME: I just remember when we went to the Park in the snow that day. You seemed to be in very good shape yourself, the way you strode around and threw that snowball. Walter Johnson. And you look as though you lift weights or something.

DR. MORALES: The Big Train, yes?

ME: Yes.

DR. MORALES: You are amazed I know this?

ME: Yes.

DR. MORALES: Yet you know that baseball is if anything more popular in Cuba than it is here?

ME: Yes, I guess so.

DR. MORALES: No guesses, Mr. Singer. And you also sound surprised that I am in shape. You remark on this as though it defied credibility, like a snake with tits.

ME: I'm surprised you would have the time—that's all.

DR. MORALES: Well, as you know, it is not my custom to discuss details of my personal life, but since you are so interested, I will tell you that you happen to be right—I do go to the gymnasium.

ME: Every day?

DR. MORALES: No, this would be impossible with the routine I follow. At my age the body must rest between these kinds of workouts. So, then, what do I do? I go every other day. I fool the body by letting it rest. That is essentially what you do—get the body ready for strenuous work and then fool it on a regular basis. Sometimes, when the body is ready the next day, I fool it even more completely by taking another day off.

I can't help laughing as I picture my invented Dr. Morales resolutely shunning the gym every other day, pulling the wool over his body's eyes. That image reminds me of his hirsute face and his stiff smile as he told me the time was up, the son of a bitch, and my own smile fades.

ME: Have you noticed that I'm not late anymore? This morning I was ten minutes *early!*

DR. MORALES: Yes, I did notice. You must know that this would be very disruptive when the buzzer rings in the middle of someone else's session, and I wonder if you are not becoming jealous of the time I spend with other patients.

—DANIEL MENAKER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

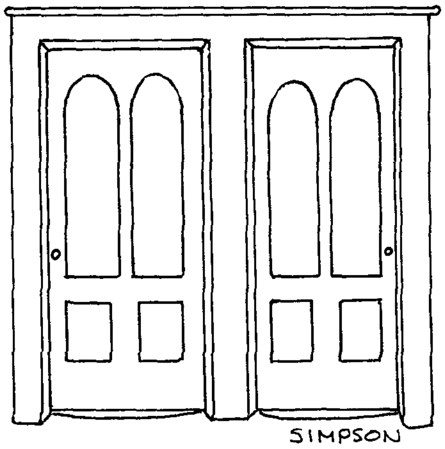
LOOKING FOR A SHIP—I

ANDY was worried about the Ben Sawyer Bridge. He thought of it stuck open, and saw in his mind's eye an unending line of stifled cars, his own among them. If his neurons seemed hyperactive, they had some reason to be. On the other hand, how often did this drawbridge get stuck? Once a year? Three times every two years? Whatever the statistics might be, they would make no difference to Andy. The drawbridge had stuck open one afternoon with him on the wrong side, and the delay was so prolonged that he checked into a motel and caught up on sleep. On that day, he wasn't going anywhere important. On this day, he allowed a minimum of three hours to complete a journey of thirty minutes. He was looking for a ship.

In Andy's wallet was a National Shipping Card that had been stamped in Boston ten and a half months before, registering under his name, George Anderson Chase, the date, the hour, and the minute when he arrived in a union hall after leaving his last ship. The older the card, the better the prospects for a new job. If the card were to go twelve months unused, it would roll over—lose all seniority, and begin again. Meanwhile strongly competitive, it had all but reached the status of a killer card. In the evolving decline of the United States Merchant Marine, qualified people seeking work so greatly outnumbered the jobs there were to fill that you almost had to hold a killer card or your chances were slim for shipping out. You went to a union hall, presented the card in person at a job call, and if someone tossed in an older card you stayed on the beach. From his home, in Maine, Andy had come to Charleston this time because he thought that shipping cards deadlier than his would be more numerous in Boston or New York. On sheer speculation, I joined him, our idea being that when he got himself a ship he would ask the shipping company if I could go along on the voyage as a P.A.C.—Person in Addition to Crew. Andy said, "I probably have a better chance out of Charleston. Fewer people. Less competition. A fairly steady stream of ships." Besides, he had a place to stay. His wife's mother lived on an island whose connection to the mainland was the Ben Sawyer Bridge.

We had no idea where we would be going, if anywhere. We had gear for cool weather and gear for the tropics. Looking for a ship, Andy had once spent two months fruitlessly hanging around the union hall in Charleston. He had put in many weeks in New York with the same result. He once went as far as Puerto Rico. He spent two weeks there going to the hall. He got no ship. He tried Charleston on his way home, and with great luck got a ship in two days. The ship he got in Charleston was called the Puerto Rican. He was on it four months, sailing as third mate, coastwise. A chemical tanker, it blew up, out of San Francisco, on a later voyage. It broke in half.

I had known Andy for several years. I had been to his home in Maine. I had accompanied him to the New York hall of the International Organization of Masters, Mates, and Pilots. The New York hall is in Jersey City. On the PATH train, Andy said, "The union halls are not really halls. They're like dentists' offices." This one was a room on the east side of the fifteenth floor of a fairly new building at 26 Journal Square. The view of Manhattan was unimpeded from the midtown skyline to the towers of world trade. Andy was just checking out New York. His card was only thirty days old, and he was taking the long chance of finding a short trip that no one else in his category would want. By union rules, he could not do his checking by telephone. If he called the hall, the dispatcher would not tell him who was competing for what. One of the mariners in the hall was a friend of Andy's named Bryan Thomas, who explained to me, "You might trust a friend to check out a hall for you, but what friend? Almost anyone would tell you not to bother coming, no matter what the work situation might be." He went on to say that he had been surprised as he shook my hand, because "there seemed to be some sincerity" in the warmth of my hello. Andy told him that I was no threat.



Thomas said, "There is so much hunger for work that no one is happy to see anybody else. We are a brotherhood, so we hate each other."

Andy said, "Nobody ever does anybody a favor. You can't beg a job off of somebody. It just isn't done."

The New York hall was about the size of a high-school classroom, and an interior window separated it from a small office. At one-thirty, the time of the job call, action would take place at the window. Job sheets, if any, would be posted on a corkboard. Meanwhile, there was a clipboard with a sheaf of papers headed "OFFSHORE JOBS," showing positions that had been picked up in recent weeks and the age of the cards that had won them. Some of the runs were "Coastwise," "Far East," "South America," "N. Europe," "R/World," "W. Africa," "Caribbean," "Med," "Panama." Andy said, "South America is the romance run—beautiful women, beautiful ports." Andy had never been to South America. To make unexpected replacements, owners will fly people to foreign ports. In extremes, they have used the Concorde. Andy once turned up for a job call at the New York hall and that night was on a flight to Athens. On each offshore-job sheet was a "Reason" column, explaining why the job had come open: "LOA" (leave of absence), "Quit," "Fired." One sheet had called for a mariner to fly off at once on Iberia to Gibraltar. "Rotary" was the reason. He replaced someone whose hundred and twenty days were up—the maximum sea time allowed by

"I was never for the eighties."

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the union, in the interest of rationing available work.

As one-thirty neared, more than thirty mates were fanned out around the office door like fish at the mouth of a tributary stream. They wore nylon jackets, down vests, rubber-soled moccasins, bluejeans, cotton-flannel shirts, fatigue jackets, trenchcoats, sweaters. Nobody looked nautical. Two were in suits and ties. This could have been any carpenters' or plumbers' union hall. Add cowboy boots and it could have been a union hall in Fairbanks at the fading end of the pipeline boom.

"The majority don't tell you what they do in their other lives," Andy said. He had shipped out with restaurateurs, real-estate entrepreneurs, and a lot of people who, in the proximity of fresh water, "just go fishing." The cook on one of Andy's ships was a male stripper. Andy had shipped out with an engine-room wiper in his sixties who called his broker from every port. Andy had shipped out with a sax player who had lost two fingers when they became caught between a mooring line and a capstan. For unrelated reasons, he was known as Goldfinger.

The dispatcher came to the window. The thirty-odd faces lifted in attention. Loudly, the dispatcher said, "Nothing on the offshore," and he read the particulars of four night-mate jobs—eight-hour relief work on docked ships—in Port Elizabeth and Howland Hook. That was it. That was the work available for all those mates. They showed no surprise and quickly dispersed. Sometimes, if you hang around a union hall after all the other people have left, a desperate last-minute call will come in, and if you want the job you can have it. "You dash down and join the ship," Andy said. "But that is very rare." Shipping out that way is known as "a pier-head jump." On this day, no one was jumping.

Andy was sixteen when he dropped out of school and first went to sea. Eventually, he finished school but intended not to go to college. After another year at sea, however, he enrolled at Maine Maritime Academy, in Castine, and in 1979 he became a Merchant Marine licensed officer, a third mate. Before long, he was hanging around New Orleans and New York, a month each, attending daily job calls. In those days, jobs were a little more plentiful, but for someone that green there was no ship. Becoming frantic, he tried Boston, the anachronist center of commerce, where he found a square-rigger, a barkentine, casting off to do whale research in the Caribbean. She was called Regina Maris. He shipped out under sail.

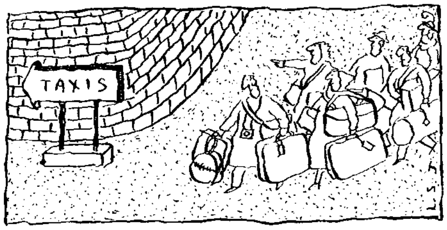
The irony of Andy's career is this: as his sea time accumulated and his status in the union improved, his increasing potentiality as a job seeker was largely offset by a decreasing number of jobs, as Chapter 10 started coming to the end for the United States Merchant Marine. After three weeks in New York one spring, he got a job on a container ship called Sea-Land Oakland that shuttled between Rotterdam and the Persian Gulf. The temperature of the Red Sea was ninety-five degrees and the air was over a hundred. In 1983, he had luck in Charleston, where he went to the hall for three weeks and, with a better card than four competitors, became third mate of the LASH Pacifico, a Prudential Lines ship, on which he spent six months and made sixty thousand dollars. He was twenty-eight when he joined the ship. He had been married less than a month before. The sixty thousand dollars was actually a full year's income, because, by terms then set by the union, the six months of work were followed by six of obligatory vacation.

And then another six of utter frustration looking for a ship. He failed to get one in New York, in New Orleans, in Port Everglades, in Charleston. Tension grew within him as the end of a year approached. He had seen a man get a ship with a card that was three hundred and sixty-four days twenty-three hours and fifty-six minutes old. ("He was sweating.") For Andy, the end came without a ship. He still refers funereally to "the day my card rolled over." He needed work so badly that he signed up as an able-bodied seaman on an integrated tug-barge operating between Perth Amboy and Duluth. He was a licensed officer of ocean ships on his way to the Great Lakes as a deckhand on a barge.

To provide jobs of any kind for its increasingly distressed mariners, the Masters, Mates, and Pilots union arranged for five oceangoing tankers to be crewed with union members, right down to the last deckie. Licensed officers accepted jobs as ordinary seamen, able-bodied seamen, and bosuns because they could not get other work. Andy sailed from Providence as an A.B. on the tanker Spray. Later, for many months, he was bosun on the Spray. He was not entirely troubled by this. It gave him a chance to practice marlinspike seamanship—knot tying, wire splicing, rope splicing, rigging. There is an expression in the Merchant Marine that describes officers who are former deckhands or engine-room wipers and rose to licensed rank not by going to college—not by graduating from one of the seven maritime academies—but by passing examinations after learning on the job. Such people are said to have come up the hawsepipe. Hawsepipes are the apertures in the bows of ships through which the anchor chains clatter. Hawsepipes are the eyes of Yangtze junks. When a big-enough ship is at anchor, a person can climb up one of the chains and make it through the hawsepipe to the fo'c'sle deck. To the question "What academy did you go to?" a licensed officer may answer, "I didn't. I came up the hawsepipe." Andy likes to say that he has been through the hawsepipe, too, but in the wrong direction. As someone who went to an academy, sailed third mate, earned his second mate's license, and then was forced to work as a deckhand, he will tell you that he was "stuffed *down* the hawsepipe."

The United States Merchant Marine, the name of which suggests an assault on a valuable foreign beach, is not, as a good many people seem to think, a branch of military service. It is essentially a collective enterprise of competing private companies, flying the American flag on the sterns of their ships, employing American-citizen crews, and transporting cargoes throughout the world. Sail and steam, the United States grew in rank among nations on the aggressive reach of its Merchant Marine. American merchant ships once numbered in the thousands. The chimerical ship that Andy Chase and I went to look for in Charleston would not be a selection from a field that large. Diminishing rapidly, the number of American dry-cargo ships was already below two hundred, and there were about as many tankers. Not one commercial vessel was under construction in an American shipyard.

In time of war, the Merchant Marine is a prominent participant. This civilian job—risky enough at any time—becomes exceptionally dangerous. During the Second World War, the percentage of deaths was higher in the Merchant Marine than it was in the Navy or the Army, and was exceeded only by the percentage of deaths in the Marine Corps. Something like eight hundred ships went down and six thousand five hundred sailors died. As prisoners of the Japanese, American merchant mariners were among those who built the bridge on the River Kwai. War, with its all-out sealifts—the Korean Sealift, the Vietnam Sealift—expands the merchant fleet. Afterward, the ships go out of service more rapidly than the sailors, and jobs are hard to come by. The unions close their membership books until numbers level out. By the late nineteen-seventies, the Second World War crowd was gone, and much of the Vietnam crowd. Books opened. There were days when



THE LETTER

Bad news arrives in her distinctive hand.
The cancer has returned, this time
to his brain. Surgery impossible,
treatments under way. Hair loss, bouts
of sleeplessness and agitation at night,
exhaustion during the day.

I snap the blue leash onto the D-ring
of the dog's collar, and we cross
Route 4, then cut through the hayfield
to the pond road, where I let him run
along with my morbidity.

The trees have leafed out—only just—
and the air is misty with sap.
So green, so brightly, richly succulent,
this arbor over the road . . .
Sunlight penetrates in golden drops.

We come to the place where a neighbor
is taking timber from his land.
There's a smell of lacerated earth
and pine. Hardwood smells different.
His truck is gone.

Now you can see well up the slope,
see ledges of rock and ferns breaking forth
among the stumps and cast-aside limbs
and branches.

The place will heal itself in time, first
with weeds—goldenrod, cinquefoil, moth
mullein—then blackberries, sapling
pine, deciduous trees . . . But for now
the dog rolls, jovial, in the pungent
disturbance of wood and earth.

I summon him with a word, turn back,
and we go the long way home.

—JANE KENYON

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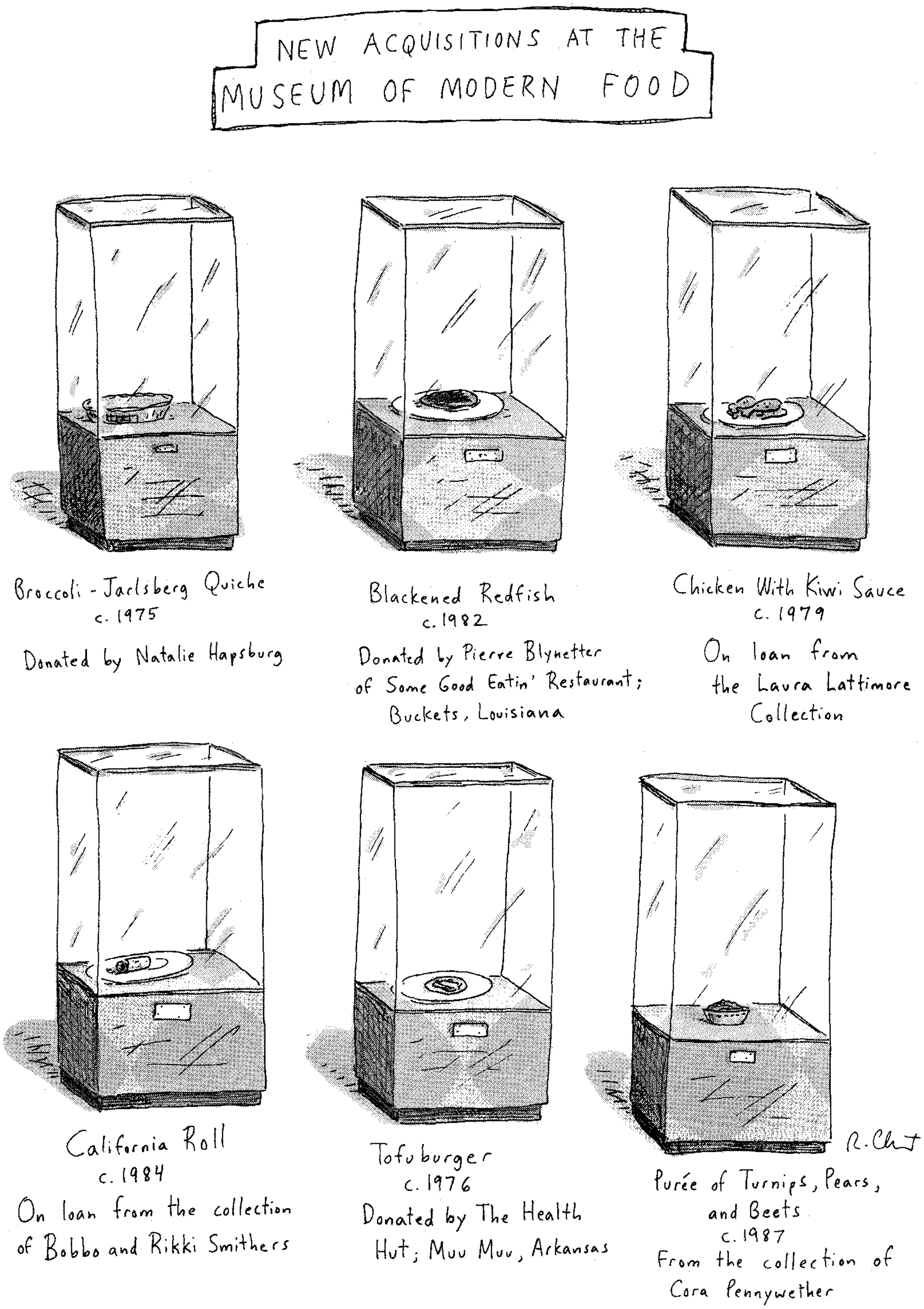

NEW ACQUISITIONS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN FOOD
Broccoli-Jarlsberg Quiche
c. 1975
Donated by Natalie Hapsburg
Blackened Redfish
c. 1982
Donated by Pierre Blynetter of Some Good Eatin' Restaurant; Buckets, Louisiana
Chicken With Kiwi Sauce
c. 1979
On loan from the Laura Lattimore Collection
California Roll
c. 1984
On loan from the collection of Bobbo and Rikki Smithers
Tofuburger
c. 1976
Donated by The Health Hut; Muu Muu, Arkansas
Purée of Turnips, Pears, and Beets
c. 1987
From the collection of Cora Pennywether

Andy actually felt positive about his choice of career: "Much more young blood coming up now. It's starting to feel as if it's my Merchant Marine. My generation. Our turn has come." In the mid-eighties, "everything slammed shut again" as the United States Merchant Marine was competitively outbid by ships under foreign flags and was reduced to carrying less than five per cent of all oceangoing American cargo. One American company after another entered Chapter 11 with its keel up and its screws in the air. Soon the Soviet merchant fleet was carrying at least ten times as much American cargo as the United States Merchant Marine, in direct trade between the two countries—a multiple that keeps growing through time.

In 1988, the National Maritime Union sold its nine-story building at 346 West Seventeenth Street, Manhattan, which had medical facilities, a gymnasium, a sauna, a restaurant, a theatre, and a school, and—with its porthole windows—suggested an upended ship. The N.M.U., of course, was a sailors' union—the once very powerful organization of the unlicensed—and now it had lost a leveraged sellout, was called M.E.B.A./N.M.U., and had been merged with a branch of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association, an organization of engine-room officers. N.M.U. sailors who were looking for ships were reporting to a new address: 404 Lafayette Street, in the saddle of low structures that lie on the loose gravels between the high summits of midtown and Wall Street. The building looks like a warehouse that has seen its last ware. What doorway to use is not clear from the sidewalk and less so if someone is lying in it. Upstairs is a large low room where the bright polish of the maple floor does little to console the N.M.U. sailors for the lost symbol of their lovely hall. The job-call scene is much the same as it is elsewhere for the masters and mates. The board says "Killer Card Date: April 8," or whatever it happens to be. An N.M.U. card accrues seniority for only two hundred and ten days, and then rolls over. Say a car carrier belonging to Central Gulf is the only ship on the board, with two A.B. positions—vacation relief. That's all. And a short run to boot—San Juan. More than forty men are in the hall. Two jobs. It's a lively, noisy room, a hubbub of chatter, many styles of fits-all visored cap, leather jackets, running shoes, flannels, jeans. Any one of those present will know a good many of the others, having sailed with them across the years. While the men wait around to lose out and go home, they argue politics at the shouting level. Each one's picture of the President of the United States seems to be framed entirely by what—as the sailor sees it—the President might do to the Merchant Marine.

The N.M.U. hall in Savannah is a quarter the size of the one in the warehouse in New York—a small freestanding building a few blocks from the Savannah River. You step in off the

Might them be fightin' words?
THE SLOW-BURN KID MEETS SIMMERIN' SAM McGRAW
Shanahan

street and show your killer card. If a sailor doesn't have one, he may be in some difficulty. When I was there one time, Barbara Evans, the dispatcher, said, "Someday I'm going to be a social worker, because that is what I am now." She mentioned sailors who came looking for ships and slept on park benches until they moved to the Inner City Night Shelter. She mentioned a sailor living *under* a house.

The Masters, Mates, and Pilots hall to which Andy and I reported in Charleston was considerably smaller than any other hall I have mentioned: second floor, no windows, three little rooms—an office for a dentist with a hand-me-down drill. It was on Sam Rittenberg Boulevard—an elongate bazaar—and not far from the Truluck Chiropractic Auto Accident Clinic. By the union's see-through door, a poster said "SHIP AMERICAN, IT COSTS NO MORE." On the first morning there, we looked through the sheaf of bygone jobs and noted the recent destinations: a Lykes Brothers ship to the Mediterranean, a Waterman ship to the Middle East, a Navieras ship to San Juan, a Sea-Land ship to Iceland, a Central Gulf ship to North Europe, a Lykes Brothers ship to the west coast of South America. That, at a glance, was the Charleston pattern, suggesting what might come. Musing over the possibilities, Andy had said that the three most likely were a Sea-Land ship, a Lykes Brothers ship, and a Navieras ship, and that his predilection ran strongly to Lykes Brothers and their run to South America, where he had never been. Least attractive to him was Navieras de Puerto Rico, with its roll-on/roll-off (Ro/Ro) ships—in effect, truck ferries—on a short domestic haul. Aboard a Navieras ship, he said, you would find "a different crowd of people—ones that don't want to go overseas." Not that he could expect to shop for adventure. There had been a time when he thought he would specialize in breakbulk ships with topping lifts and king posts—the classical "stick ship," the freighter with a forest of booms, carrying dry miscellaneous cargo that you could see and touch. He looked upon his preference as "the romantic way to go to sea." Long ago, someone had told him that if he was choosy he would not last in the business, and now he knew that he would take anything. He would ship out on a tanker, a freighter, a container ship, a bulk carrier (ore and grain), an L.N.G. (liquid natural gas), a Ro/Ro, or a LASH (its containers are hulls: they are lowered into the water and towed away).

On that first day in Charleston, there was nothing on the board. Elise Silvers, the dispatcher, told Andy that the Cygnus, a Lykes Brothers Ro/Ro leaving in a few days for Antwerp and Rotterdam, would be replacing its second mate. She could also tell him that a Sea-Land ship needing a third mate would be sailing in about ten days from Jacksonville to Bremerhaven. And roughly two weeks hence the S.S. Stella Lykes would leave Charleston for South America with a new second mate. Andy Chase found all this "incredible"—three openings in as many weeks—and, schooled to go for the earliest opportunity, focussed on the Cygnus.

The door opened, and Pete Pizzarelli came in—trim as a nail, beardless, dark-olive skin. He was, as Andy soon found out, a second mate. "I just got off the Allison," he said. "I'm sitting back and relaxing now. I'm night-mating. That's it." It was Andy's turn, for the moment, to sit back and relax as well. Which he chose not to do. Before the moment when your shipping card is exercised and actually takes precedence over all others, you never know what may come through the door and keep you off a ship. In Charleston, there was one daily job call—at one-thirty. At one-twenty-nine on the crucial day, someone could walk in with a truly killer card. And Andy could kiss the Cygnus goodbye.

With Pizzarelli he talked ships—what else? Ships are all that people talk about in union halls, with the exception of politics as it relates to ships. This ship was built in Korea. That ship was built in Germany. This one paid off in Houston. That one paid off in New Orleans. Where a ship pays off is where it most often changes crew members. Pizzarelli told a story from his last ocean voyage. Thousands of dollars' worth of ship's stores had been seized by pirates in Guayaquil.

That evening, while Andy and I were talking about something completely unrelated to the sea, he suddenly looked up and said, "It happens more often than you like to think. A nice fat

Okay, Grill Us.

First we'll talk, then we'll eat. Because sometimes, information is the ultimate appetizer. And we've got enough lean, juicy facts to make everyone hungry. So forget what your mother told you about reading at the table. After all, this is the age of information.

CHOLESTEROL: BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

We happily report that beef has no more cholesterol than chicken—without the skin. Surprising, but true. Both average 76 milligrams in a lean, trimmed 3-ounce serving. Yes, the chicken has less fat, but moderate servings of beef can easily fit within leading dietary guidelines. So keep the steak knives handy.

HOW MUCH OF A GOOD THING?

Whether it's beef, chicken or fish, we suggest a 3-ounce serving size. We also suggest you check the "Skinniest Six" below, and trim away any fat you can find. Then be moderate, but be happy.

GENERALLY SPEAKING.

In a recent report, the Surgeon General says Americans eat too much fat. We agree. He also recommends your meats be lean. We still agree. And we're doing leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming. So if you were wondering if you'd ever see a petite filet again, the answer is enthusiastically, "Yes".

RECREATIONAL RUBDOWNS.

Brushing steaks with Worcestershire sauce while they grill is one way to have some fun. Also try Dijon mustard, lots of ground pepper, maybe dark beer, or nothing at all.

BEEF

*Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.**

© 1988 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board

ROUND TIP	TOP LOIN	TOP ROUND	EYE OF ROUND	TENDERLOIN	SIRLOIN
*6.4 gms total fat**	*7.6 gms total fat**	*5.3 gms total fat**	*5.5 gms total fat**	*7.9 gms total fat**	*7.4 gms total fat**
(2.3 gms sat. fat)	*(3.0 gms sat. fat)*	*(1.8 gms sat. fat)*	*(2.1 gms sat. fat)*	*(3.1 gms sat. fat)*	*(3.0 gms sat. fat)*
162 calories	*172 calories*	*162 calories*	*155 calories*	*174 calories*	*177 calories*

Beef.
Real Food For Real People.

Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13

job appears on the board. A guy strolls in off the street with a card that beats yours."

Peninsular Charleston is a small antiquarian Manhattan, lying between confluent rivers and pointing south into a substantial harbor. As in Manhattan, there is a battery at the southern tip, in the oldest part of the city. When you drive about the region, you are frequently looking over water. On the way to the hall the second day, I noticed a ship that had come in and anchored in Charleston Harbor—a freighter, indistinct in haze, at least three miles from the road.

I said, "Why don't we get on that one?"

Andy, who was driving, glanced to his left, and said, "It's a foreign ship."

"How do you know that?"

"It has writing on the side. Lykes and American President have writing on the side and it doesn't look like either of them. It's a stick ship and the house is aft. We have plenty of ships with the house aft, but not stick ships. We don't have many stick ships left, period."

Through the intervening water a long black shape was sliding, graceful as an alligator, and analogously fast. Andy noticed it first, out of the corner of his eye. He said it was a Trident-class submarine, five hundred and sixty feet long, and it could go at least fifty miles an hour; the exact figure was classified; the Navy would admit to twenty-three. Submarines can move rapidly because they are in a single fluid, he went on. There are no waves. Waves detain ordinary ships, which operate at the interface of two fluids. An idea that has been around for a long time is to make a very fast cargo ship consisting of two submarines with stems rising to a literal bridge connecting them, where the crew would be housed and the helmsman would stand. We weren't going to be shipping out on anything like that, either.

For the second consecutive day in the Masters, Mates, and Pilots hall, there was, as Andy expected, nothing on the board—no surprises, no new developments, no unexpected ships, not so much as one night-mating job, nothing to learn that he didn't know already. He was present for the job call, though—and in plenty of time. Andy never misses a job call. If he is in a city to look for a ship, he goes to the hall every day, regardless of what he may know. "You're counting on luck," he said. "A ship might come in a day early. A ship not on a schedule might come in." A ship not on a schedule is a tramp steamer.

The hall opens at nine. We learned that a mate named Tony Tedmore had been waiting there at nine to register for a new shipping card, and when the office opened a little late and he was handed a card that said "9:04" he had become furious and announced his intention to make a formal complaint to the union. Andy said, "When I paid off my ship last year, I hotfooted it to the union hall as fast as I could. Your former job ends. Your bargaining power begins. Every minute counts. At job calls, I've seen one person beat out another by as little as a minute on his shipping card."

After the obligatory vacation period, which has lately settled back to fifteen days for every thirty at sea, there comes the moment when you are permitted to look for work again, but there's scarcely any point in trying until your shore time grows longer. As people sit in union halls, the grapevine will tell them how old a card has to be to get a job. One long job begets another—the more sea time, the more vacation time, the older your card when you look again. You can get into a bind of short jobs. On the actual day when a ship you are hoping for is called, your card goes into a box on a table at the union hall. Anyone can look at it. This prevents "backdoor shipping." There was once a day when a couple of hundred dollars tucked under a dispatcher's fingers could get you a ship.

Andy has never refused a job because of something he has heard about a ship from gossip in a union hall:

"The captain's a tyrant."

"The captain's a creep."

"The captain's a drunk."

"It's a terrible run."

"The ship is unsafe."

"You never get any port time."

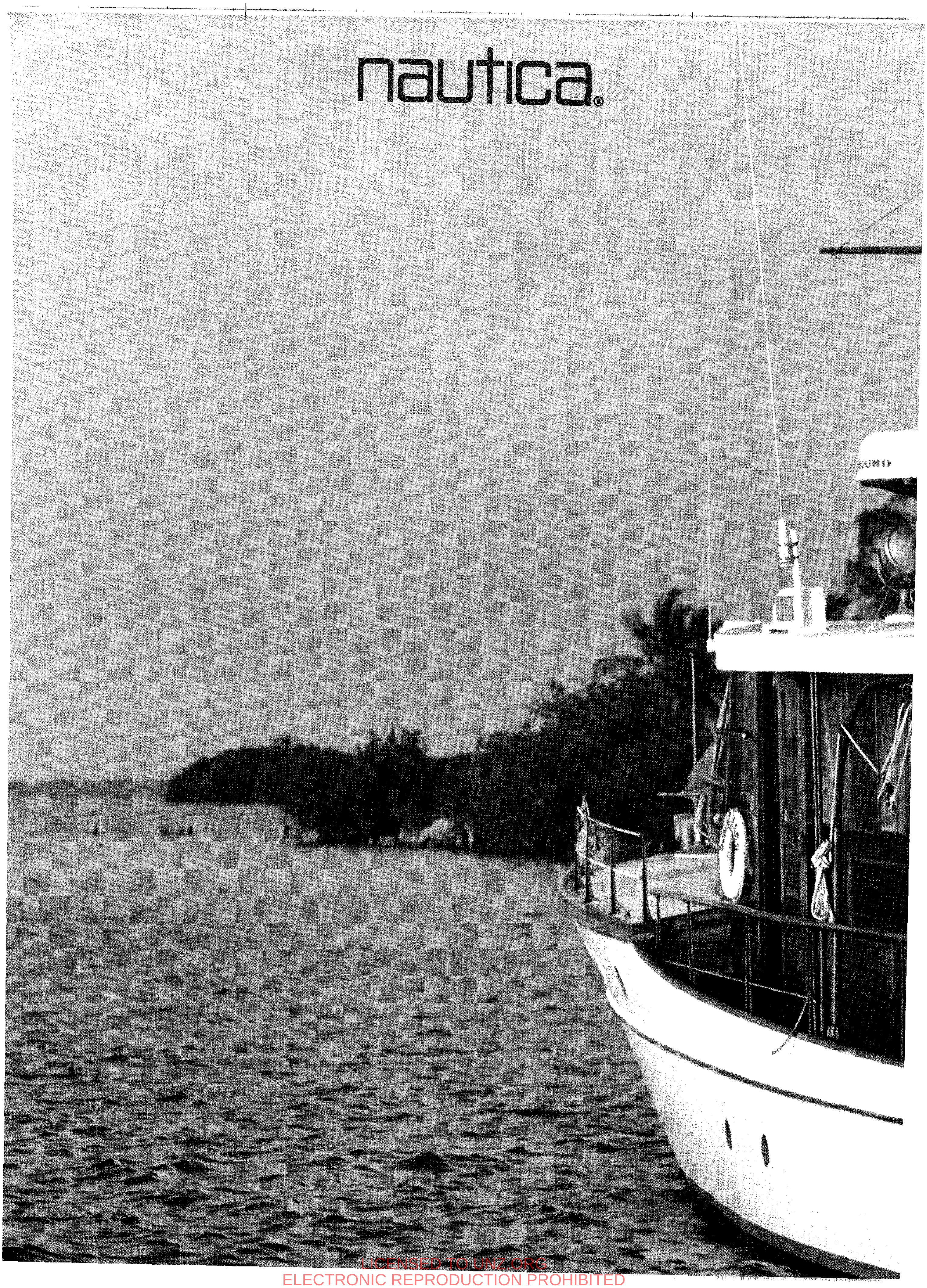
"They carry dangerous cargo."

Andy said, "You may find that the creepy old captain is a neat guy. Or he may be a recluse, but when all hell breaks loose he turns out to be a great seaman. That's why the company goes along with the guy."

Many dry-cargo mates fear tankers. When a dry-cargo ship ties up at a dock, longshoremen come aboard and unload her. When a tanker is in port, her own mates load and discharge the ship. The work is hazardous, and most dry-cargo mates don't know how to do it. "I still get trepidation when I go on a tanker," Andy said. "You're lining up a hundred valves. You're operating under the assumption that all valves leak. They usually do. We had oil in the pump room on the Spray. We calculated that to get there the oil had to go through six closed valves. It was an old ship. The fumes on a tanker are sometimes so thick you can see them rise like fountains. They spread in the air. They flow over the deck. You can see them go down the sides."

The door opened. In came a man with a sharp face, a sportive mustache, bowl-cut bangs the color of light straw. Andy had never seen him before. In this situation, two people who are unfamiliar will sniff each other out in seconds. This was Gene Whalen, second mate, out of Cape Canaveral, looking for a ship. He said, "I just go from port to port: Jacksonville, Port Everglades—small places." In the continuing conversation, he mentioned that he was a graduate of the New York Maritime College, at Throgs Neck, in the Bronx, that he enjoyed shipping with Lykes when he could, because "they're in a time warp, they're an easygoing company with break-bulk ships that stop in lots of ports." Dreamily, he spoke of Penang, of Borneo, of the mountain springs of Mindanao. He said that pirates had shot at his ship "in the Gulf of Thigh Land." He said, "Ping. Ping. You'd hear bullets hit the mast. You just duck." Piracy, one gathered, is heavy in the Strait of Malacca, in Guayaquil, on the whole West African coast. Pirates usually board ships in port. They come in boats to the seaward side of the ship. They throw a hook over the rail and shinny. They tie people up. They go for safes. In the Strait of Malacca, they attack moving ships. Crewmen line the rails with pressure-charged fire hoses to drive the pirates off the sides. Low-freeboard ships are especially vulnerable to pirates.

None of this interested Andy a ten-thousandth as much as the age of Whalen's card. Whalen eventually



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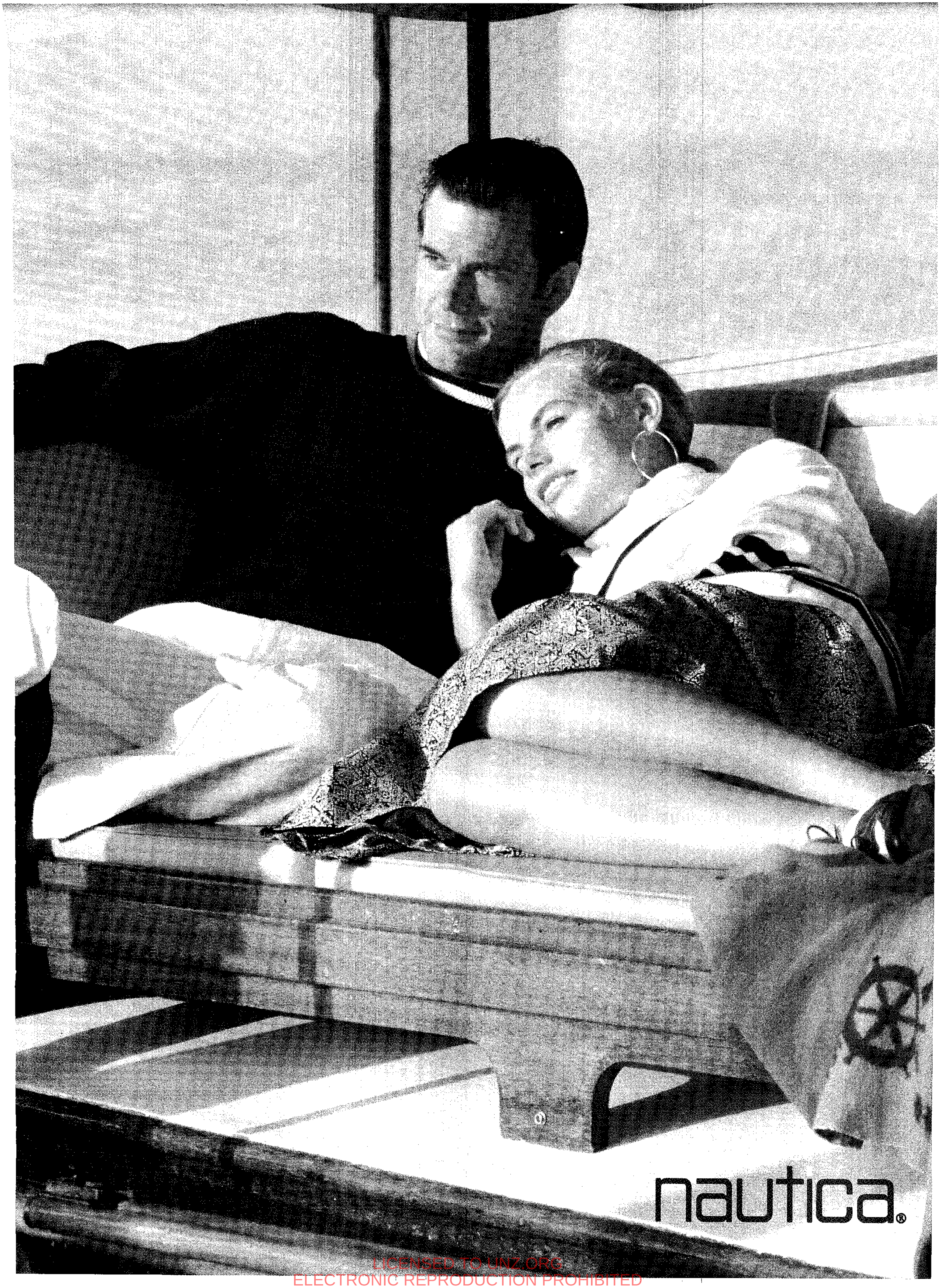
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mentioned what it was. Andy had him beat to death.

The door opened, a new face came in—blond, heavyset, linebacker man. Even a little cherubic. Curl across the forehead. Beard that could have been panned in a stream. Without a glance around, he walked right over to the desk to sign in for a job. He had just arrived in Charleston from his home, in Montana, and he didn't need to look for anything. This was, after all, the union of masters as well as mates. The paperwork he quickly completed is known as "clearing for a ship." Captain of the Sea-Land Performance, he would take over the ship when it arrived in Charleston. Captains and most chief mates are "permanent." They take enforced vacations like everybody else, but—at the owners' behest—they return to their specific ships. With rare exceptions, no second mates or third mates are permanent. Many unlicensed personnel have permanent jobs; most do not.

In the afternoon, we went to a couple of ship chandlers'. We talked with a fisherman about the fish he was not catching from the battery. We sat on a park bench under the deep shade of live oaks and squinted into the glare of the harbor. Andy said that he had begun to develop second thoughts about the Cygnus. He was unaccustomed to having any kind of choice. His experience instructed him to take the first open ship and risk nothing. Unfortunately, though, the desirability of the jobs before him seemed to rise from one to the next. He needed sea time. Second mates become chief mates not only by passing examinations but also by accumulating sea time. The Cygnus job was significantly short on sea time. For that matter, the Sea-Land trip out of Jacksonville was not what you would call an odyssey. Also, his daily wage and overtime pay would be lower with Sea-Land, because he'd be sailing as third mate. Jacksonville was something of a long shot in any case. And if he went down there he risked losing out on anything that might come up in Charleston in his absence.

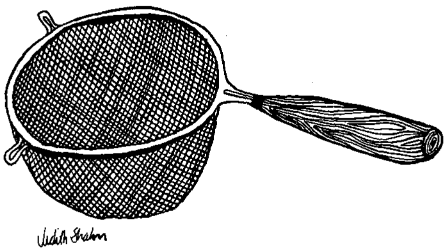
The Stella Lykes was the most appealing ship. Second mate. Interesting run. All the sea time he wanted and needed. But to wait for the Stella Lykes meant weeks, not days, multiplying the possibility that something could go wrong. "It's a bit of a gamble," he said. "You never know if someone's going to come walking into the hall that day and take it away from you."

In less than a day, though, he made up his mind. He would break his own rules. He would pass up the Cygnus and Sea-Land. He would narrow the field and raise the risk. He would wait for the Stella Lykes. In the Merchant Marine, there is an expression that describes what he was doing. He was laying for a ship.

A COUPLE of "PORT RELIEF OFFICER JOBS" were posted on the board. Andy chose to night-mate the Sea-Land Performance from 1600 to 2400. On the same watch, Pizzarelli would night-mate the Cygnus. The two ships were ten miles apart. At midnight, Andy would drive the ten miles in nothing flat, and, further exercising the seniority of his shipping card, relieve Pizzarelli and work the Cygnus until eight in the morning. He would be paid twenty-three dollars an hour. He bought a pack of cigarettes. "If I have cigarettes and a cup of coffee, I'll feel so rancid I can't fall asleep," he said. At home in Maine, he almost never smokes. Night-mating, he has worked sixteen-hour nights back to back and gone to the union hall during the day. There, with his head on a table, he sleeps. Just before the job call, he lifts his head. Night-mating in Charleston, he would make a thousand dollars in less than a week.

A police officer with coconut palms on the lenses of her eyeglasses admitted us to the Columbus Street Terminal, Old Charleston. We walked across acres of paved open storage under heavy-lift sheer-leg cranes. The dock was three-quarters of a mile long. The dimensions of the Sea-Land Performance were Panamax (fitting by inches in the locks of the Panama Canal). As we approached the gangway, Andy remarked that his "basic ambition" was "someday to be the skipper of a ship like this."

While he put in his eight hours making rounds—chronicling the opening and closing of hatches, noting degrees of inshore list, checking the ullage and innage of ballast—I did what I could to stow the vocabulary (if your gas tank is all ullage you are going nowhere), and I talked to the captain, Kenneth Ronald Crook. He was behind a desk in a spacious office, reachable by elevator, near the top of the house. Across the room, I sat on a couch by a coffee table. Like everyone else in the Merchant Marine, he told sea stories. One or two were a touch macabre. He said he had been on a Colmar ship that made regular runs to Los Angeles from Baltimore with steel. One of the ordinaries could not keep his hands out of the food. That is, time after time he walked the cafeteria line, reached across the cutting board, and sank a hand into a tub of food. Finally, the chief cook could not contain his rage. One day, as the hand moved over the cutting board, a cleaver came down on it and cut off the fingers. The bosun used a blowtorch to cauterize the stumps.



On the same ship on a beautiful day with long low swells in the Pacific, a seaman was standing in the rigging on a ladder that was not tied down. As the roll of the ship reached its maximum angle, both the ladder and the sailor went over the side. A life ring was thrown to him. He got himself into it. A lifeboat was lowered. When the man was taken from the sea, only half of his body was there.

At least he was employed. Without a modulation of tone, Captain Crook went into the horrors of the search for work. "In those days—as third mate, second mate—I was shipping off the board. There were too many mates and not enough ships. I drove from York, Pennsylvania, where I lived then, to Baltimore every day, looking for a ship. There were job calls every two hours, so I was in the hall all day. Weeks would go by with no job called. Then a job would come along and I'd get beat out by someone else's card." After he got a ship or two with Moore-McCormack Lines and became a permanent chief mate, he discovered that working for shipping companies was not unlike working for magazines. Established structures (Moore-McCormack, the *Saturday Evening Post*, United States Lines, *Life*, Seatrain, *Look*) tended to collapse beneath you. After the Moore-McCormack ocean fleet was absorbed by United States Lines, in 1982, Crook "sat on the

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General Eisenhower,
the Painted Lady.
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General Eisenhower was a more recent neighbour. After World War II, a grateful Scotland gave him part of ancient Culzean Castle nearby. A visit to his rooms is well-recommended.

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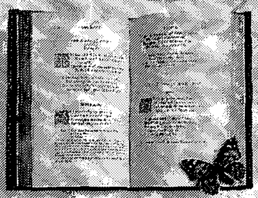

beach for seven months basically without a job." The union forced United States Lines to hire him. In 1986, United States Lines went bankrupt. "Thirty-some ships came to a screeching halt. That put an awful lot of people on the beach. A lot of the older skippers retired. Sea-Land purchased about twenty ships, including this one. I sat on the beach from the middle of February until November 17th. I was in the dentist chair in Montana. The union called from New York. I was to be captain of an old stick ship called S.S. Galveston Bay, taking food to the natives in Africa. Right down my alley. That job led to this one. From zero income to a six-figure income makes a difference." The difference was the ranch he had his eye on in Montana, with its hundreds of acres and its trout streams.

By midnight, Andy and I were on the bridge of the Cygnus, at Wando Terminal, on the Wando River. The air-conditioning on the ship had failed. The temperature was above a hundred. Through thick dust weighted with fumes, Army tanks rolled onto the ship. One end was open like the mouth of a sucker. The Cygnus inside resembled a tunnel. Taped to the satellite-navigation receiver on the bridge were recent advisories from the Maritime Administration on the subject of pirates. On the west coast of South America, the S.S. Mallory Lykes had been "boarded by one or more pirates with machetes." In the Strait of Malacca, the master of a South Korean vessel had been "beaten and forced to open the ship's safe by pirates who boarded the ship in the vicinity of Batam Island." Lying near the SatNav was a Maritime Administration brochure called "Piracy Countermeasures." It said, "Countermeasures should be designed to keep boarders off the ship. Repelling armed pirates already on deck can be dangerous. . . . Have water hoses under pressure with nozzles ready. . . . Use rat guards on all mooring lines and illuminate the lines. . . . Under way, keep good radar and visual lookout."

A ship in port can be filthy, hot, and dismal, in contrast to the same ship at sea. Andy, staring forward from the bridge, seemed to be out there somewhere on the deep ocean, a very great distance from the Wando River. "You develop affection for your ship," he said quietly. "A rusty grimy disagreeable bucket soon becomes an object of affection." There on the Cygnus bridge—sweating marrow, reading about rat guards—I found it hard to imagine being affectionate toward the Cygnus, but not entirely impossible.

As time passed in Charleston, Andy got more night-mating work—Farrell Lines' American Resolute—but essentially he waited. At some point during the second week, his shipping card became eleven months old. "I'm up in the big leagues now," he said. "Basically, I think I'm all right, but it's healthy to be a little nervous." One day, he felt his health running over when a second mate arrived from New York specifically looking for the Stella Lykes. New York! Oh, Jesus! Andy thought. But he had the older card.

I was up at five-thirty on the day we expected the ship to be called. I read a long political article that included a catalogue of every national deficiency except the Merchant Marine. Andy slept until nine-thirty but got up nervous about the drawbridge. We left at ten-thirty to make the one-thirty call. Andy said, "This way, if we run out of gas or get a flat tire we can still make it."

I said, "We got gas last night."

We arrived in Charleston, of course, early enough to ship out on a Yankee clipper. We drove around. We exchanged worries. We killed ten minutes in a Burger King, and carried the food away, because we felt pressed. When we went into the union hall and sat down to eat and wait, Andy's hands were shaking. Lettuce fell out of his sandwich. He was unable to line up the straw that was meant to penetrate the lid of his takeout Pepsi. One o'clock. Thirty minutes to go. The door opened. Chester Dauksevich came in, the mate from New York with the inferior card. Beardless, tall, and going bald, with a white mustache, he wore brown leather wing-tip shoes, white-faded jeans, a guayabera. To destroy a few more minutes, I asked him why he had come to Charleston.

"Because I'm hungry and broke," he said. "There's forty guys ahead of me in New York. That's why I'm here. I might run out of money. It's costing me too much here."

Having been informed long since that this was to be the day of the all-important call, we had not been much concerned about the shipping board. One port-relief-officer job was up there, nothing more. At the job call, there was no mention of the S.S. Stella Lykes. The telephone rang at one-thirty-four. Andy's wife, MaLinda, standing in rain at a pay phone in Bucksport, Maine, wanted to know if he had a ship. No ship. He would have to wait it out for another twenty-four hours.

At that moment, the whereabouts of the Stella Lykes happened to be Port Newark. As Andy and I left the Charleston hall, I mentioned to him that Luke Midgett, the incumbent second mate, would be getting off in Charleston because his time was up, and, since he lived in Charleston and was well aware of the difficulties of getting a ship, could be expected not to go around telling the whole city of New York about his coming debarkation—but word could be got out of him. I confessed that, in my overanxious way, I had just thought of this and begun to fret.

Andy said, "That's why I was hoping the ship would be called today. Actually, all the people on these ships know now that you can get a ship out of Charleston. If they are talking, some people might hear that and come down here. Say there's almost no one in the union hall five days running, then a ship comes in and three guys show up from New York. They go on the company's ships there, which talk to other ships, and get advance word of who's getting off where. They could come tonight. They could come in the morning."

In the morning, he again allowed three hours. As we approached the Ben Sawyer Bridge, we saw that it was open. Andy turned off the engine, and we sat in the line of cars. Above the Spartina grass we could see the stack and the bridge of a slowly moving tug, bearing the insignia of the Corps of Engineers. Andy said, "Last year, down here in the Charleston hall, I saw a guy come in with an eleven-months-plus-thirty-days killer card and take a ship an hour before his card was to expire."

I said, "A lot of good that card would have done him if he'd been stuck behind this bridge."

The tug went off to our left, and the drawbridge swung closed.

"There's always anxiety about mak-

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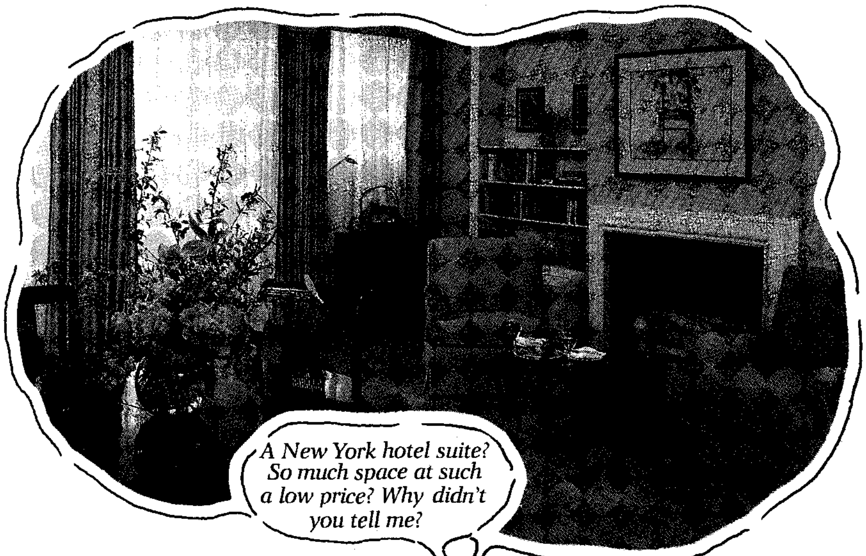
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AIG Issues Forum

Why reforming our liab America is to succee

EXCESSIVE LIABILITY AWARDS MAKE IT TOUGH FOR U.S. COMPANIES TO COMPETE.

We are a compassionate society. We want to compensate those who have suffered.

But when our courts expand traditional concepts of liability, causing defendants to pay excessive compensation, we're adding to the costs we all pay for goods and services. We're encouraging companies to stop research and development on new products. And we're even making it harder for U.S. companies to compete overseas.

PAYING A HIDDEN TAX.

In reality, the American system of liability has become the source of a hidden tax on our economy—a tax that can account for as much as 50% of the price paid for a product.

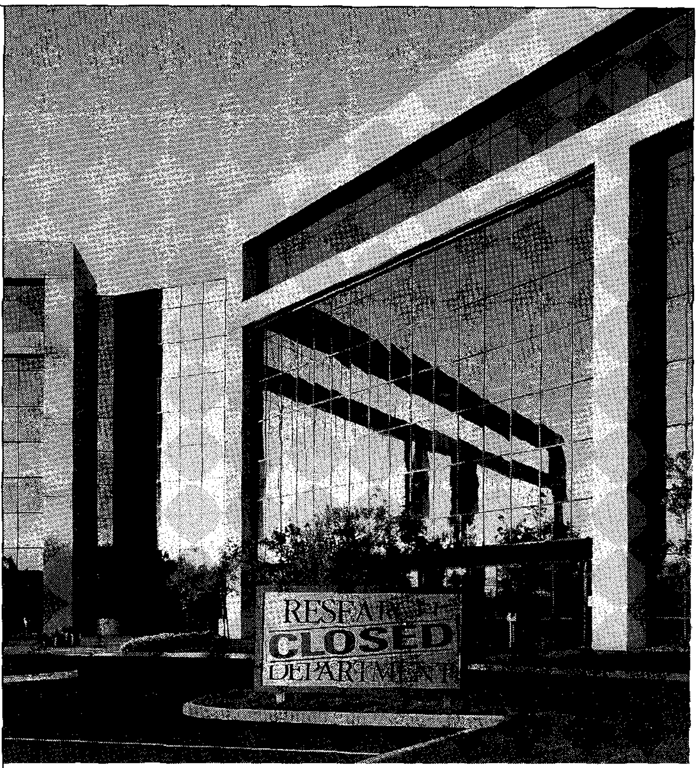
What's worse, it has been estimated that this hidden tax amounts to $80 billion a year—a sum equal to the combined profits of the nation's 200 largest corporations.

Our economic competitors' legal systems do not encourage litigation to the extent we do. Consider, for example, that there are 30 times more lawsuits per capita in the U.S. than in Japan.

Is it any wonder that America is having a tough time competing in overseas markets?

UNCERTAINTY STIFLES ENTERPRISE.

The unpredictability of our liability system is also enormously costly to American competitiveness. For example, in a recent survey of CEO's, the Conference Board found that worry about potential liability lawsuits caused 47% of firms surveyed to discontinue one or more product lines. In addition, 25% stopped certain product research and development, and 39% decided against introducing a new product. Meanwhile, our overseas competitors continue to research and develop new products at an ever-increasing pace.



ARE WE CONTROLLING RISKS OR INCREASING THEM?

When we give a drunk driver the right to sue an automaker or highway engineer for a million dollars after a crash, are we controlling risk?

Or just encouraging risky and careless behavior?

If you are a manufacturer, you can be sued even if your product has state-of-the-art safety features. Even if your customer misused it against your instructions. Even if the risks of misuse were obvious.

When fear of lawsuits causes physicians to limit services to patients—or worse, abandon their prac-

ity system is essential if n overseas markets.

tice altogether–lack of adequate medical treatment means greater risks for everyone.

Is this controlling risk or increasing it?

It's an unhealthy and dangerous situation that needs correcting.

WE MUST REFORM OUR "DEEP POCKETS" APPROACH TO LIABILITY.

Specifically, we need to change our approach and base liability suits on fault.

Our current system often encourages the frivolous suing of those with the ability to pay–in other words, those with "deep pockets." But does it make sense to hold such parties entirely liable, even if they were only minimally at fault?

A MORE RATIONAL APPROACH.

Those who suffer economic losses because of another party's negligence should be fairly reimbursed. No one could argue with this principle. There should also be just compensation for pain and suffering resulting from real and severe injuries.

But can we afford to continue a system that encourages litigation and financial judgements bearing little direct relationship to fault or to the actual cost of injuries suffered?

Clearly, a better approach is needed.

CONGRESS HAS A ROLE.

Legislation providing a uniform product liability standard would allow American companies to compete without the burdens of excessive liability risks. And this would unclog the courts and put American business in a stronger position as barriers to international trade and investment fall.

There is proposed legislation before Congress dealing with these issues. A solution to the liability crisis is vital to American competitiveness, and Congress can play a role in restoring the right balance.

SO DO THE COURTS.

When all is said and done, our courts are the interpreters of our laws and our values. It's our values as a society that count, especially as reflected in the courts and individual jury decisions.

Together our legislative and judicial branches must recognize the damage being done to American competitiveness from the current liability system. And help America restore the proper balance.

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ing the jump to a new ship," Andy continued as he drove on. "It has nothing to do with the competition. Suddenly it's time to go. I can sit in a hall for weeks and weeks just dying for a ship, and then when it's there I get all wound up. It's something like white-water kayaking: you go down a long placid stretch of river, and when you hear the roar ahead you think, Do I really want to go through with this? It's always the same. It's true of practically everybody."

At eleven-forty-five, in the union hall, a sheet went up on the board:

****OFFSHORE SHIPPING JOBS****

COMPANY:	Lykes Bros.
SHIP:	SS Stella Lykes
LOCATED:	Wando
SAILS:	0300 Monday
RUN:	West Coast South America
JOB:	Second Officer
TIME:	120-day rotary
RELIEVING:	L. Midgett
REASON:	Time up

Visible through the glass door was a strange face, approaching. Was this the killer card? The man turned right and vanished into a men's room. The hall closed for lunch. In Applebee's restaurant, on Sam Rittenberg Boulevard, a sinewy, nautical, shaggy-blond, bearded man in a sleeveless shirt sat under an Uncle Sam poster ("I WANT YOU").

"He's looking for a ship."

"He came here in a new Mercedes."

"He's obviously a second mate."

At twelve-fifty-six, we were back at the hall, waiting for it to reopen. A man in an electric-blue shirt and dark glasses, obviously a merchant mariner, came up the stairs. It was John Abbate, second mate. We knew him already, and he was no threat. He owned rental units near Charleston, did a lot of night-mating, and was not looking for a ship.

At a quarter after one, there were footsteps on the stairs. Pete Pizzarelli appeared. Fifteen minutes to go and there were no killer cards from New York, or, for that matter, from anywhere else. Time to relax. Try telling that to Andy.

The door opened. Chester Dauksevich came in, wearing a Mets cap and smoking a Salem in a holder. The guayabera of the day was adorned with filigree.

Ten minutes to go and Andy's eyes were still flickering toward the door. Dauksevich, in response to a question, said that his high-school class was 1950 and he went to the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. Andy asked him how shipping was in the fifties.

Dauksevich said, "It sucked."

The telephone rang at one-thirty-one. MaLinda was calling from Maine. Yes, Andy had the ship: the Stella Lykes.

Dauksevich and Abbate signed on to night-mate her in Charleston. The various men present started to leave, telling Andy to say hello to this person or that on the Stella.

Dauksevich, surprisingly, said, "Where you going?"

"West Coast of South America," Andy said.

Dauksevich said, "Don't get the clap."

There was a television set in the union hall, and it happened to be on for the two-o'clock local news. The Ben Sawyer Bridge was stuck open. It had been stuck open since twelve-forty, when its brakes had failed and it had swung too far.

FOUR A.M., 32.25 degrees south, sky overcast, an almost total darkness on the bridge. To all horizons, no light. We have seen one ship in six days, since Guayaquil.

This is the tenth of August, the antipodal mirror of the tenth of February. The ocean air is cool. The momentum of more than forty thousand tons is as absolute as the darkness. In no hurried way is it going to change. If a target should appear on one of the radars, Andy, in avoiding it, would try to preserve a cushion of at least two miles. Very slowly, toward six, shapes will form in the developing light. Anyone coming or going through the passageway to the wheelhouse passes through two doors. When either door opens, the passageway lights go out. The bridge has to be dark, so that more than radar can see into the night. Andy is pacing around somewhere, invisible. Vernon McLaughlin is at the helm. The autopilot has the ship, but Mac stands by the helm.

I have attached myself to the four-to-eight watch. It is Andy's watch. It is the watch of both dawn and sunset. Mac will tell you, "It's the *only* watch." Mac is an able-bodied seaman. Calvin King, who is also an A.B., is far up in the bow, on lookout. William Kennedy, an ordinary seaman, will relieve Calvin at five. That Kennedy's name is William is as little known to the crew as the fact that his wife's name is Ethel. The crew, like his neighbors in Savannah, call him Peewee. Andy, Peewee, Calvin, Mac: the second mate, the ordinary, the two A.B.s—the deck watch, four to eight.

Getting up at three-thirty every morning is not as difficult as one might think—not if, in the evening, you are asleep soon after eight. I wander around the ship all day, but I go to bed at eight. Suppose I were in Iceland—four time zones east—and were asleep by midnight and awake by seven-thirty. I would be setting and rising at the exact moments that I set and rise out here.

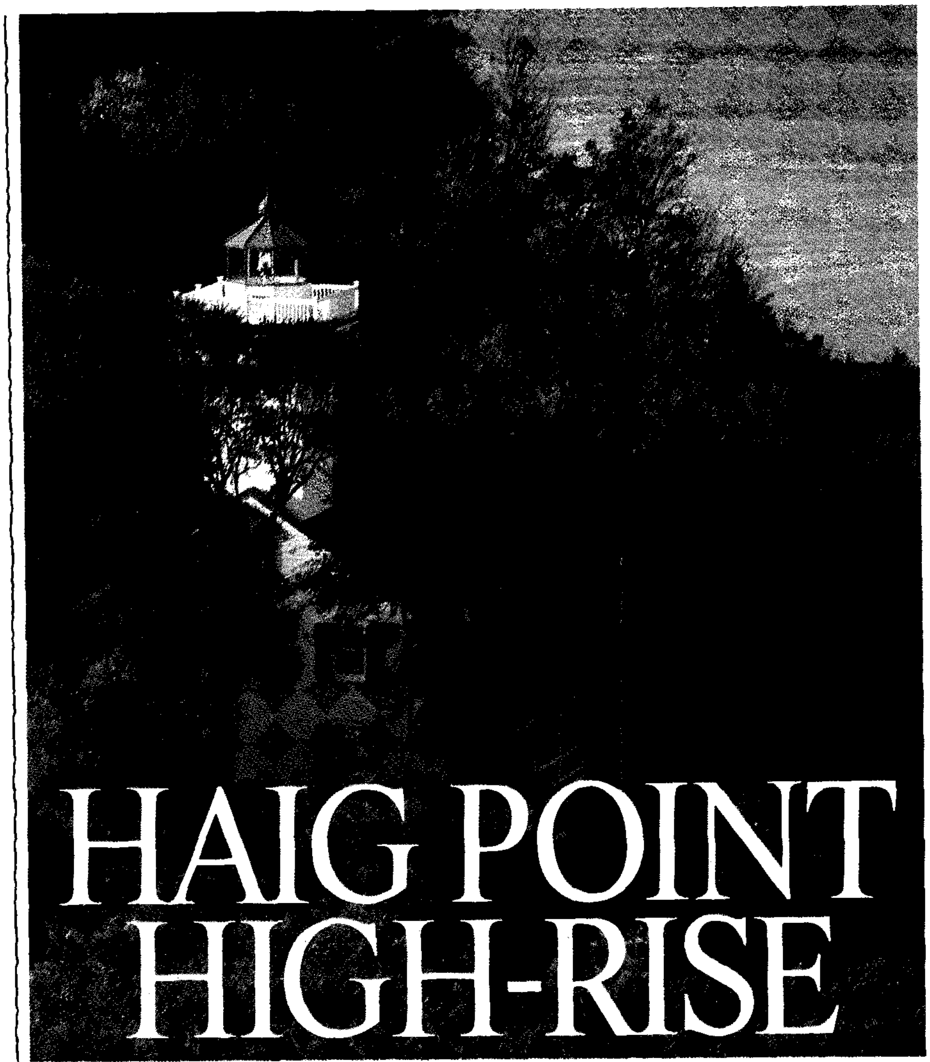
This is the twentieth day of the voyage. For this ship, a voyage is forty-two days and begins and ends in New York. Our present position is about as far south as the Cape of Good Hope. Almost all of Australia is farther north than we are. Halfway up a straight line between here and New York is a point in the mantle two thousand miles deep.

Mac's voice, in the dark, says, "This ship goes to coke country. This ship is hot as a potato."

The captain, who worries, can list dozens of disquietudes idiosyncratic to this run. Mac has just mentioned one. Steamship companies are responsible for what they carry even if they don't know it is there. Fines in six figures can make significant contributions to overhead. Stacked on the main deck and down in the hatches are five hundred boxes—the amphorae of this era, the containers that fit on highway trailers. The containers are sealed. Everywhere in the cargo manifests are the letters "STC" or the words "Said to Contain":

> Said to Contain 16,636 pounds of shower curtains, telephones, and wall clocks.
>
> Said to Contain 7,650 pounds of religious books.
>
> STC 6,000 kits for assembling black-and-white TV sets.
>
> STC panties de señora, five and a half tons.

Customs officials of six countries are interested in our ship. In Port Newark, they have turned out to greet her in very large numbers with dogs. Mac remarks that a white Cadillac with both front doors open was sitting on the pier once in Newark. When Mac went down the gangway and off the ship, someone inside the Cadillac asked him where he was going. "I said, 'Is



There's more than this century-old lighthouse, the only "high-rise" you'll find here, beckoning you to become a Haig Point homeowner.

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that any of your God-damned business?' He said, 'Yes, it is.' He said he was the Man. He said, 'What have you got in there?' I said, 'Here, take it,' and threw it in the car. He said, 'Oh, it's your clothes.' I said, 'Whatever.' "

The first gray light will delineate the speaker at the helm—a man built strong and square-shouldered, with a large head, a regal paunch, an equitable mustache, and eyes that gleam with fun and anger. Not to mention moral indignation. Targets turn up on the radar. Fishing boats. Answering instructions from Andy, Mac turns off the autopilot and moves the wheel of the ship.

Andy is soon on the telephone: "Good morning, Captain, it's five-thirty. We are twenty miles out, and at our present rate of speed we should arrive at seven-ten." Normally—when we are at sea, and not about to intersect a continent—Andy calls the captain at half past six. No matter what the time is, the captain always answers quickly, and always sounds wide awake.

Gradually, the Fathometer has been sketching the steep slope of the Peru-Chile Trench, and the extremely narrow continental shelf. Electric lights come into view, rising high in sinuous lines, like ornamental strings in leafless trees. There are thousands of them, and they are beautiful. They define dark hills we cannot see.

We hear a door open and close. Another opens. Captain Washburn comes into the wheelhouse. "Good morning, good morning," he says. The first salutation may be for us, the second for the ship. More likely, the other way round. The captain routinely talks to the ship. Now, though, he goes directly to the radio. Channel 16. "Valparaíso pilots, Valparaíso pilots. This is the American steamship Stella Lykes. Stella Lykes. Whiskey, Mike, Romeo, Golf. Over." If you say those words—Whiskey, Mike, Romeo, Golf—in that order anywhere in the world, they mean this ship. In this part of the world, at the moment, no one seems to care. The captain waits in silence until his patience runs out. His patience could set a record at a hundred metres. Again he says, "Valparaíso pilots, Valparaíso pilots. This is the American steamship Stella Lykes. Stella Lykes. Whiskey, Mike, Romeo, Golf. Over."

No response.

"So much for moving ships at this hour in the morning," the captain says. "The port isn't even awake yet. When Ethan Allen was expiring, people said to him, 'Ethan, the angels expect you,' and Ethan said, 'God damn them. Let them wait.' Then he expired."

The complete resonance of the captain's parable passes above the head of the Person in Addition to Crew. In the dark, the captain paces back and forth across the wheelhouse. Andy is also a bridge pacer. Andy and the captain have long since developed a collision-avoidance system. "I don't stay in one place," the captain says. "I never did. I don't stay in one place even when I'm *in* one place. Give 'em a moving target."

The light rises. There stands Mac at the wheel, his eyes agleam. His visored cap is white. He is wearing a cardigan sweatshirt, bluejeans, street shoes—and the keys dangling at his hip are attached to a halyard clip. Andy is revealed on the bridge wing, out in the winter air, leaving lots of room for the captain. Andy is wearing a down vest, a light-blue shirt, jeans, and running shoes. Gold letters on his blue cap say "STATE OF MAINE." Andy has the metabolism of Eugene O'Neill. He is six feet tall and weightless. Food is squandered on him. He eats ravenously, gains nothing. His stomach is flatter than a deck. His hair is reddish-brown and halfway covers his ears. His beard is rufous, too. His eyeglasses, lacking rims, invest him with a professorial veneer.

Across the front of the wheelhouse are ten large windows, rounded at the corners, providing an interrupted view of the sea and the enlarging city. The lashed containers are visible now, stacked so high that they block the line of sight from bridge to bow. On top of some of the stacks, riding far up in the sky, are bulldozers and earthmovers and big backhoes that look like thunder lizards. There is a small fire engine, white with red trim.

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Andy telephones Peewee, who is on lookout in the bow. Now that dawn has passed, Peewee can knock off. As Andy puts down the phone, he says reflectively, and with some feeling, "There's no sunrise in the engine room."

In front of the bridge telegraph and the redundant radars and the redundant steering mechanisms lies a long rubber mat, which firms the footsteps of anyone traversing the bridge. With the captain present, it is not a good place to linger. Back and forth through the wheelhouse he moves, from one bridge-wing door to the other—now indoors, now outdoors and a spin around a binnacle, now indoors, now outdoors and a look over the side. Occasionally, he stops and talks to someone. Sometimes he just stops and talks. Out of the blue, I have heard him say, "A little here, a little there." Out of the blue, I have heard him say, "If you don't like to do that, seek gainful employment elsewhere. The army of the unemployed has an opening." Out of nowhere, I have heard him say, "O.K., ye of little faith, there has been a change in the program; the regular cast has left and the stand-ins are taking over." With no related dialogue coming before or after, I have heard him say, "Any jackass can do that." Quite evidently speaking to the ship, he will sometimes say, "I don't like to lose and I never quit." Often he asks questions and then provides answers. One day, offering advice to all within earshot, he said, "In Rome, do as the Romanians do." His political opinions are unambiguous. Adlai Stevenson was "a wimpy little coward mumbling platitudes." The President of the Republic of Panama is "a pineapple-faced bum." The United States has been reduced to "a choice between being poor-and-weak and poor-and-strong." Pleasantly, he says, "You can get all the vitriol out of me you want, because I'm loaded with it."

This captain runs a happy ship. There are personnel aboard, both licensed and unlicensed, who have patterned their time and risked unemployment in order to sail with him. He has not won them over with fraternization. In the same unvarying manner in which Pinckney B. Ezekiel is called Zeke and Trevor Procter is called Kiwi and William Kennedy is called Peewee,

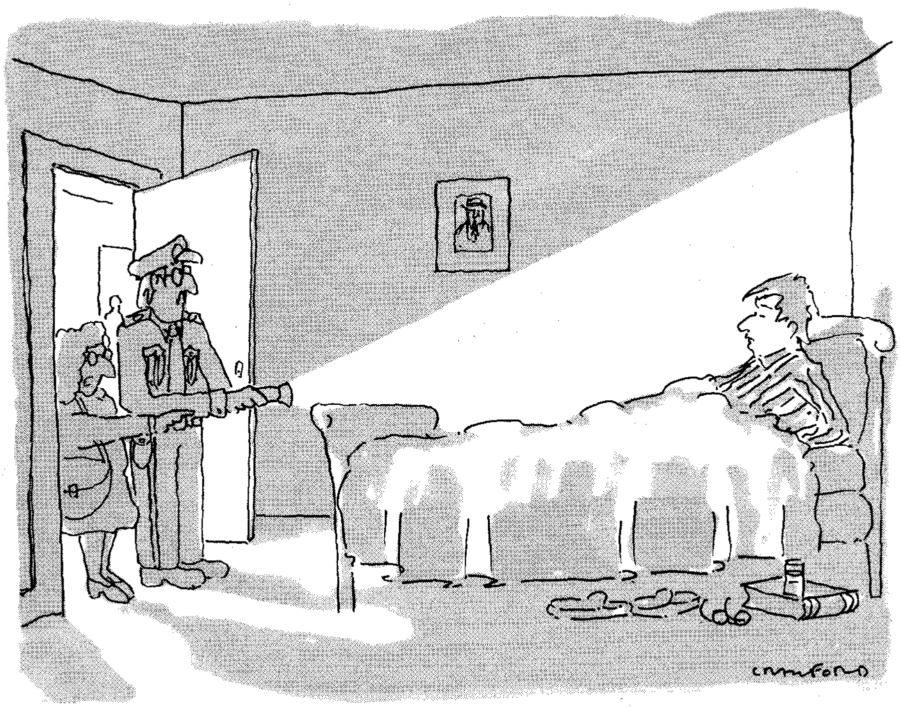
]

Paul McHenry Washburn is called Captain Washburn. His family's early background is deep New England. His middle name relates to the fort of the star-spangled banner. He knows what a magisterial distance is, and he knows how to keep it.

"He's wrung more seawater out of his boots than I'll ever sail across," Andy says of the captain, awarding him the status of a marine cliché.

When Luke Midgett, the old second mate, was getting off the ship and turning his job over to Andy, he remarked of Washburn, "He's a wonderful old man. He doesn't bother you. He likes for you to do your job and do it thorough. He's a big thing on these national flags. Make sure the flags are up. If you don't, the country will write a letter." Jerome Pope, one of the A.B.s who sought their jobs because Washburn is the skipper, has told me that Washburn is "a good captain, a senior captain, a good ship handler with a lot of experience, who doesn't hassle the crew and isn't all scared to death of that Lykes Brothers." In the radio shack, William Raymond Charteris Beach, who is known in this milieu as Sparks, will tell you that Washburn is "confident of the sea." Beach goes on to say, "He knows his job. He is strict. He will bring the book down, but he runs a happy ship. I have sailed on ships with a captain who is sarcastic with the chief mate to the point that the mate won't talk with him, and if the ship was going to run aground he wouldn't tell him." Washburn will talk to anybody. If he sometimes seems to prefer talking with himself, there's an obvious reason: he's the most interesting person on the ship.

Now about to dock in a foreign city, he is wearing his more-or-less-dress blues. His shoes and trousers are dark and naval. His white short-sleeved shirt, open at the collar, has epaulets striped with gold. There is gold braid on his visor. His glasses are rimmed with gold. As he moves back and forth on the bridge, he takes things in with the comprehensive gaze of a boxer. He leans forward like a boxer, his mouth and jaw set firm. His body is chunky, his paunch under control, like a trimmed spinnaker. Wisps of gray edge his cap. His face—beardless, full-featured—appears to have been the site of an epic battle, wherein the vitriol he speaks of has at last been subdued by humor.



"That's the man, Officer. That's Mr. Right!"

• •

The day's first light displays the breakwater, the harbor, the hills of Valparaíso. The coastal plain, if one can call it that, runs a few blocks to the rising ground. The community sweeps upward many hundreds of vertical feet on hills that descend into deep sea. The harbor is just an artifact stuck to the hull of the continent. When big swells come in, as they often do, on a long reach across the Pacific, they can shake out the basin and render it absurd. "The swell comes right over the breakwater," the captain remarks. "I've seen green seas on top of the docks, water running uptown. Ships break free and go off the pier." Years ago, as an able-bodied seaman, he came down here on a stick ship called Gulf Merchant. It broke twenty-three lines tied to the dock at Valparaíso.

Today, the breakwater is effective; the harbor ahead is evidently calm. The pilot boat at last approaches. "Mr. Chase, please run up the Chilean flag," Captain Washburn says. "We won't offend their delicate sensitivities, their national pride and honor." After a pause, he adds, "Chile is the best-run country in South America. And *we* would like to change it."

The words of the harbor pilot are, technically, advice. When the captain repeats them, they become commands. Half ahead, slow ahead, dead slow ahead, steady as she goes, slow astern, the ship maneuvers toward the dock. On the engine-order telegraph, Andy relays the commands to the engine room, where the telegraph rings a bell. This is known as "giving them bells." When J. Peter Fritz gives them bells, he sometimes calls first on the telephone to say, "Did I wake you? This is the chief mate."

Eight stories below the bridge, in the basement of the house, Graham Ramsay is on the maneuvering platform. In response to the bells, he shouts, "Ahead slow!" "Half astern!" "Stop!" His hands move from wheel to wheel—from throttle to throttle to guardian valve. The commands he relays send David Carter and Phillip Begin running into the fireroom to twist knobs above burners, altering by hand the flow of fuel and air. Begin, whose name is pronounced like "Keegan," is the chief engineer. He is not required to twist knobs, but he is everywhere that matters when things are going on, and functions in a style that ignores his rank. He has a quick smile, blue eyes, hair that falls beyond his ears, a youthful handsome beardless face; and he has eaten very well. Carter is the demac on the four-to-eight watch—deck and engine mechanic. He used to teach Spanish in Florida public schools and now, from books in his cabin, he is teaching himself engineering. He runs into the fireroom, comes back, wipes his

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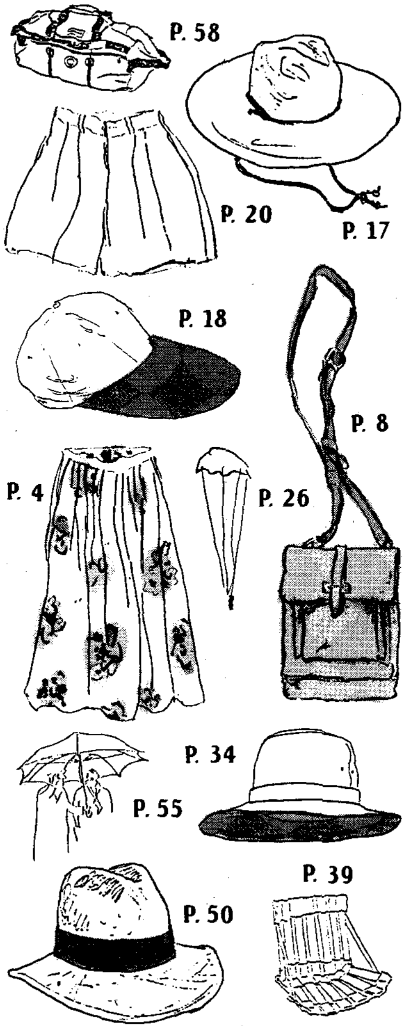

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forehead, and shouts, with striking emphasis on certain words, "Up on the *bridge*, they think they can speed up and slow down with *ease*. They don't realize we're scurrying around like *rats* trying to do what they *want*."

Up there eight stories, as they do their gavotte among Chilean warships, they approach the berth against the backdrop of the seaport, the steep and populated hills. Down here, there is no Valparaíso. There is no sense of place. What attracts the eye is flashing colored lights. We could have made a landfall on Long Island. We could be nosing into the Gowanus Canal. "Stop" or no "Stop," "Slow astern" or "Half ahead," there is no sense of motion, either. Instead—among the burners, the boilers, the turbines, the tubes—there is noise. The company supplies the earplugs. If you don't use them, a day will come when you cannot hear your alarm clock.

Graham Ramsay is the first. This stands for first assistant. He is known as the first because he is the second-ranking engineer. Near him stands Karl Knudsen, who is known as the second, because he is the third-ranking engineer. Knudsen is young, trim, aviator-handsome, with a competent mustache. He came up the hawsepipe, by way of a union school in Baltimore. He wears white leather shoes and green coveralls, and says, "In my business, appearances don't count." Ramsay is a tall man with an experienced face, a friendly and vulnerable look, gray hair—United States Merchant Marine Academy, 1956. Because he is standing on a platform, his head is about seven feet above the deck, in a warm place. The engine room is full of hot spots. Its storied heat is by no means uniform. In the Panama Canal, the temperature at Ramsay's head was a hundred and twenty-eight degrees, but of course it is milder in this midwinter Chilean sea. It is not quite a hundred and ten. There are places in the engine room that generally exceed a hundred and fifty degrees. People don't stand around in them much, but sometimes they have to—for example, if they are painting. Phil Begin, shouting, points out that the ship's cold-water pipes unaccountably cluster in the engine room, and that is why the house is full of hot toilets. I have a thermometer with me. When I put it in my pocket, my leg cools it off. A step down from the maneuvering platform is the engineers' flat, where a logbook lies open on a standing desk and the engine watch can loiter under four large blowers. In the course of a sea watch, the blowers and the water fountain provide the only relief available in four hours. The blowers are a foot in diameter and, somewhere above, are sucking in outside air. It picks up heat on its way down but feels good as it pours out. People stand under the blowers in much the way that people stand under showers. On some ships, they stand in the airstream according to rank, with the chief engineer farthest upcurrent. David Carter shouts in my ear, "Some guys just stand under the blower and don't do jack shit!" The blowers are always the coolest spots in the engine room. In the Caribbean, the temperature under the blowers will typically exceed a hundred and ten degrees. Some people, over time, grow to like the engine-room heat—like it to the point of need. There is a sailor aboard who plugs up the air-conditioning vents in the ceiling of his cabin in order to get the temperature up to a hundred and ten degrees. Here in the winter South Pacific, the temperature directly under the blowers is eighty, and the temperature in the rest of the engineers' flat is ninety-seven. These are the lowest temperatures that the engineers will experience during the entire voyage. Like a bottle in a bucket of water, the engine room is immersed in the sea. Sea temperature is to the engine room what air temperature is to the bridge. The sea temperature at Valparaíso is fifty-five degrees. The Caribbean reaches ninety.

"Stop!" Ramsay shouts, and Carter and Begin run through the fireroom to the burners. The fireroom is not an enclosure but a space framed by two boilers, each fired by three burners. Above the burners are red and green and yellow lights. The yellows are flashing. The emergency override is deliberately ignoring the sensor's electric eye. Elsewhere, the red lights of the flame scanners are steadily blinking. "Slow ahead!" Ramsay shouts, and, a minute later, "Stop!" Begin and Carter adjust the burners. They may be stopping while a mooring line goes out, but the engineers don't need to know.

However, they are human, they are curious. In the Panama Canal, they did not even know if they were in the locks. In Gatun, the chief went up for a look. He came down and reported, "We're in the locks. There's a Maersk ship ahead of us. The rope handlers are coming on." Under the blowers, faces looked up with interest.

"Slow astern!"

The burners, on either side, are numbered one, two, three. When Begin and Carter run to them, they are like football guards pulling out to execute a play, and they have to remember similar signals. Only the twos and threes are involved in a "Stop," the ones and twos in "Half astern," two and two in "Slow astern," "Dead slow," "Slow ahead," and "Half ahead"—if head winds and currents don't force one of several alternative patterns. Feed water is all-important. It must be present or there's a meltdown. There's a big red box in the fireroom. It contains, by law, nine cubic feet of sand.

"Stop!" Ramsay shouts again as he spins a wheel. When Ramsay pays off in Charleston, he rides Amtrak home to Delaware. A man who can spend four months in an engine room at sea does not require an airplane to whisk him home. On his way north in the train, he sits by the window to watch the country. Across the eleven hours, he undergoes a land change. When he pulls into Wilmington, he is ready to be there. "FINISH WITH ENGINES!" he shouts. Ramsay, Begin, Carter, and Knudsen take the steam off the turbines, break the vacuum on the main condenser, and extinguish four of the six burners. One does not need a periscope to infer that the ship is tied up in Valparaíso.

FEW of the watches that begin at 4 A.M. turn up the lights of cities. Most watches have a rhythmic sameness, plunging through the dark, with the scent of coffee percolating on the bridge, the scent of bacon from five decks below, Mac or Calvin invisible at the wheel, Andy the Navigator—every inch an officer in his bluejeans, running shoes, rolled-up sleeves—working with dividers in the chartroom under a dim red lamp. In the first nine days on the Pacific, we put into port only once. One morning, a couple of hundred miles off the Colombian coast—at five-forty-nine, the hour of

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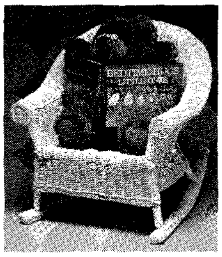

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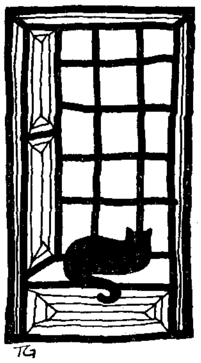
dawn—we heard in the wind a distinct whinny.

We saw whales on the way south, and were led by porpoises. Albatrosses flew beside us, motionless to the point of impudence, their eyes on our necks, their great wings fixed, their iron momentum matching the ship's. At bridge level, sixty-five feet above the water, an albatross flew beside us with his right leg up scratching his ear. But not even that was as weird as this whinny, in ocean air, so far from land. We knew, of course, where it came from—and the whinnies that followed as well—but knowledge didn't make the sound less strange. Andy said, "These are not the horse latitudes."

On Hatch 4, Bay 1, about halfway between the bridge and the bow, were four containers said to contain twenty-four thoroughbreds. One of them was Dr. Sab, out of White Reason by Seattle Slew. Undefeated in five starts, Dr. Sab was on his way to race in Guayaquil. So was The Admiral. So was Axe Lady. Most of the other horses were nameless two-year-olds on their way from Royal Eagle Farm, in Panama, to the stables of Silvio DeVoto, in Ecuador. To tote nine tons of horses eight hundred miles, Lykes Brothers was charging six thousand eight hundred dollars. For a few hundred more, the company was providing the food and lodging of Carlos Rolando Lopez, who described himself to me as the "assistant trainer of the principal horse, Dr. Sab." Carlos numbered among his intimate friends the Panamanian jockeys. Jacinto Vasquez. Laffit Pincay, Jr. Walter Guerra. Jorge Velasquez. Carlos said that his own mentor was Luis Ferrugia the Magician, "the best trainer in Panama City." Carlos made these remarks, among other places, over meals—where, from a Xeroxed menu, I helped him choose what he wanted.



Carlos was eating better than his horses. I went to Hatch 4 with him in the afternoon. The containers were stowed amidships with their doors open. As many as seven horses were in one twenty-foot box—in narrow wooden stalls framed within the steel. The two-year-olds were cribbing as if their lives depended on it. They were chewing up the wood of the stalls. Five hundred miles from Guayaquil, they had already made crescent-shaped indentations larger than slices of watermelon. They were chewing the posts as well as the rails. Carlos explained that they were hungry. He said a very strict diet of hay and water was the Magician's formula for avoiding seasickness. Unfortunately, someone had taken the great trainer too much at his word and had sent to the ship just eight little packets of hay. Carlos was not being democratic. He had been giving a full ration to Dr. Sab, somewhat less to Axe Lady and The Admiral, and pittances to the others. Two and a half packets of hay were left. Carlos was reserving it all for Dr. Sab. This son of Seattle Slew—and brother of Slew City Slew—was a black horse that looked unpleasant, but the wood of his stall was whole.

I left Carlos and went to the bridge. The captain was attentive to the horses and asked how they were getting along. Vernon McLaughlin was at the ship's wheel, and as the story unfolded he burst out, "They're so fucking cheap they won't feed their horses. With wood in their stomachs, they can't pass it. That's a sin!"

"Carlos says that is not a problem," I told him. "Carlos says, 'They could eat the whole ship.' "

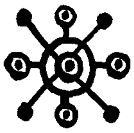
Mac would not stoop to comment.

Time passed. A further thought occurred to me. "Dr. Sab is undefeated," I remarked. "Impressive as that may be, he has run in only five races, and he is five years old. What has he been doing?"

Captain Washburn said, "He's been eating."

Those were watches of targets and rain. The weather was so heavy one morning that when the light came up we couldn't see the bow. Peewee was on lookout in the bow. Calvin King was at the wheel, standing somewhat heavily, tired—Calvin, from Weldon, North Carolina, a grandfather, in his tortoiseshell bifocals, his Lykes Brothers cap, his khaki shirt, his brown leather shoes, his bluejeans patched in the seat with cloth of another color. Andy was leaning over the north-up radar, marking the plotting head with a grease pencil. Calvin said, "This ain't no workin' weather. I'm too old for this shit." He was referring not to quartermastering—his turn at the wheel on the four-to-eight watch—but to overtime work on the open deck, which would fill his day between eight and four. Two of the windows in front of him had spinning circles of glass set like bifocals into the panes. They whirl so fast you can see through rain. But not very far that morning.

Targets had been appearing on the radar in close abundance since the watch began. At four-thirty, in clearer air before the rain, two ships were ahead of us—six and a half miles and nine miles distant. The nearer one was lit up like a city and might have been anything from a passenger vessel to a fish processor. On the farther ship, a green (starboard) light was visible. Was she crossing to the right or was she not moving? On the plotting head Andy marked their positions with the grease pencil. The plotting head is a Plexiglas screen that fits above the radar screen and is illuminated from the sides in a way that emboldens the wax from the pencil. Calvin, to whom these collision-avoidance procedures amounted to nothing more than background routine, was saying that when he goes off the ship in Panama he does not like to stray much farther than the duty-free shop at the end of the pier. "If there's fighting, you might catch a .38 or a .44."



Andy kept his nose on the radar and made two more marks with the pencil. In time, he responded to Calvin, saying, "I don't like those low temperatures."

Calvin, who has described himself as "an old country boy," likes guns and collects them. He has been looking for a nine-shooter .22 revolver for his wife, but a nine-shooter .22 is not easy to find. He may have to settle for a .32. "A .32-calibre pistol with a three- or four-inch barrel on it is a woman's special," he has told me. "It's not as big as a .38, and a woman can handle it."

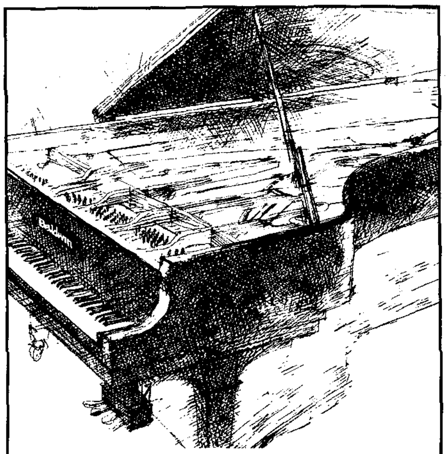
The radar's nearer target was four miles away, and Andy still made no course change. He was convinced that the ships were not moving. The nearer one had red over white over red on her mast, signifying that she was restricted in her ability to maneuver. She could be a seismic ship with a two-mile cable. Andy picked up the short-range transceiver. "Calling one of two stationary vessels approximately thirty minutes north, eighty degrees west," he said. "This is the southbound ship a few miles north of you." There was no answer. When the targeted ships were three and a half and four and a half miles away, Andy told Calvin to take Stella off the iron mike—the autopilot—and "put it on hand" (Calvin's hand). With a three-mile cushion, we passed two large stationary fishing vessels—one improperly lighted. Minutes later, four new targets appeared on the radar, about ten miles away. Andy made two course changes that moved the bow twenty degrees, and he pressed a button called Trial Maneuver on the Automatic Radar Plotting Aid of the Collision Avoidance System, which showed him what would happen at any course and speed he might choose. In the terminology of this machine, "CPA" meant "Closest Point of Approach." In the event of a flat-out plate-buckling tectonic crash, the machine would let you know that you had "Zero CPA." The spread of four ships was now four miles away. With a final glance at the machine, Andy chose a heading of a hundred and seventy. He said to Calvin, "Left to one-seven-zero."

Calvin said, "Left to one-seven-zero. One-seven-zero, hand steering."

We went past the targets and, for the moment, into the clear. From the bridge wings we could see the lights of seven fishing boats and three merchant ships. The merchant ships were following us. We had overtaken them. To look far down over the side at light from our ship on the racing dark water was to feel the power of the weighted glide, its controlled uncontrollability. We were a bowling ball, avoiding duckpins.

Andy changed the heading back to two-one-zero. As we headed into a line squall, a radar target on our left seemed to insist on crossing our bow. Andy said, "She's coming down my hawsepipe. Fishing boats maneuver so much you don't move on them until you're close enough to know they won't turn." Then he swung right and passed the target, a mile and a half away. The rainstorm, on the radar, looked like a sweet potato.

Andy enjoys his work with the radar, and, by his own matter-of-fact description, is good at it. He can look at the screen, see multiple targets, and sense the geometries of course and speed. He intuitively grasps the direction of ships even before he has plotted



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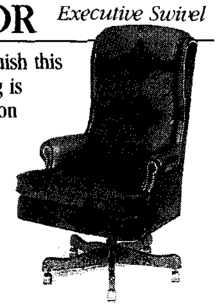

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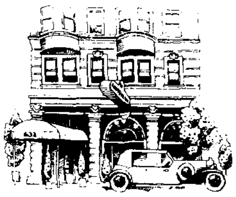

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their paths with dots and streaks. He has a sense of deceptive landmarks. He can look at a radared coastline and not be fooled by cliffs that appear to rise from the water but in fact stand far behind a beach. He has spent a good deal of time in the radar-simulator laboratory at the Maine Maritime Academy, where there are four named practice rooms: Andrea Doria, Yellowstone, Ponce de León, Stockholm. What the Stockholm was to the Andrea Doria the Yellowstone was to the Ponce de León. "Radar work is my strong point," he once told me. "I feel that I can outmaneuver a lot of people with the radar. Overtaking a boat is more dangerous than it seems. She's out there for a long time, and a steering-gear failure, or whatever, has more time in which to occur. It's like slowly passing a tractor trailer. You think about the jackknife."

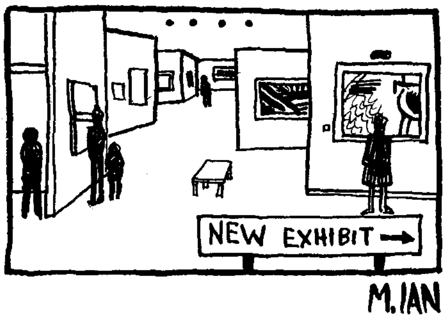
A seagoing lieutenant in the United States Navy once asked me if merchant ships have radar. After learning that they do, he asked if the mates use grease pencils. He seemed surprised. Merchant mariners, for their part, tend to characterize Navy people as green and earnest. They joke about the redundant multitudes that inhabit a Navy-ship bridge. There is a story much told by Navy people and yachtsmen about a merchant ship steaming somewhere at nineteen knots with a dog on the bridge, alone on watch. Andy and I call a tale like that an asmut: an apocryphal story much told. One such yarn, which he told that morning, led up to a question that was supposedly put to a merchant skipper as he arrived in port: "Captain, have you seen any sailboats recently?"

"No."

"Well, you should have. There's a mast and rigging hanging from your anchor."

Without taking his eyes off the north-up radar, Andy said, "Yachtsmen like to tell that story. Merchant seamen see yachtsmen as bozos, but I've been with yachtsmen who could teach some seamanship to merchant seamen. Yachtsmen see merchant seamen as people who cruise with no one on the bridge. Yachtsmen display poor seamanship, too. There are more cases of yachts creating problems for big ships than big ships creating problems for yachts. We need a mile of cushion around us, at least. There are a lot of yachtsmen who are out there just to drink beer."

The difference between the ten-centimetre radar and the three-centimetre radar has to do with detail versus range, and has nothing to do with north up. Either radar can be set that way—with north at the top of the screen, as on an ordinary map. I have been referring to the ten-centimetre radar as the north-up radar because that, at the time, was how the world was presented on its screen. The ship was steaming south, so targets ahead of us, as they showed up at the bottom of the screen, appeared to be behind us. In this sense, the plotting of targets was backward. When the north-up feature was added to radars, it caused no little annoyance. "You can do more with north up," Andy said. "Modern sailors are trained that way; the old-timers were not." The north-up advantage in maneuvering is that watch officers do not have to replot the position and the course of every target on the screen each time they change course themselves. On north-up radar, you are moving through the real world, and not through an artificial seascape determined by the vector of your ship. Andy, facing the bow and leaning over the screen, had no difficulty understanding that the Stella Lykes—as represented by the screen's center—was moving not toward the bow but toward him. This was too much for Captain Washburn. In the way that a person driving south with a road map will turn it upside down the better to comprehend what lies ahead, Captain Washburn wanted his radar screen aimed in the direction of the ship. Of the three-centimetre radar he said that morning, as he did virtually every morning, "Leave it on head up for me." When Andy joined the ship and Washburn told him how he liked things done, Andy asked the captain if he wanted the radars north up or head up. Washburn said he knew that more could be done with north up, "but always leave one of them on head up for me."



From the privacy of his cabin, on the boat deck just below the bridge, Captain Washburn can look forward past containers and over the starboard sea. He tends to linger over the view when he is uncomfortable about an officer on the bridge. As he describes it, "I stand a lot of watches from my window."

Asked if he sleeps well on the ship, he says, "I have made trips where I couldn't sleep at all. The main thing is to have people who will call you when trouble is imminent. I say to the mates, 'I'm not supposed to sleep. Courts don't think so. Call me early, don't just call me up here to be a witness.' "

I have asked him how long it takes him to become comfortable with a new chief mate, second, or third.

"Sometimes almost right away," he said. "Sometimes half a trip. Sometimes I'm never totally sure but I'll just kind of take a chance. I pick the watches that I can sleep on. I can sleep on any of these."

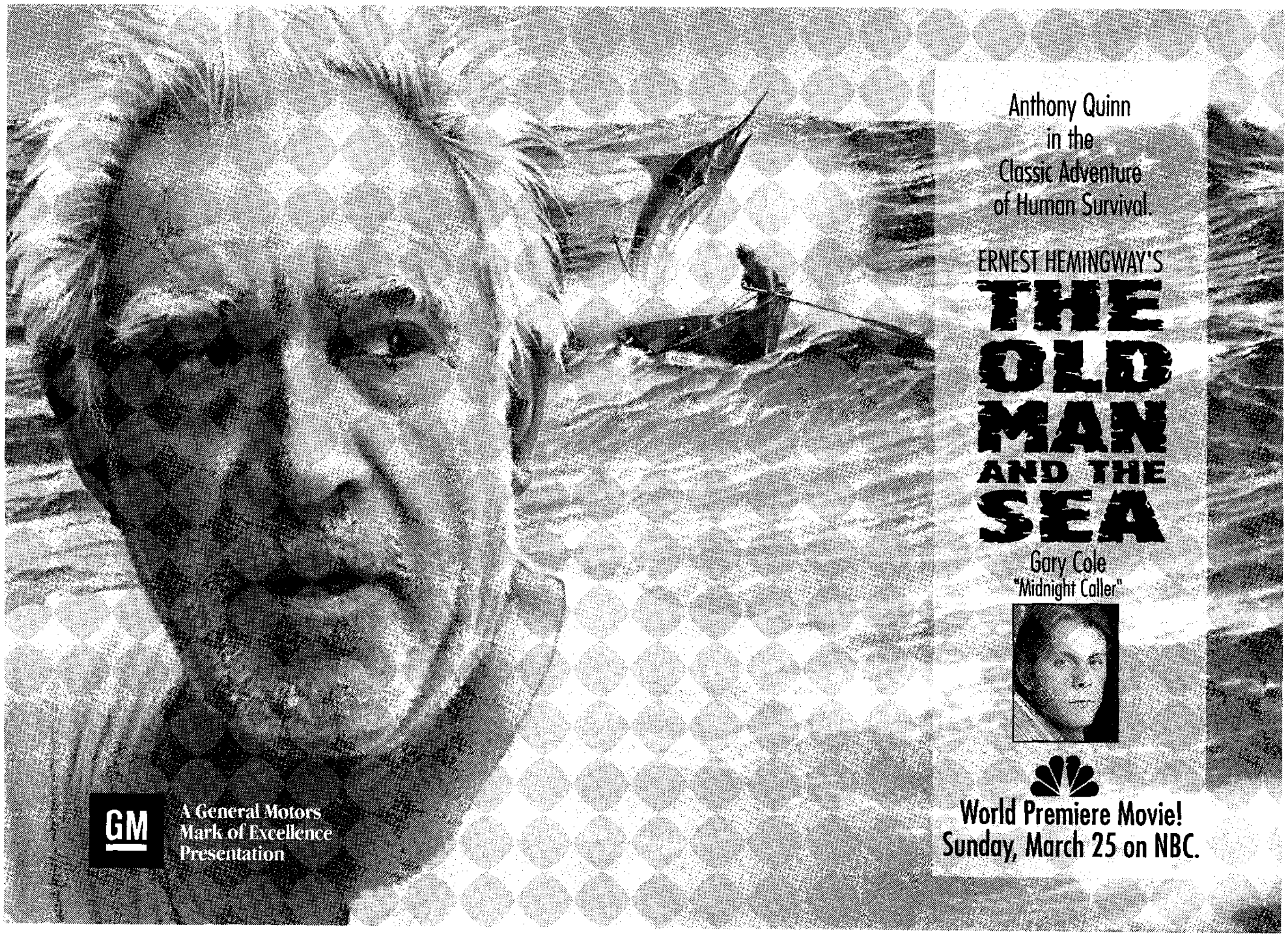
In certain concatenating circumstances, he has remained awake for as many as seventy-two consecutive hours. "I made trips to Vietnam where, on the coast, I stayed awake as long as I could, got the ship into shallow water, and anchored it, and lay down and slept for a few hours, and got up and picked the anchor up and went on, because I was not going to sleep on the coast with *one* of the men that I had. In the middle of the ocean, I'd have hoped they wouldn't run into somebody. But if there was land or rocks or coastwise things or small boats or fishermen to run into . . . they weren't doing it. On one ship, the only man I could rely on was the chief engineer. That included the radio officer, the other licensed officers, and all of the unlicensed crew. This was at the height of Vietnam. When you talk to the veteran seamen, they'll all tell you that was the worst—I mean, personnelwise. Over the years, there has been a slow change in the personnel in the Merchant Marine. We don't have the knife fights, the broken-bottle fights. They're isolated instances today. The people are older. They are more steady. Hey, there are more people who are dependent on this job to support a family."

Which did not necessarily mean that he would trust them on the bridge. "In crossing and passing situations, you have a privileged vessel and a burdened vessel," he said to the four-to-eight watch, and the dialogue that followed had some subtle bifurcations. While ostensibly educating me, he included messages to Andy. While not exactly lecturing to Andy, he reassured the ship. "I wouldn't have a person around that wanted to hold on to a crossing or passing situation in which a chance of collision was prevalent," he continued. "The old rule was that the privileged vessel held its course, the burdened vessel had to give way. They followed that rule for a hundred years and piled up one ship after another. The privileged vessel was required to maintain course and speed until such time that only action by both vessels would prevent collision. You had to hang on so long that even if only you took action it was too late. I myself never hung on to a situation that long, even though that was the court interpretation of the rules, and I didn't abide my officers' hanging on to it that long. We were out of there before the situation got that close. The rule has been changed now. You are not required to do that. You have more leeway to play with. It's more a question of prudence and good seamanship now. When I see certain ships, I seem to have some kind of an instinct that says, 'Hey, give this guy a little more room.' In ship channels and rivers, you pass fifty feet apart all the time, but that don't mean it's apropos to do it in the middle of an ocean. Hey, it's just like driving, out here. You sail defensively. You cannot depend on that other fella to always stop at the stop sign or not change lanes or give you the right of way or use his blinker signal. You can't count on him to do anything. Hey, the *only* way I'm going to get hit is in the stern. Somebody faster who is really after me is going to have to run me down and hit me in the stern."

In the *Merchant Marine Officers' Handbook* I found a reprinted article called "Tips on Practical Shiphandling," by Captain H. A. V. von Pflugk. One of those mornings on the way to Guayaquil, I carried the book to the captain's cabin and read this passage to him:

> If . . . you feel, when laying your hand upon the rail, that you are in contact with something alive, responsive to your slightest touch, something that is a part of you, something that you really love, then you are in a good position to become truly expert at shiphandling—if you have the knack and are gifted with good judgment and have an eye for distance and are the calm rather than the excitable type.

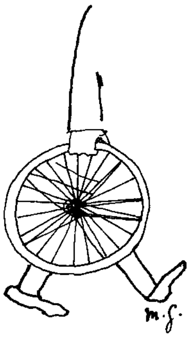
He said, "You're singing my song. I don't fancy myself as those things, but the love that I have for this business . . . I've spoken to you about being emotionally involved with ships. I get carried away by it sometimes—ships that I really liked and ones that I didn't care for. But the opening part of that . . . To feel that I am part of a living thing and that I love what I'm doing and would rather do this than anything else . . . I'd rather be here than anywhere. Whether I am gifted with those other things I would leave for someone else to say. I might fancy myself that I am. But when I put my hand on a rail and think that I am associated with a living thing, and that I cannot only control it but that I have something going with it, we understand each other. It isn't all me taking and her giving. We work as a unit. I talk things over with her, and almost ask her, 'Hey, can we do this?' I am not



just demanding what this ship can do for me, I'm asking what I can do for her. 'Look, old girl, you're in trouble. Let's see if we can help each other.' "

There had been a recent moment when the old girl was in trouble. In Cartagena, we drew a pilot of whom Washburn said, "He can't dock a ship. He can take you from the sea buoy to an anchorage. He can undock you and take you out. But he goes all to pieces when he gets close to a dock coming in. There are a scattered few of us around who can't play golf. He can't dock a ship."

The pilot lived up to this job description. Dead slow, the six-hundred-and-sixty-five-foot Stella Lykes—as large as most old-time ocean liners—entered its designated slip, which it would share with the Colombian freighter Ciudad de Manizales. Stella would tie up on her portside. A firm wind was blowing across her port quarter. The mistakes made by the pilot were several. He misjudged the wind. He had a tug pushing Stella on the wrong side. To put the bow in, he called for full ahead when he was very close to the dock.



The stern swung wide of the bollards it was trying for, and toward the City of Manizales. The water narrowed between the ships. A collision seemed imminent. There is one place in the world where pilots are in absolute charge of ships, and the place is not Cartagena. (Pilots are supreme in the Panama Canal.) There is always some insurance risk if a local pilot is ignored, and plenty of insurance risk if a local pilot is not aboard. Washburn has said, "Your worst enemy can be your own underwriter. If I'm in Borneo and a guy comes on board with a spear in his hand and a bone in his nose and says he's the pilot, he's hired." Now, however, this man in Cartagena had come on board with a pencil in his hand and a bone in his head, and misjudged the wind and misused a tug and called for full ahead within inches of the pier. Washburn literally stood him in a corner and took the ship away from him. The Colombian freighter was twenty feet away. In a tone that contained no panic, Washburn said to Andy, "Get a stern line to the pier with a small boat if you can." Meanwhile, he maneuvered: sculling, in effect, to preserve his distance—engineers running among the burners as Washburn gave them bells.

Ships are tied up with what the rest of the world would call ropes. They look anachronistic—like rope you would see in a seaport museum, but larger. A good mooring line costs eight thousand dollars. Made of Dacron for strength and polypropylene for flexibility, it is six hundred feet long. We carry eighteen. As a mooring line payed out over the side and reached like a suspension cable in the direction of the pier, the ship was so askew that the six hundred feet might not do. You marry one line to another if the need arises. In Genoa once, on the Almeria Lykes, Washburn married three lines and winched the ship more than a thousand feet. The one line spanned the distance here and was soon secured to the bollards. A dugout canoe passed below it, moving smartly under a sail made of flour sacks. Very slowly against the wind—completing what Washburn would later call "one of the poorest dockings in marine history"—Stella reeled herself in.

Captain Washburn's family name derives from Great Washburne, near Evesham, in the English Midlands. The McHenrys in his background of course were Scots. John Washburn of Evesham immigrated to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1631. The family were in coastal shipping in the Boston area before going into timber and allied enterprises in Maine. In lake-and-river country near New Hampshire, they had a hilltop farm called Norlands—hundreds of acres and long deep views—that might as well have been called a plantation. It looks today much as it did a century ago. As Norlands Living History Center, it attracts school buses and preserves its first demeanor. There is a widow's walk on top of the house, for a widow with exceptional eyes, Norlands being fifty miles from the sea. Samuel Washburn (1824-90) was a skipper of clipper ships, a captain in the United States Merchant Marine. Elihu Washburn (1816-87) was named Secretary of State and Ambassador to France by Ulysses S. Grant, whose portrait is prominent in the freestanding Washburn Memorial Library (1883), with its spinning wheels, its Britannica IX, its rose and pale-blue windows. Washburns went west, founded the Minneapolis Mill Company, and made Gold Medal Flour. They were involved in the beginnings of General Mills. Washburn College, in Topeka, Kansas, is named for Emory Washburn. The father of our Captain Washburn was a Washington lawyer. ("He had the trait of honesty. Hey, he didn't have a chance.") As a schoolboy in the District of Columbia, aged thirteen, Paul McHenry Washburn was told to write an essay about an ancestor. He wrote about Chief Justice John Marshall. He turned in the essay, but he was not for school. He ran away from home.

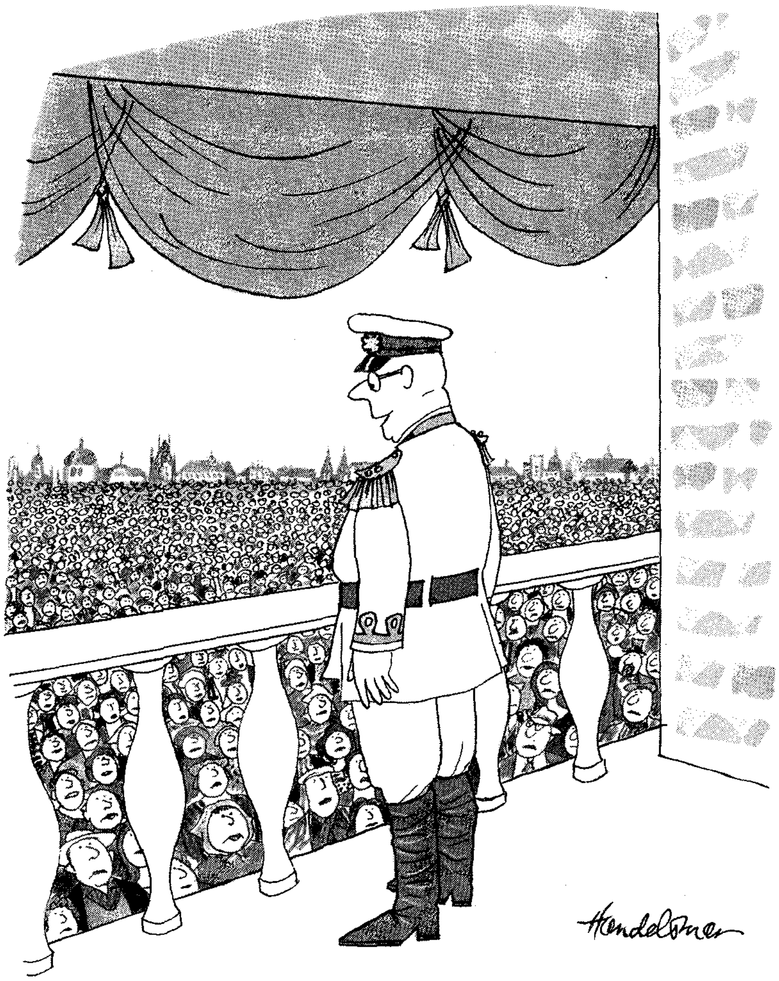
The captain learned from Leadline Dunn, from Terrible Terry Harmon, from Dirty Shirt George Price. These are the old skippers with whom he sailed when he was young, and on whose seamanship he modelled his own. They were not his only icons. He had plenty of admiration for Herbert P. High Pressure Erwin, for Clean Shirt George Price, and for Rebel Frazier. He even learned from Wacky Wacker. He had less affection for Jake the Snake Jacobs, Tanktop Evans, and Wild Buck Newsome. With the exception of Tanktop, who was an engineer, all were skippers. Some were still mates when Washburn sailed with them. He sailed on Liberty ships. He sailed with the International Freighting Corporation, the Luckenback Steamship Company, the United Fruit Company, the Mystic Steamship Company, the South Atlantic Mail Line. He sailed with Lykes Brothers Steamship Company. Dirty Shirt George Price and Clean Shirt George Price were not related. Each man, as it happened, was named George F. Price, Jr. Harmon was Terrible Terry when he was a first mate. Later, he renamed himself Harmless Harmon. Washburn says, "He was called Terrible Terry because of his personality. He was his own worst enemy. But he knew the sea. He knew ships." Leadline (whose nickname rhymed with "deadline") was actually John Dunn. Among these first-class seamen, Dirty Shirt and Terrible Terry were especially gifted in the art of stowage and also had high reputations for "protecting ships and protecting people." Their example became Washburn's fixed priorities, which he lists as

1—people
2—ship
3—cargo.

When he himself became a master, and a difficult situation came up, he would think of the old skippers. He would think, If they threw this at Dirty Shirt, what would he do?

Dirty Shirt was a short man with "inky-black hair and cold dark direct eyes," as Washburn describes him. "Two hours after he shaved he looked like he needed a shave; he was of small stature but commanding, no less a man than a man six-four." Leadline had legs like beer kegs. "Rebel Frazier was a husky six-footer, dark visaged—he scowled. The closest thing to a smile was just not a scowl. He laughed once a month. He was not hostile, but there was no friendship in him. He was an excellent ship's master. He knew the sea. He knew ships. He knew cargo. He knew weather. He had that instinct for dead reckoning that the old-timers had to have, because if you didn't have it you didn't make it." Dirty Shirt, Rebel, and Leadline instilled in Washburn the importance of confidence in your own dead reckoning: "Never doubt it. Never—as in do not ever—doubt it. Leadline came up in the twenties, when you didn't have a lot of navigation things to help you. You did it on your own or you fell by the wayside." Washburn went on to say, "The old skippers did all their own piloting, docking, and undocking. They were their own agents. They did all the ship's business. They'd go up to the customhouse to enter a ship and clear a ship. They did the manifests. Each was a one-man floating industry. Leadline had a sixth sense as to what types of wave action and sky action hint at coming weather. I learned to read the sky from him. From him I learned things not to do. Leadline was an aggressor in dealing with people. A steamship master—while he's there—*is* the master. Leadline and Dirty Shirt and Terrible Terry—they did not back off from anyone. I learned from them to maintain a gulf between yourself and the other officers. I learned, Never cross that gulf. I learned, Don't act like the other officers, dress like them, or socialize with them. I learned, Don't be like them. Whatever they are, be different. Never waver in your dealings with them. Don't vacillate. I learned, Never chastise people in public, even if they have earned it. I learned, Don't alibi, don't complain."

Tell it to the ship.



"My goodness, if I'd known how badly you wanted democracy I'd have given it to you ages ago."

Now sixty-five years old, the captain began as an ordinary seaman in a Merchant Marine of fewer than a thousand ships and saw it rise above two thousand ships and then decline by eighty per cent. He has seen at least fifteen American shipping companies go ventral in the water. Only three major ones remain alive in international shipping: American President Lines, Sea-Land, and Lykes Brothers Steamship Company. Ship for ship, crew lists have become much shorter as well—a process known as reduced manning, which is the result of a combination of automational technology and economic constraint. Ships that might once have had fifty in the crew now have twenty-one. Some ships are so undermanned that extra people have to come out from land to help dock them.

From No. 1 in the world in total ships, the United States Merchant Marine has dropped to No. 13, while Panama and Russia are ascendant, with Liberia not far behind. In the world competition for cargo, American-flag companies sail under heavy overheads of taxes, insurance rates, and crew costs, while ships under other flags are much less encumbered, and the Russian Merchant Marine, which often underbids everybody, is a hobby of the state. The wages of American crews are at least four times as high as the wages of crews sailing under many foreign flags. Federal construction subsidies have long since been removed. These are not the economics of a winning bid, and the fleet continues to shrink.

The situation long ago gave rise to open-flag registry—to the so-called flag of convenience, the convenience being that taxes could be avoided, insurance could be to a considerable extent ignored, and wages attractive to shipowners could be paid to merchant sailors drawn from any part of the world, if ships were registered in countries that would permit and fashion such a package. If you were a flag-maker, at this point you would have wanted to get out your Panamanian rectangles. As small nations catered to the balance sheets of alien shipowners, their services became known as boutique registries. Evergreen, flying the white star of Taiwan,

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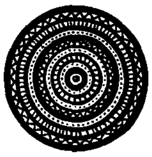
has been described as "the leading foreign-flag company in the world," with crews of only sixteen or eighteen and "monthly salaries roughly equivalent to the weekly pay of American sailors." You can register a ship in the Republic of Vanuatu. A ship wholly owned in Kansas City can sail under the flag of the Sultan of Oman.

Carnival Cruise Lines, of Miami, Florida, consists of three ships under the Liberian flag, one under the Bahamian flag, four under the Panamanian flag, and three under the Dutch flag. Great American Lines, recently bankrupt, was a hundred per cent Liberian. Great American Lines had one ship. The Connecticut Bank & Trust Company owns two ships, both Liberian. Exxon has sixty-two ships, under ten flags, including eight under the Argentine gold sun, five under the French tricolor, and twenty flying the Union Jack, which has become a flag of convenience as Britain sells the waves. The Amoco fleet is entirely Liberian. The Chevron fleet is eleven per cent British, nineteen per cent Bahamian, and seventy per cent Liberian. Texaco has thirteen ships, none flying the American flag. Mobil has thirty-six ships, under seven flags, including the flag of South Africa.



Three hundred and forty-one ships owned by Americans sail under foreign flags. Some of the owners patriotically refer to these ships as the Effective U.S.-Controlled Fleet—a term regarded as a risible euphemism by, among other people, the maritime unions and Captain Washburn. In his words, "a ship owned in Chicago, with a Burmese crew and Spanish officers, will not go where you want it to in an emergency."

The crew of Stella mutters:

"Lykes Brothers could go foreign-flag like the rest of them, and sail with Balearic Islanders."

"You can hire people to chip paint and fill an oilcan, but who's going to rebuild a Westinghouse turbogenerator?"

"We can't compete with countries that pay sailors one dollar a day and feed them fish heads and rice."

The United States has not been the only loser in the international competition. As cargo rates have fallen below levels at which companies can operate profitably, a revolution has occurred in the merchant marines of the once preeminent maritime nations. They have been forced to "flag it out." Norway has accomplished this by creating its own foreign flag—the so-called Norwegian International Flag—and giving up the tradition of the all-Norwegian crew in favor of alien sailors. As a Norwegian-ship manager has explained to me, "maybe the master, the chief engineer, and the chief mate are retained, and paid ten to fifteen per cent less than before, but the rest are gone, they are running laundromats, they have been replaced by Far Eastern officers and crew, the pay and fringes were too much." Sweden, whose shipyards once ranked second in the world, has ceased to build oceangoing ships. All through Scandinavia, safety-training schools are empty.

Because flag-of-convenience ships are essentially unregulated, they have led a trend toward compromised safety and the lowest practicable levels of operation and maintenance. Dragging others down with them, they have crowded into a genre previously reserved for Greeks and Haitians. As viewed from the wheelhouses of the American Merchant Marine, the butts of jokes—the oafs of the oceans—have long been the Greeks and the Haitians: unseaworthy-sailors-let-loose-in-unseaworthy-ships sort of thing, the worst on water, ship handlers of such negligible skill that one ought to cede them wider clearance than anyone else in the world with the exception of the United States Coast Guard. So go the stories. If there was any distinction, the Haitians had the worst vessels, the Greeks the worst sailors. In Vernon McLaughlin's words, "Greeks are known throughout the world as very bad seamen." Captain Washburn recently watched the Haitian vessel In God We Trust going out of Miami in a condition not likely to attract much confidence from any other Source. "Haitian ships have no electricity, no electronic instruments," he says. "No fish, no food. They load beyond capacity, and off they sail. More than two hundred ships a year are lost out here, all flags. They're unseaworthy, they're improperly loaded, they have leaking hatches, metal fatigue. In God We Trust was never heard from again."

He continues, "A lot of us who have put our lives into this thing don't want to see the Merchant Marine die. It is not only worthwhile but necessary. Every hundred million the government has pulled out of Merchant Marine subsidies has probably cost billions in mounting trade deficits. We pay other flags, including Russia, millions of dollars to deliver our foreign aid: rice, flour, vegetable oil, powdered milk, tanks, jeeps. By law, fifty per cent is supposed to go on American ships, but we don't have the bottoms. Some years, we carry five per cent. Even so, our shipping companies are more dependent on our foreign aid than the foreigners we aid. We have not only one of the smallest but also one of the most aged merchant marines. Most of our ships are *beyond* their normal life expectancy. American shipyards have been folding, and their skills with them. The shipyards that remain are essentially repair yards—Bath, Newport News, Chester, Pascagoula. That's it. That's all she wrote, hoss."

While the United States Merchant Marine and the merchant marines of all the traditional maritime nations have struggled to compete with boutique flags and remain economically under way, the expanding competitiveness of the Soviet Union has not eased anyone's burden. The Soviet Union long ago decided that one good way to be much involved in the world's activities is to carry the goods. Ninety-five per cent of the world's freight travels on the sea. Annually, the Russian Merchant Marine carries fifty times as much cargo as the United States Merchant Marine. The Soviet Union has been spending about two and a half billion dollars a year on shipping development. It has bought many trade routes, and it is building so many ships that it may soon be ordering them from Western yards. It is so eager for business that it has planned to test an ice-strengthened freighter that could cross the Arctic Ocean hauling lead and zinc from Alaska to smelters in West Germany—all to save one week, shortcutting the alternative route, through the Panama Canal. "Russia is going to have five thousand merchant ships in ten years," Washburn says. "And we are going to have none—enn, oh, enn, ee, as in not any."

He remembers when F-14 fighter engines travelled to Israel in Russian ships, it being cheaper that way. The Russians give good weight. Not only were the F-14 engines "defense sensitive"—that is to say, classified—they

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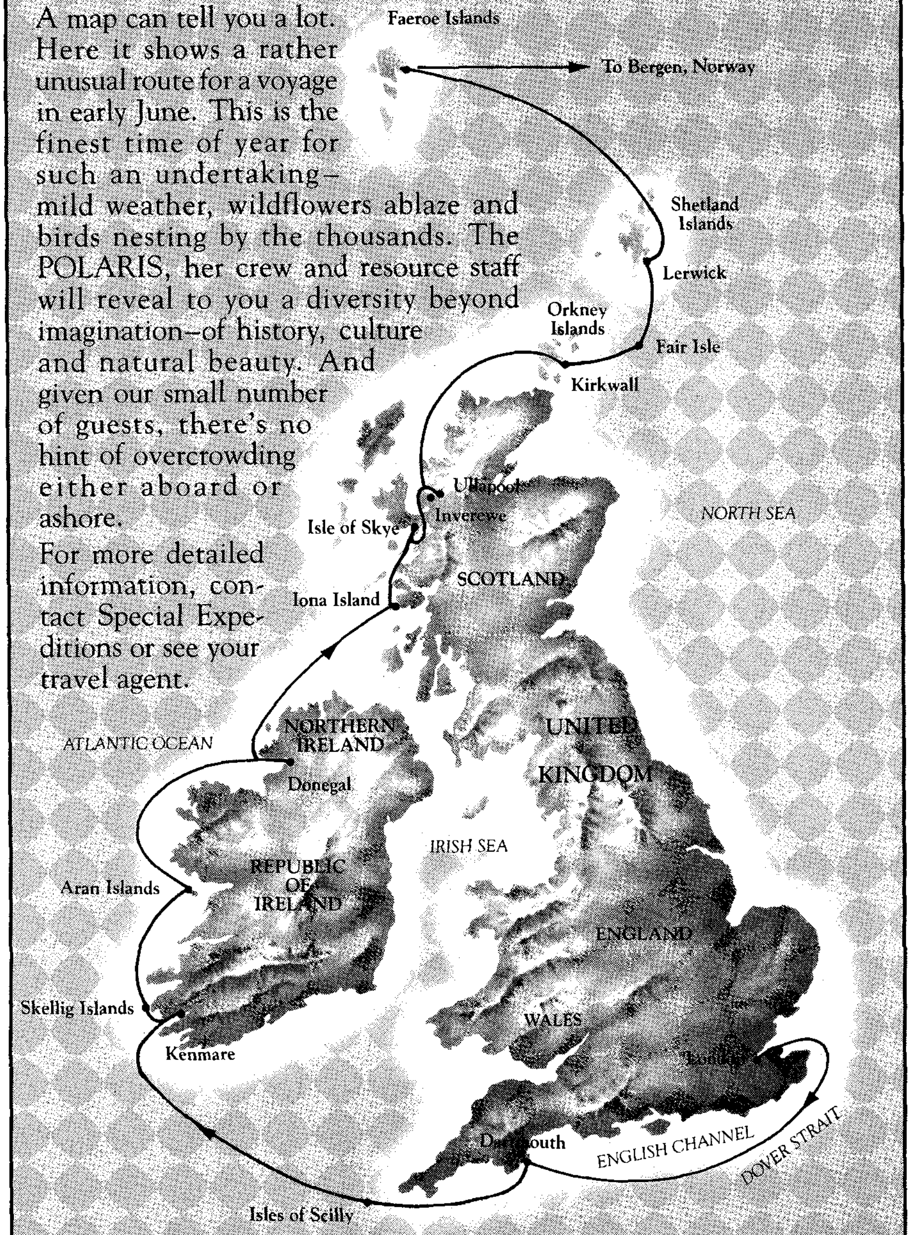
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were by law supposed to go in American bottoms. But what American bottoms? The Russians, on a routine basis, run a couple of hundred ships in and out of American ports—more than half as many ships as there are in the entire United States Merchant Marine. A story that Washburn savors less than some others involves the importation of chrome, and its crucial importance to United States industries. The chrome came from the part of Rhodesia that is now Zimbabwe. When, for moral reasons, the United States government imposed economic sanctions against Rhodesia, American business executives made of moral coral were obliged to figure out how to circumvent the sanctions. It was not a great problem. For a three-hundred-per-cent premium, Russians showed up with the chrome.

In the warm flows of amity that now connect the two nations, Washburn is an ice cube. "The ocean is one more country to take over," he says. "They may have had trouble taking over Afghanistan, but they're having no trouble taking over this ocean. They go to an international conference on freight rates and sign an accord agreeing to a rate of, say, eighty-two dollars a ton; then, immediately, they offer space for thirty-seven dollars, or whatever. Same song, second verse."

He also says that a typical Russian merchant ship has at least two naval-trained officers, a K.G.B. man, and a commissar who runs the ship, telling the captain what to do.

Not long ago, a sailboat on Lake Michigan capsized in a storm and the crew spent seven hours clinging to the hull. They were rescued by a Russian merchant ship.

IF Dirty Shirt George Price had a shipful of starving horses, what would Dirty Shirt do? If they threw this at Dirty Shirt, what would he do? Captain Washburn found an answer. He sent word to the galley that he wanted all the corn, cereal, bread, and other foodstuffs that the cook could possibly spare. Toward noon, when the cook had got it all together, the captain asked me to find Carlos and bring him to the bridge. I went to Hatch 4, Bay 1, where Carlos was offering the horses generous amounts of water, and accompanied him to the bridge. The captain, with obvious pleasure, asked me to tell Carlos that he had set aside for the horses a hundred and twenty ears of corn.

Understand, I am by no means fluent. I have a fairly good Spanish vocabulary, an ear that seems to reject incoming Spanish sound, and grammar tartare. The pleasure in my voice must have been clear enough, though, as I told Carlos about the corn.

Carlos said that racehorses do not eat corn—not *his* racehorses, anyway. Absolutely, they were not to be given corn.

While the helmsman listened and the chief mate listened, I repeated this to Captain Washburn.

The captain's demeanor changed. In brusque staccato, he said, "Tell him to be my guest, then, if the horses prefer wood." Becoming even more sarcastic, he continued, "Tell him I'm sorry I don't have barley or oats."

I said that the captain had no other grains.

Carlos said that the captain needn't worry. The horses were not to be given other grains.

I told Carlos that the captain was sorry.

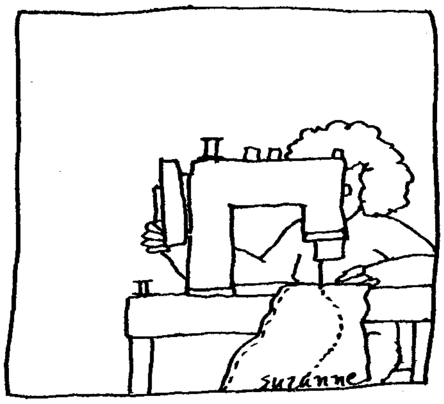
Carlos said, in English, "No problem." In Spanish he said to tell the captain that everything would be all right if we arrived on schedule in the morning. Was the captain quite certain that we would arrive in the morning?

Washburn said, "Tell him I can't say whether we will arrive at seven-fifty-five or eight."

Carlos remarked that by morning he would have one packet of hay left, which he would reserve for Dr. Sab.

To the captain I said, "Carlos feels confident that he can make it on one bale of hay and two cords of wood."

The captain said, "To each his own. Tell him I will no longer attempt to project myself into his business. Tell him I'm going to throw the corn over the side. Tell him I once had a rhinoceros on board."



Carlos said, "The captain has much experience."

Carlos went back to Hatch 4. When I saw him there a short time later, his hands were purple with gentian, and he was nursing a wound. In the wind, pieces of his trousers flapped like flags. Inside a container, he had been climbing from one stall to another when a two-year-old bit him in the crotch.

Sometimes I go on lookout with Peewee, Mac, or Calvin—go forward with a flashlight on the main deck at four, up the ladder to the fo'c'sle deck, around the windlasses and the anchor chains, and past the hawsepipes to the absolute point of the bow, where the lookout station conforms to the requirements of admiralty court, being "as far forward and as low down as conditions allow." The lookout stands in a roofless cupboard. A sheet of clear plastic deflects the wind. He is not quite like a fly on a bowsprit, but somewhere near it—projected far over the water, over the nose bulb, and riding up and down the Pacific swells. He stands there, and stays there, in rain and lightning. He is transferred to a bridge wing if the weather gets rough and he lets the mate know that "she's taking green seas." In Peewee's words, "When we're taking sprays over the bow, taking seas up here, we go to the wing. It don't happen too much on this run. This run mostly calm all the time." The lookout reports the ships he sees, describing what has long since appeared on the radar. He reports wooden boats that the radar doesn't see. He looks for debris, floating objects, life rafts. We occasionally pass through a fishing fleet as if it were a cloud of gnats. Peewee says, "I report the first one and leave the rest to the mate. They all start turning on lights. There's too many to report. They fish in the dark. Sometimes you're right up on them before they turn on their lights." Mac remembers when the lookout rang a bell if he saw something to port, rang it twice if to starboard, and three times if an object was dead ahead. He even remembers when lookouts shouted, "Lights are bright, sir!" and the mate on the bridge shouted back, "Aye, aye!" On this ship, it would have to be some shout. The distance from bow to bridge is four hundred feet.

The A.B.s stand the first hour—

Mac on odd-numbered days. Then Peewee the ordinary takes over and remains through dawn. One odd-numbered night with no stars, Mac said he could not care less about the clouds of the Pacific and their harmless rains—he was just happy that this was not a run to North Europe. He said, "That run is never good. It is foggy in the summer; rough, cold, damp, and miserable in the winter." Sometimes in the winter North Atlantic, lookouts are posted around the clock.

At ten minutes to five, Peewee came on, and he also told lookout stories about the North Atlantic, which were summed up in one remark: "You can't see nothing. You just listen." Here, in the breaking dawns, he sees whales and porpoises and schools of tuna. Peewee was a housepainter before he went to sea. In Savannah, he has seven children and a number of grandchildren. He has been shipping out for thirty-five years. I asked him why.

"You make a good living. I just come and make my little time and go back." His sea time last year was six months. He made thirty thousand dollars. In Savannah, if the pay is acceptable, he will still occasionally paint. Not long ago, he painted a parachute tower at the Army airfield. He made seven hundred dollars a week—only a little more than half of what he earns at sea. Working high in the parachute tower reminded him of painting the masts of ships. For the most part in Savannah, he enjoys himself and works at nothing. He drives his Lincoln, and he pesters Ethel Kennedy. Soon he will retire.

"Will you miss being out here?"

"Oh, no. I'll miss the money, but that's it. If I want to see ships, I'll go to the waterfront. But I don't want to see them."

Our ports of call do not interest him. In fact, they frighten him. "In Valpo, they cut the third mate's pocket right out to get his money," he told me. "If you go to the bank to change money, they be watching you. In Valpo, when I finish at eight o'clock at night I just go to bed."

"What do you think about while you're up here on lookout?"

"I think about what I'd be doing if I wasn't here. I'd be partying. It's Sunday morning. I'd just be getting home by now. I don't drink anymore. I eat too many eggs. I had to stop drinking when I got the 'lesterol."

Peewee said he remembered being on lookout in the North Atlantic when there were "icebergs all around." He said, "They looked like diamonds in the night." He was in waters off Greenland on a tanker that carried jet fuel and discharged it at anchor after divers went into the water and brought up the ends of pipelines. As the ship approached the anchorage through fields of icebergs, there were lookouts with binoculars on both bridge wings. An icebreaker led the way. The ship hit no ice going in, but while she was at anchor ice hit the ship. Twenty-seven plates cracked.

The light came up—a gray Pacific dawn. Peewee materialized: a slight figure in a construction worker's leather boots, paint-spattered dungarees, a khaki wool shirt, and a baseball cap numbered 117—his daughter Louvenia's unit in the Air Force. Toward six-thirty, he said, "Should be time for sunset?"

"Sunset?"

"Yes. At sunset, that's when the mate calls you to knock off the lookout. Four-to-eight watch. I see the sun go down. I see the sun rise." Minutes went by, the gray became brighter, and still Andy did not call. At 06:41:36, the telephone rang in the bow. Andy said to Peewee, "Good morning. This is the equator."

Andy drops money on the equator. I wondered how much he was dropping on it now. I imagined myself throwing money on the equator, and shivered at the thought.

I also shivered in the cool of the morning. At noon that day, one degree south, the Fahrenheit temperature was seventy-eight degrees, the relative humidity seventy-five per cent. At noon that day in New York City, I learned later, the temperature was eighty-five and climbing. The day's high humidity was ninety-one per cent. All through the summer, everybody in New York and its perisphere had been living in the sort of climate that seals the skin and pops veins in the head. They waded in humidity. Every day for weeks, the high temperatures remained between eighty-eight and ninety-seven. Before I shipped out, I met a Liberian who had come to Princeton on a fellowship. I asked him if he liked America. He said, "Everything but the heat. It is intolerable. Never in my country have I experienced such heat." By comparison with

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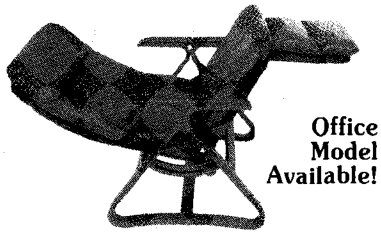

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New York, Panama was cool. The canal, creeping through the forest, was cool. The evening we left Panama, the temperature in the North Pacific was in the seventies. The weather was almost unnerving. As soon as Stella crossed the equator, you heard people say, "It's winter now"—a technicality that is not persuasive there at the latitude of Borneo, with the hull's velvet slide over that soft ocean. We entered the Gulf of Guayaquil. Just the sound of that name—Guayaquil—spelled coffee and chocolate to me, spelled mangoes, bananas, guavas, and heat. At four that afternoon, though, when the temperature in New York City was eighty-nine, the temperature in the Gulf of Guayaquil was seventy-five. I finally understood where the tropics are, why the nights of the iguana are on Forty-seventh Street, and Broadway steams with rain.

The captain said, "Bring her over smartly—zero-seven-five."

Calvin, at the wheel, said, "Zero-seven-five."

The mouth of the River Guayas is defended by a bedrock ledge, which at mean low water lies a few inches deeper than the keel of the Stella Lykes. Gingerly as she goes, every judgment must be perfect above the bar. ("We've been aground twice here," said the bosun.) The emerging current sweeps across the bar. There are large, powerful eddies.

"You slow down in here, she really goes sideways, she really goes like a crab," the captain said. "I watched her set down on this buoy here just to see how far she'd go. Zero-seven-three."

Calvin: "Zero-seven-three."

Andy said, "I see an impressive current on the buoy." The turbulence downcurrent from the buoy resembled the wake of a ship.

Our speed was reduced to ten knots. Burgos the river pilot, who had come aboard, wanted dead slow. Not on this ship in these waters, the captain said. "On dead slow, she doesn't steer. They made the ship a hundred and fifteen feet longer and they didn't change the rudder. You have to play high water here to come over this bar."

He played high water. Like a slaloming kayak, he came over the bar. The Fathometer, lacking the sophistication of a slide calliper, showed no discernible gap between the bottom of the hull and the top of the rock.

Captain Washburn said, "So far so mundane."

A wrecked stick ship lay before us in the mouth of the river—its hull canted, half submerged, its booms at gruesome angles in the air. "See that ship dead ahead?" Washburn said. "He shouldn't have gone there, on account of he's there forever."

As we entered the continent—to run forty miles upriver in the drainage due west of the Amazon—the temperature at 7 P.M. was seventy degrees. The sailors were wearing jackets and sweaters. It was the most refreshing air I had felt in two months—in a country named for the equator.

"The river current on the ebb tide, she comes out of there pretty good," Washburn said. "It's hell if you sheer off a thing and hell if you suck into it." As the propeller pulls water from under a ship, the ship goes down a little in the stern. "Going over the bar, we were down by the stern by fourteen inches. Here in the river, she is also smelling the bottom. She'll suck toward whatever you want to stay away from—a hump or the bank. A ship sucks into a bank or sheers off a bank. One way or the other, *something* is going to happen. Depending on the depth of the water, the horsepower, the tide, the currents, the unconformity of the bottom, she'll suck in or sheer off if she builds up a wave of water. On this river, if you're the man at the wheel you can't be learning on the job. You have to sense that sucker's going to move and put that corrected wheel on then, before it moves, or you're zigzagging all over the place and every time you chase that sheer around you're making it worse. There's some guys that have been steering all their lives and have no instinct for it and can't do it anyway. In a place like this, a good quartermaster is worth his weight in gold."

Calvin grew a foot at the wheel.

I said, "Suppose you had a neophyte where Calvin is."

Washburn said, "He panics. You go aground, you run into a buoy, or you hit another vessel."

Calvin—with authority burgeoning in his low, slow voice—remarked that he never had cared for electrical steering. He said, "You don't feel your ship."

We went up the river in darkness through a braid of mangrove islands. At the maritime port of Guayaquil, in

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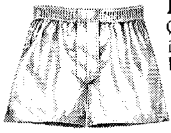

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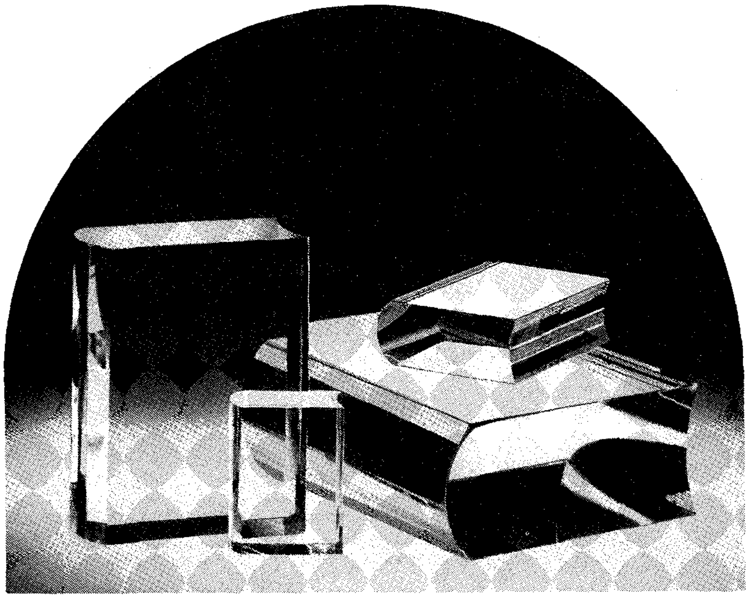
the glare of quayside light, pirates hit the ship while it was docking. The event was swift, incredible, prophetic, and surreal. It was also rehearsed. It could not have come off as smoothly had it not been rehearsed.

In the general profusion of sea stories, there had been so much talk about pirates that I was certain we would never see them. All through a voyage while nothing happens, sailors tell stories about things that happen. There is usually some connection with an ocean voyage, but sometimes the tales drift to the beach and into the streets and back rooms and beds. Apocryphal stories are much told: many a sailor has enough first-person sea stories to fill up several lifetimes. Andy has said, "If you added up a lot of people's sea stories, these people would be two hundred years old." After enduring such a monologue, one sailor will interrupt another to ask, "Did you sail bosun with Columbus?" As Stella went up the Guayas, a sailor said that we were arriving early "to give the pirates more time to take stuff off the ship." There were tales full of grappling hooks, bolt cutters, and crowbars. That nothing was going to happen seemed fairly clear until a fast boat with a quiet engine came up on the offshore side—slipped between the two tugs that were working the ship—and seven or eight pirates threw grappling hooks and swarmed across the rail. They climbed to a container, broke the seal with bolt cutters, removed half a dozen cartons said to contain the worldly possessions of an American diplomat, and were gone in five minutes. The captain appeared with a pistol stuck in his belt that was four times as large as a .45. It was a hand cannon. Its bore could have accommodated a golf ball. It glistened with Rhodesian chrome. It was a Kilgore P52 flare gun loaded with a twenty-thousand-candlepower parachute flare. I had seen the box of flares: "Danger—Extremely Flammable, Keep Out of Reach of Children. Directions: Fire Upward." The captain said something about "getting one of them bastards," but surely he meant to follow the directions. Besides, it was too late. The boarders were gone. "See?" he said. "You come on a modern ship and you are attacked by pirates—by a little outboard flying the Jolly Roger."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)



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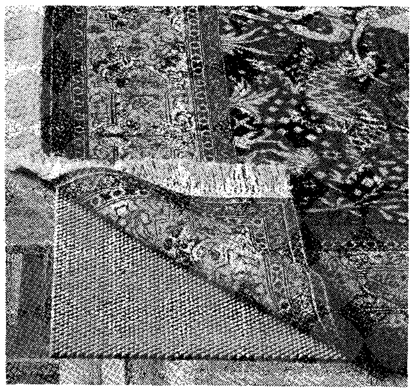

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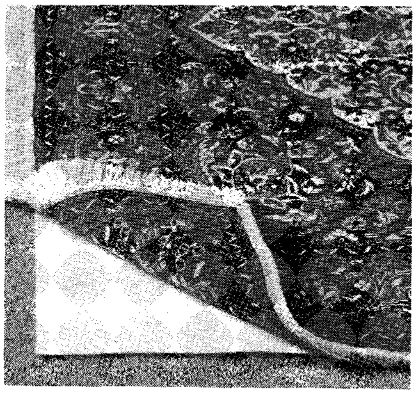

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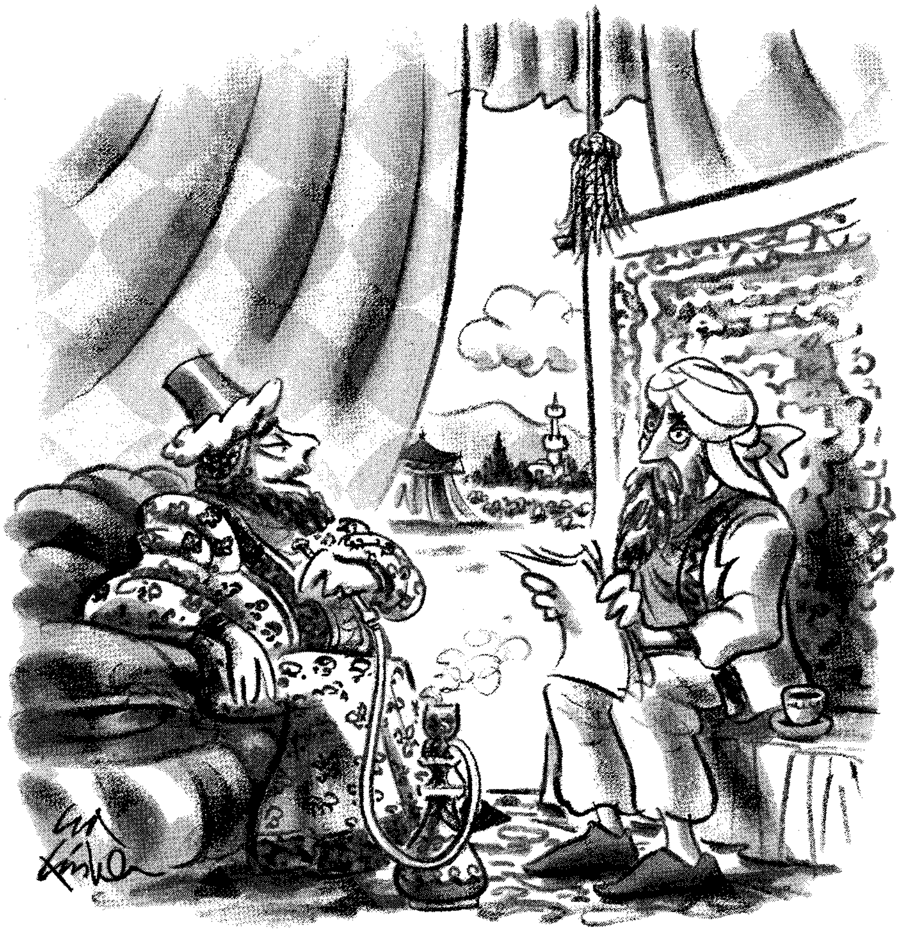
Aftermath of a Kiss

Craig Lucas, whose "Prelude to a Kiss" opened last week at Circle Rep, is a born playwright—an original, one of a kind. He is also a very lucky playwright to have the director Norman René and the fine company that Mr. René has assembled. Mr. René also directed Mr. Lucas's astonishing and indelible "Blue Window" a few years ago and, more recently, his "Three Postcards." "Prelude to a Kiss" is a modern comedy with a difference. Once upon a time, at what appears to be a cocktail party, Peter meets Rita, and they fall in love immediately. Peter's job, he says, is to take "little tiny transparent photographs." Rita is an insomniac who claims that she hasn't slept since she was fourteen (to judge by the look of the enchanting Mary-Louise Parker, who plays her, that couldn't have been too long ago); by avocation, she's a bartender. "We can go to my place," she says, and he jubilantly replies, "Everything worked out great for everybody!"

Not quite. At the party, the Freudian novel "The White Hotel" is mentioned; he summarizes it, and she cites various cases of Freud's. The whole play, for that matter, has a Freudian tinge, which I noted and then forgot. There is a wedding at her parents' house, and an old man, unknown to all present, gives the bride a long, tender kiss. On the subsequent honeymoon, Peter, who, in the person of Alec Baldwin, is just as charming as Miss Parker, notices that Rita has changed in some mysterious way, and when he runs into the old man he realizes that during that wedding kiss the old man absorbed her spirit. No more story; I've told you too much already, and no synopsis, no matter how skillful, could do justice to the richness of this play, to its characters and their quirks and often startling conversation, and, above all, to its humor. "Prelude to a Kiss" is consistently entertaining, though never at the expense of feeling. "Enchanting," "charming," "mysterious"—those are the adjectives, and if "whimsical" weren't such a blight, that would do, too. A wise friend of mine once said, "A truly light touch is a priceless gift"; Mr. Lucas is, as I say, fortunate in having Mr. René at the helm, with a touch to match his own, for "Prelude to a Kiss" is a fragile play, which in the wrong hands could easily collapse. The actors, especially Mr. Baldwin, Miss Parker, and the invaluable Barnard Hughes, as the old man, so inhabit their roles that one can't imagine anyone else playing them. I also admired Debra Monk, L. Peter Callendar, and Larry Bryggman in support. The appropriately artful settings, slightly askew, were designed by Loy Arcenas and lighted by Debra J. Kletter; the appropriate costumes were designed by Walker Hicklin.

—Edith Oliver



"Well! Those poems of yours are lovely indeed, Mr. Khayyâm—but actually I asked you to drop by so we could discuss a little job of tentmaking."

A Problem Like Maria

Arriving, like a beached whale, on the stage of the New York State Theatre is a City Opera revival of "The Sound of Music" so inert, so devoid of charm, appeal, or amiability, that it would bore even a child. At the emotional climax, when Maria had fled back to the abbey and violins hinted that the Mother Superior was about to launch into that first rendition of "Climb Every Mountain," I closed my eyes, put my head on my companion's shoulder, and said, "Wake me when this song is over, would you please?" She whispered back, "What if I can't?"

To be honest, "The Sound of Music" is a show whose appeal I've never understood. Even as a girl, I found the heroine's choice between a dictatorial sea captain and the convent something of a non-issue. The only good songs are the grownup ones, the two with a trace of irony—"How Can Love Survive?" and "No Way to Stop It," the cynical trio about self-preservation. In general, I think you would have to go far to find a famous musical with fewer champions in the adult world. Kenneth Tynan, reviewing the Broadway opening of "The Sound of Music" for this magazine, in 1959, predicted that it might "come to be known in the annals of Broadway as Rodgers and Hammerstein's Great Leap Backward." He wrote, "It is as if the years that separate 'Pal Joey' from 'Gypsy' had dropped out of history."

As Maria the current production casts Debby Boone, who strives for the wholesome, gung-ho earnestness that Julie Andrews brought to the role in the 1965 movie. Boone has a talent for yodelling but combines dramatic ineptitude with an apparent inability to sustain a note. Her physical performance is made up entirely of the gestures and postures of pop music and amateur theatricals, and her deliveries are so flat and dead that there is scarcely a speech that doesn't make you want to call out, "Once more, with feeling!"

Most other aspects of the production are unremarkable: Laurence Guittard gives a suitable performance as the Captain, the children are all competent, and the sets and costumes (designed by Neil Peter Jampolis and Suzanne Mess, respectively) are pretty much what you'd expect. Marianne Tatum, as the worldly widow, and Werner Klemperer, in the Kurt Kasznar role, are easily the best things the production has going for it. (Even with laryngitis, from which he was suffering on opening night, Mr. Klemperer is nice to have around.) Most disappointing of all, perhaps, is the way the production seems to fail the music. There are, after all, moments in this show when harmony takes center stage and the actual sound of music becomes more than usually pleasant—at the end of "Do-Re-Mi" and of "The Lonely Goatherd," for instance, and in the sequence during which the title song is performed as a choral anthem. That even these moments should be lost in a revival staged by one of the city's premier opera companies seems sad.

Why the City Opera elected to present this most familiar (and banal) of Broadway musicals is a mystery to me, but then we've been all through this before—with "The Music Man" and "The Pajama Game." It looks as though the company's practice of kicking off its season each year with a bad production of a show that doesn't really need to be revived is here to stay.

—Mimi Kramer

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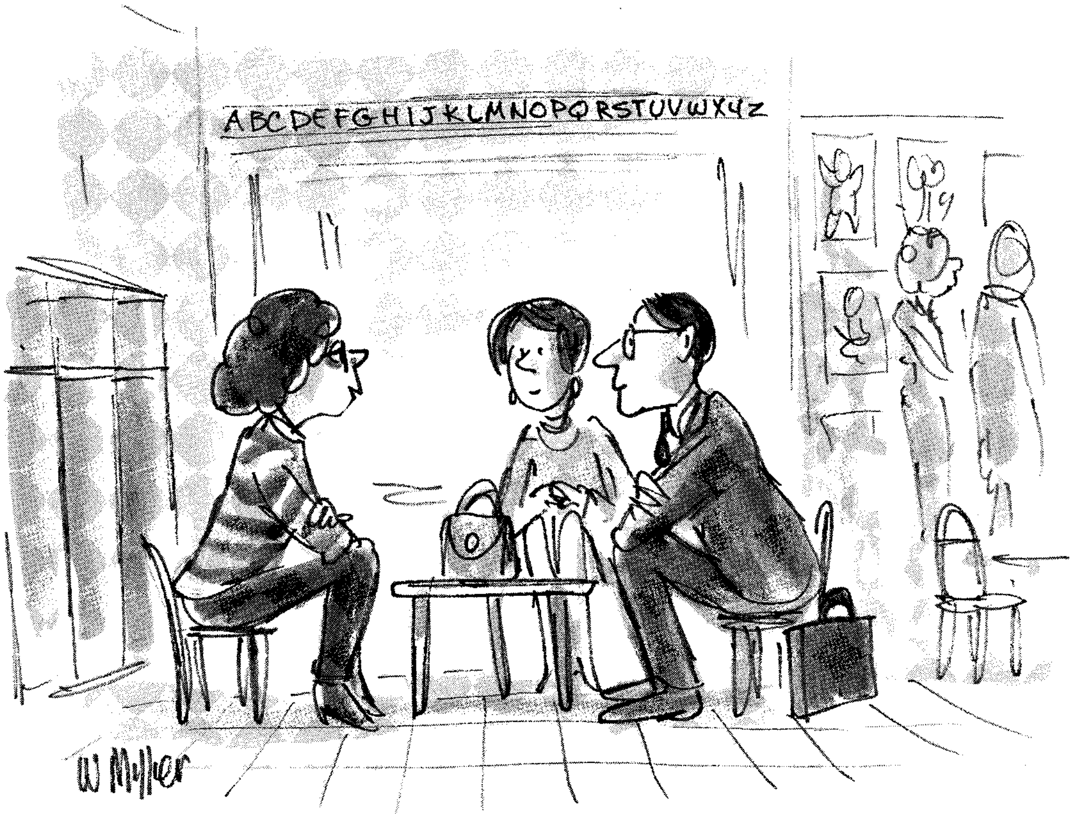
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mainly Orchestral

CARLOS KLEIBER returned to the Met to conduct five performances of Verdi's "Otello," with the same principals he had at Covent Garden this year: Katia Ricciarelli, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz. Instrumentally, the result was bewitching. James Levine has made the Met orchestra second to none, and for Mr. Kleiber its string players seemed to find a hundred new delicacies of timbre and phrasing. One of many small miracles was the sound of the muted-string measures toward the end of Iago's Credo which are marked *dolcissimo* and *ben legato*, with phrasing and portamento slurs superimposed, and syncopated accents. Internal balances were exact. Details emerged in perfect clarity. The playing was energetic, but it had a translucency, an avoidance of fatness, a let-the-singers-through quality that I missed when, a few days later, Mr. Levine conducted "Die Entführung." In several ways, Carlos Kleiber recalls his famous father. "Rigoletto" was the only Verdi opera that I heard Erich Kleiber conduct, but his handling of Mozart, Wagner, and Strauss—and his "Carmen," "Queen of Spades," and "Wozzeck"—had a similar instrumental alertness, conveyed the same sense that every line in a score has its part to play, and also inspired each instrumentalist to give of his or her highest. In some other ways, they are different. Carlos Kleiber is more of a lyricist: his left hand traces a legato, flowing across the grid of the beats, to which players respond immediately. And he is perhaps less of a "theatre" man, in that at his performances one tends to be stirred by the score and its execution rather than gripped by the drama onstage. (One is tempted not to watch the stage when Mr. Kleiber conducts—especially at the Met, where the conductor stands high, visible from the waist up, and sometimes more brightly lit than any of the singers.) There were people who found this "Otello" unmoving.

I was moved by Miss Ricciarelli's Desdemona. Although her voice is now a fragile instrument, so that much of her singing sounded like marking, there was accuracy and honesty of emotion in all that she did, and her tone, even at—perhaps especially at—its smallest, was beautiful. Mr. Kleiber insured that she was always audible. In the third-act duet, she struck some sparks from Mr. Domingo's otherwise reliable but unexciting Othello. Mr. Díaz's Iago was animated but not in fine focus. The smaller roles were, for the most part, poorly taken, with the exception of the herald: Erich Parce sang his few bars fluently and naturally, as a herald should, not as a bit-part player making too much of his moment in the limelight. Franco Zeffirelli's production, eighteen years old, was bluntly lit, by Gil Wechsler. There was a horrid innovation at the close of Act I: Othello and Desdemona snuggled down for the night in the public square, instead of retiring into the castle during the magical music that Verdi wrote for their exit. "Esultate" was sung from the poop of Othello's galley, high above the stage—an acoustically and, since the poop was unlit, theatrically ineffective post. (Mr. Zeffirelli placed Othello there in 1972, but in revivals the tenor has advanced to a traditional position.) Verdi, in an 1889 letter to Ricordi, suggested that the lines of the second-act ensemble where the Cypriots offer to Desdemona lilies, pearls, and bouquets should be sung not chorally but by "a good boy . . . a good baritone . . . a good soprano . . . accompanied by a single mandolin and guitar." A month later, he repeated the proposal: "In the second-act chorus, the solos must be sung by a *solo* voice with light vocal and instrumental accompaniment. For example, a boy offering flowers does a kindly and innocent act: six boys are just a nuisance." No subsequent scores specify solo voices, but Mr. Kleiber used them: a very good *girl*, Tammy Tyburczy, and from the chorus a passable bari-



"Well, for starters, Matt has been showing definite improvement in risk-taking."

tone and a wobbly soprano. About the third-act finale Verdi wrote:

> There can be no scenic truth, nor effectiveness, unless Iago is completely isolated, to the point where the eyes of the public are turned on him alone and his *words*, not his voice, dominate everything and are heard beneath a murmur that is indistinct and even imprecise! Imprecise! A composer's hair stands on end at that word, but no matter.

He attached such importance to Iago's verbal audibility—as the murders of Desdemona and Cassio are planned—that he recomposed the concertato for the first Paris production, throwing Iago into higher relief, and losing some beautiful music. Mr. Kleiber and Mr. Díaz showed the revision to be unnecessary: sticking with the original version, Iago held the audience's attention, and his wicked words were clear.

From a musical point of view, this was the most lucid "Otello" one could hope to hear. At the Met, Mr. Kleiber has worked only in three Zeffirelli productions: the existing "Bohème" and "Otello" and the new "Traviata." Perhaps he is resigned to practical circumstances here and content to deploy his genius where response is assured: in a matchless orchestral account of the opera concerned. (For this "Otello" he had four orchestra rehearsals—none of which he carried to its full term—and no dress.) Should we demand more of him: a musician's insistence that all the details of a show match his shining vision? Or would such insistence mean that we did not hear him at all? Hearing him is a joy of the season. Let us hope that one day he comes together with a cast, a director, a designer who think and feel as he does, and meanwhile be grateful for this instrumentally unforgettable "Otello."

THE Met orchestra and the New York Philharmonic have different personnel. The Vienna Philharmonic, which draws its players from those of the Vienna State Opera, came to Carnegie Hall this month to give five concerts, three of them conducted by Leonard Bernstein and two by Mr. Levine. I missed the first: Mahler's Third Symphony, conducted by Mr. Levine. The fourth, also conducted by Mr. Levine, began with the "Haffner" Symphony, which he performed with affection and attention but in his slightly heavy, emphatic way, unappealing to anyone who learned Mozart under Beecham and Bruno Walter. Alban Berg's Three Orchestra Pieces seemed oddly incoherent, and the account of Brahms' First Symphony that followed suggested why: it was played as a sequence of passing moments, with tempo fluctuations relatable less to any large design than to instant, episodic eloquence.

At the second concert (and again at the third), Mr. Bernstein conducted a noble, coherent performance of Bruckner's Ninth. Bernstein and the Vienna Philharmonic have long been loving companions. The players were attentive to the conductor's every glance, shrug, wave, and wiggle. They played at the top of their bent, and the great work had extraordinary naturalness, flow, inevitability. It was very beautiful. Naturalness and flow did not mark the Mahler songs—the "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen" and five Rückert songs in the "Letzte Lieder" collection—that Mr. Bernstein conducted at the final concert. Many of them were unnaturally slow. The first "Wayfarer" song threatened more than once to stop in its tracks; the second—"Through the field I took my way, dewdrops hung on grass and tree"—lost any sense of cheerful promenade. And yet the performances were enthralling, for each line in each score was rendered with maximum expressivity. I once thought the Rückert "Um Mitternacht," with its contrived rhyme scheme, its repetitions, its pious sentiments, a rather tiresome piece. Mr. Bernstein and the Vienna players—especially the oboe d'amore—made it a wonderful, sustained study of the affecting power of lapped downward-scale figures, each of them a powerful, particular statement, building into a web of beauty. The singer, Thomas Hampson, filled his lines with clear words and admirably controlled, excellent sound. In the last of the nine songs, "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen," slow-tempo strain seemed to be taking a toll, and what should be legato phrases broke into separated notes.

With regret—tempered by the reflection that soon there would be records to listen to, for these Vienna Philharmonic programs were close-tied to Deutsche Grammophon recording plans—I left this concert before Mr. Bernstein embarked on Sibelius's

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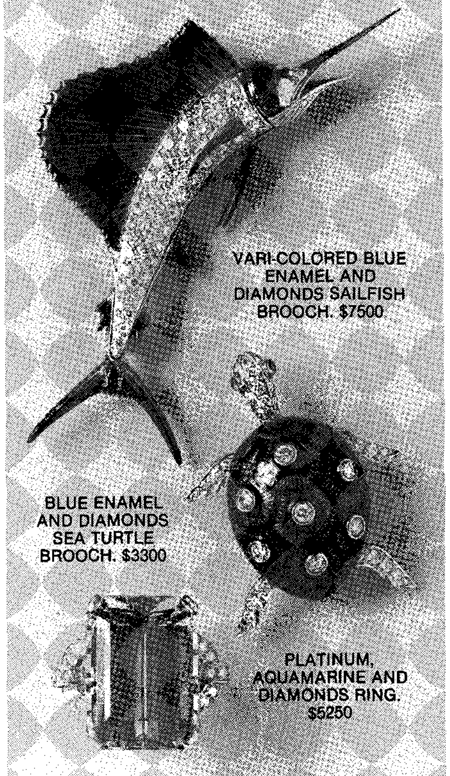

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First Symphony, and made my way uptown to Corpus Christi Church.

THERE, this year's Lenten oratorio in the Music Before 1800 Sunday-afternoon concert series was Alessandro Scarlatti's "Agar et Ismaele Esiliati." Early Scarlatti, it was performed in Rome in 1683, when the composer was twenty-three. Edward Dent thought it the best of the early oratorios, "carefully written, with great attention to poetic expression." It opens with a quarrel sequence between Abraham and Sarah: in the accents of Fricka, Sarah insists that since she (at the age of ninety) has now borne her husband a legitimate son, Isaac, Abraham must divest himself of the Egyptian maid, Hagar, and the child, Ishmael, that—albeit at Sarah's own suggestion—he fathered on the woman. Employing emotional blackmail, Sarah exacts a promise from Abraham that the pair will be exiled. Hagar and Ishmael appear. Hagar, in an angry aria, accuses Sarah of avarice. Ishmael offers to renounce any inheritance in favor of his half brother. Abraham is inflexible, but he ends Part I with a fine three-movement aria, "Chi non sa che sia dolore," more or less to the effect that "None but the lonely heart can know my sorrow." Part II begins with a still regretful Abraham and a still nagging Sarah. The scene shifts to the burning desert, where young Ishmael is dying of thirst. Mother and son sing an excellent series of numbers. In a remarkable chromatic page—D minor, E-flat minor, C minor—Ishmael is about to succumb. But at the last an angel arrives, revealing to Hagar the font whose water will save Ishmael so that he can become the founder of a fierce Arab race.

Many of Scarlatti's arias are made to a formula: a lively ground bass, given out a few times in the tonic, then in the dominant or the relative minor or major, perhaps in yet another key, and then back in the tonic. It is a good formula, on which the composer rings many changes, by the ways he brings in the voice line—sometimes echoing, sometimes in counterpoint, sometimes in passing passages of thirds—and by rhythmic displacements. One example: The first movement of "Chi non sa che sia dolore" begins with a three-bar G-minor ground. Abraham, unaccompanied, takes up just its first strain. The ground appears again, displaced by two beats, and Abraham strikes into it with a free line. The ground waits for Abraham to complete his clause and then returns in D minor; in B-flat; in B-flat again, but with extensions that double its length and lead it to close in G minor; and, finally, after Abraham's independent but motivically related plaint has ended, in a version that points toward C minor but closes into G minor. The whole oratorio is indeed carefully written, largely in a cellular or motivic way, with ingenious juggling and refashioning of small, strong musical shapes. Some numbers are long, some short. There are several ensembles. The combination of clever construction with free, often fierce or poignant emotional expression proves fascinating.

The Corpus Christi performance, directed from a little organ by Louise Basbas, was modest. The accompaniment, provided by the organ, a "period" string quartet, and Richard Stone's archlute, was tenuous at times. But the work came across. The most striking singer was Jennifer Lane, the Hagar, an alto with metal in her timbre and some command of words. Marion Beckenstein, the Ishmael, also had her moments—especially in the boy's final aria, "Speranze," where long notes ring through a strange, moving pattern of descents that seem to depict the trickling away of any hopes. The others were Margery Daley (Sarah), Robert Kuehn (Abraham), and Susanne Peck (the Angel). Miss Daley came to church, on the Second Sunday of Lent, in a strapless gold-lamé sheath. What would St. Paul say?

—ANDREW PORTER

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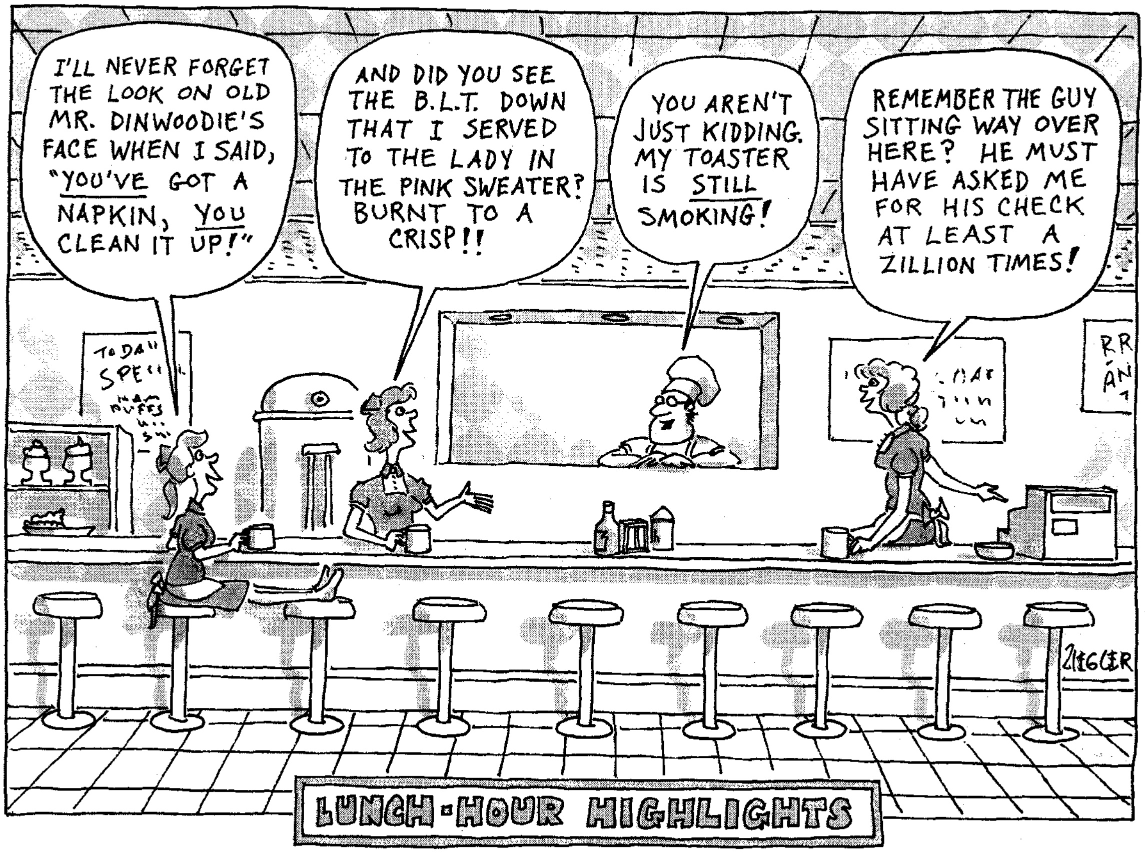
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Out of This World

"FOR ALL MANKIND," Al Reinert's documentary about American astronauts' flights to the moon, is a great movie experience. Between December, 1968, and November, 1972, the Apollo space program sent twenty-four men to the moon, on nine separate missions, six of which made lunar landings, and the voyages were exhaustively recorded on film, tape, and video. From the thousands of hours of flight footage that the astronauts brought back Reinert has made an eighty-minute film that collapses all their experiences into a single epic journey. For the soundtrack he uses recordings of their communications with the Johnson Space Center in Houston, in addition to their present-day reflections on what they saw and did; the speakers aren't identified by name, so we feel as if we were hearing one voice (with different accents). It's a simple idea that requires extraordinarily complex execution—sort of like the Apollo program itself. The movie never tries to impress us with its technique, though. It stays focussed on its primary concern, which is to draw us into the shifting emotional states of the space travellers, and it makes the astronauts' feelings—and those of the people on the ground who are directing their progress, and living the journey vicariously—vivid and immediate: their curiosity, their fear, their professional detachment, their juvenile ebullience, their awe. Cannily, Reinert combines majestic visions with odd human details, and the film, for all its splendor, has a friendly, down-home quality. We feel at times as if we were in someone's rec room watching a movie of the family vacation: Our Trip to the Moon.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YOU AREN'T JUST KIDDING. MY TOASTER IS STILL SMOKING!
REMEMBER THE GUY SITTING WAY OVER HERE? HE MUST HAVE ASKED ME FOR HIS CHECK AT LEAST A ZILLION TIMES!
ZIEGLER
LUNCH-HOUR HIGHLIGHTS

One of the astronauts, as his spacecraft orbits the moon, radios back to Houston, "It might sound corny, but the view is really out of this world." The movie is full of just this sort of corniness—spontaneous responses that are moving precisely because they're inadequate. When you're faced with the sight of, say, the Earth coming into view from beyond the lunar horizon, there's nothing you can say, and yet you have to say *something:* not to react would be inhuman. Reinert gives us a fair sampling of inarticulate responses —"Wow!" and "Yahoo!" and "What a ride!" and others, just as primitive. But there are times—usually during periods of concentration on some technical maneuver—when the astronauts express themselves more inventively. One of them describes the feeling of getting ready for the launch as "like the big game about to start"; another, having just struggled into his bulky space suit, speaks of being "in your work clothes, ready to go to work"; cruising over the surface of the moon in their rover, the men kid each other about reckless driving; in the tense moments before the lunar module lifts off to head back to Earth, one astronaut is heard to say, "We're number one on the runway." Throughout, we're aware of the gap between where these men are and where they've come from. (One man recalls thinking, as the module is about to touch down on the moon, "This is not for real—you're back in the simulator.") We laugh at all their humor, even when it's lame, out of respect for the impulse behind it: the need to cut through the dreamlike unfamiliarity of their circumstances, to give the illusion of routine to something unprecedented, to joke away the terror of the unknown. Reinert makes the astronauts' wit seem their most heroic quality.

"For All Mankind" provides plenty of non-verbal humor, too—slapstick in space. As the capsule makes its way to the moon, we see unshaven men spinning and tumbling in the reduced-gravity cabin, trying to eat while their food floats away, tossing a flashlight back and forth, and watching a cassette player drift lazily between them. These sequences are scored to music that the astronauts took along with them: "Act Naturally," performed by Buck Owens; Sinatra's rendition of "Fly Me to the Moon"; and, inevitably, the theme from "2001: A Space Odyssey." The action on the moon is even giddier. The astronauts, encased in their heavy suits, bound and lurch and stum-

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ble and fall down (with unreal slowness, in soft little clouds of lunar dust); they look like unsteady toddlers in snow togs. (In a particularly hilarious scene, two astronauts supply their own background music, singing "I was strolling on the moon one day"; after their duet has ended, one of them continues to hum, ineptly but happily, as he collects rock samples.) The physical comedy is worthy of Buster Keaton—and Keaton, whose ingenuity was generated by the need to preserve himself from the unpredictability of both machines and the elements, would surely have seen these explorers as kindred spirits.

Reinert is smart to include so much comic material. Without it the movie might have been oppressively inspirational—a conventional exercise in patriotic propaganda. Or—with all those shots of objects floating languorously in the emptiness of black space, the shimmering distant views of the Earth and the moon, and the trancelike music by Brian Eno—it might have been a ponderous trip movie of the "Koyaanisqatsi" variety. From scene to scene, and almost without warning, the mood of "For All Mankind" keeps changing: from tense to childishly delighted, then to raptly contemplative. We experience the voyage, as the astronauts must have, in a state of constant surprise: every sensation is intensified, because we never know quite what to expect. (For all their training and preflight simulations, the astronauts are always coming up against things they haven't anticipated; one, recalling his first sight of the moon at close range, says, "Nothing looked right.") Reinert and his editor, Susan Korda, also make expert use of the varied textures of the visual and aural material at their disposal. Sometimes the images are spectacularly, heartbreakingly sharp (the filmmakers transferred the original 16-mm. footage to 35-mm.), sometimes they're trembly and a little vague, and sometimes they're fuzzy blowups from videotape. Each has its own kind of beauty, and the mixture keeps our eyes alert. The alternation of staticky radio transmissions with the clear, tranquil sound of the astronauts' voices in recently recorded interviews has the same sort of effect.

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ment, and we understand their desire to sort out the sights and emotions that came upon them in such a dizzying rush during their missions. One of them remembers a moment on the way to the moon when he realized with regret that he wouldn't be able to hold on to all his sensations; he didn't want to let any of his images get away from him. Another recalls stepping back from himself while he collected samples from the lunar surface, and thinking that "bringing back a little bit of some kind of thought and feeling was as important as bringing another chunk of rock back." The ravishing, ethereal images of "For All Mankind" seem even lovelier in the context that Reinert has given them. We're always conscious of the men who brought them back, who carry them in their memories, and who try, in this movie, to go beyond the simple "Wow!" they felt when the unimaginable sights were before them. It's the home movie of men who can say, with only a trace of irony, "The stars are my home." (One astronaut actually says this in the film.) "For All Mankind" is an attempt to express the inexpressible. Both the filmmakers and their subjects are fully aware that they won't quite manage it; they're even a bit amused by their own presumptuousness. This is a graceful and good-humored work, and it speaks with what the Romantic poets called "the real language of men."

THERE'S a gigantic special-effects moon in John Patrick Shanley's "Joe Versus the Volcano." It looks about ten times the size of the luminous sphere that hovered in the sky of "Moonstruck," which was written by Shanley (and directed by Norman Jewison). In the two years since that film, Shanley's sense of proportion seems to have deserted him. By the end of "Moonstruck," all the script's excesses—the florid characterizations, the cartoon-Italian ambience, the over-the-top romanticism—made charming sense, partly because the director's dexterity helped tone down the cuteness, and partly because the movie's operatic motif created a world of sublime unreality. Everything in "Joe Versus the Volcano," which Shanley directed from his own script, just seems too big—everything, that is, except the characters; they have quirks in place of personalities.

Joe (Tom Hanks) is a depressed-

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looking average guy who works in the advertising department of American Panascope, a medical-supply business specializing in rectal probes and petroleum jelly. The office looks as if it hadn't been decorated—or even cleaned—since the late fifties; Joe's boss (Dan Hedaya) is an idiot and a bully; the coffee is undrinkable; and Joe, a world-class hypochondriac, has felt listless and unwell for the four and a half years he's worked there. A doctor (Robert Stack) tells him that he's suffering from a condition known as a "brain cloud," and has only a few months to live. Soon after he quits his job, he's approached by a wealthy businessman (Lloyd Bridges), who offers him a paid trip to a South Seas island so that he can end his life gloriously by leaping into an active volcano. (The businessman will derive some financial advantage from this; the details are whimsical and boring.) After stops in Manhattan and Los Angeles, Joe sets sail for the island on a yacht piloted by the businessman's daughter Patricia (Meg Ryan, who also plays Patricia's half-sister, Angelica, and a mousy secretary at American Panascope); a shipwreck, tropical high jinks, and a romantic happy ending ensue. The message—one of Hollywood's current favorites—is "Seize the day."

Shanley's wild, ambitious screenplay, with its abrupt changes of setting and mood, would be a challenge for a veteran director; it's much too tricky for a beginner—even one who knows exactly what the writer had in mind. As a director, Shanley doesn't serve himself very well. He overemphasizes his most fragile bits of comic invention—the drifts of dandruff on Hedaya's jacket, the island natives' fondness for canned orange soda. He kills his throwaway ideas with repetition. The movie loses its tempo every time the setting shifts, and has to work up a rhythm again, so it has a lurching, manic-depressive pace. And too many important scenes, like the one with that big moon, require a kind of visual lyricism that Shanley hasn't mastered; they end up either puzzling or merely flat. Worst of all, the tone of some of the more elaborate sequences is disastrously off: Joe's office is depicted so grotesquely that the movie seems to be laughing at people who work at low-paying, dead-end jobs; the scenes in which Joe goes on a shopping spree in Manhattan look uncomfortably like advertising for expensive Madison Avenue stores.

The actors are on their own, trying to work the oddball traits they've been given into characters. Hanks isn't bad, but he never seems fully present: as the movie goes on, his performance becomes more and more recessive. Ryan is inspired in one of her three roles, that of Angelica, a neurotic L.A. redhead who dabbles in the arts; she describes herself as "a painter and a poet," and, before she can close her mouth on this impressive phrase, gulps down a little pill. (When she hands Joe over to the fresh-faced, tediously spunky Patricia, we're disappointed. Angelica and Joe seem like a perfect match; her brain is at least as clouded as his.) And Ossie Davis is commandingly funny in a handful of scenes as the chauffeur who guides Joe through Manhattan. Shanley has a talent for weird, off-kilter dialogue, and the movie has a few bright moments. But his inspirations are much too fragile for the hard sell he gives them in "Joe Versus the Volcano." This sort of crackpot comic fantasy works only if it's done with a light touch—in a style like Bill Forsyth's or Jonathan Demme's. It's dangerous to make too big a deal out of eccentricity.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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LETTER FROM MANAGUA

MARCH 13

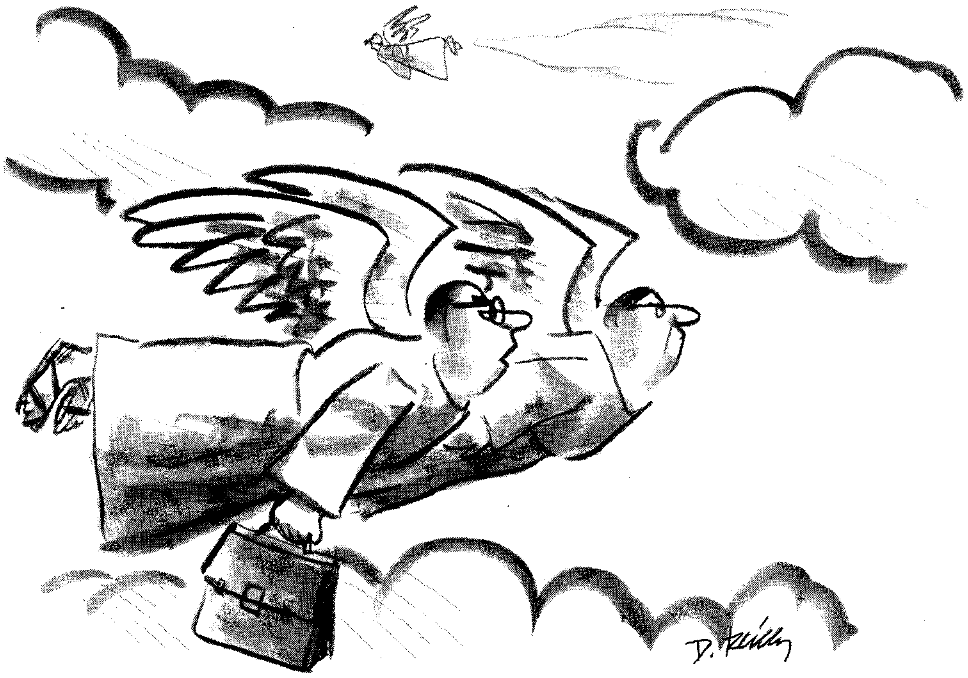
WHEN the polls opened at 7 A.M. on Sunday, February 25th, the long lines of waiting voters did not know that they were about to decide the end of a ten-year-old one-party regime, and in the extraordinary thirty-four hours that elapsed between 6 A.M. Monday, when President Daniel Ortega appeared at a televised press conference to concede defeat, and his reappearance in public at a Sandinista rally on Tuesday the country came to a complete halt while the stunned people of Nicaragua contemplated the magnitude of what they had done, and tried to imagine the unimaginable consequences of their act.

February marks the height of the dry season here; on that Monday morning, only dust inhabited the streets, rolling through the city in brown clouds. Everywhere, there was dead silence. The era of Sandinismo had ended; for the first time in the country's history, a democratic transfer of power had been announced, and a great many people were fearful that the first result of this gift could be civil war.

It is now general knowledge that when the voting stations closed Sunday evening President Daniel Ortega was calmly writing his acceptance speech, having been lulled into unfounded optimism by a series of polls that gave him a huge percentage lead over his opponent, Violeta Chamorro—a lead about as large as the one he would soon learn he had lost by. At 10 P.M., the Sandinista National Liberation Front's campaign workers were still setting up their victory celebration—huge loudspeakers, balloons, ska and salsa music, and all the other trimmings that had for months drawn immense crowds to their rallies. At 11 P.M., with the promised "quick count" results still unannounced, the Managua headquarters of both Ortega's F.S.L.N. and UNO, the coalition backing Mrs. Chamorro, were electric with rumors, as was the new Olof Palme Convention Center, in the ruins of what had been downtown Managua until the devastating 1972 earthquake. Most of the thousand or so foreign reporters covering the election were waiting here for someone to come out and say something. At the nearby Bambana night club, where UNO supporters were waiting for Mrs. Chamorro, no preparations for a celebration seemed to be under way, but a spokesman, Danilo Lacayo, was brimming with cheer. "We are very tranquil," he told skeptical reporters. "Believe me, there will be surprises tonight." At 2 A.M., the head of the Supreme Electoral Council, Mariano Fiallos Oyanguren, announced the results of the first 5.6 per cent of votes tallied. His voice was broadcast over the Sandinista loudspeaker system to thousands of youths who had gathered at a bandstand outside F.S.L.N. campaign headquarters and were still waiting for something to celebrate. As Dr. Fiallos, a former rector of the National Autonomous University and a longtime Sandinista, droned out the results region by region, the teen-agers gradually stopped chattering as they began to realize that the count was against them.

Inside the Party headquarters' V.I.P. room, the President's wife, Rosario Murillo, a poet who likes to wear miniskirts and shoulder-length earrings, broke a dreadful silence by bursting into Sandinista song, her eye makeup running as she led half a dozen followers through a series of off-key verses. In a corner, Bianca Jagger stared at the scene. Outside, an announcer told the stunned crowd that the show would continue, and four couples in nineteen-fifties Cuban-style dance outfits went through some demure gyrations. Before the reality of defeat sank in, a few teen-agers actually joined the music and danced. The scattering of adults in the crowd milled about in shock. "But the polls," people kept saying. "The polls."

In fairness to the pollsters, the complexities of the population's relations with the guerrillas who took power at the head of a popular insurrection in 1979 might have confused almost anyone trying to call the results of an election that was essentially a plebiscite on the Sandinista regime. When the Sandinistas toppled Anastasio Somoza Debayle, the last of the Somoza family dynasty installed forty-three years earlier by the United States, and rode triumphantly through Managua in their ragged uniforms, they appeared scrawny, heroic, unbelievably young. They embodied the best of everything that three and a half million people who were used to seeing their nation treated as a fourth-rate banana republic might dream of. Inspired by the guerrillas, they, the people, had brought to an end the tedious, repetitive history of occupations and manipulations by the United States and its longtime protégé, and the Sandinista anthem that the Nicara-



"We signed an iron-clad pre-eternity agreement; I got to take it with me."

guans then bellowed fullheartedly said it all:

> The future is ours.
> Our people are the owners of their history,
> Architects of their own liberation . . .
> We fight against the Yankee,
> The enemy of humanity.

The self-image of heroic defiance, martyrdom, and abnegation lived on in a steadily growing core of members and sympathizers of the F.S.L.N., parallel to the wearying, everyday reality of life with the Sandinistas. Over the decade, the ex-guerrillas built and destroyed so much, empowered and offended so many people—enlightening and repressing them in almost equal measure—that by the time the elections were held it was hard to know which of the Sandinistas' many contradictory attitudes and policies people would choose to remember in the privacy of a voting booth.

HOW could one judge, for example, the peasants on the outskirts of Estelí whom a trio of us reporters interviewed shortly before the elections? I had first visited Estelí, a drab little city in the cool northern hills of Nicaragua, in 1978, following the Sandinista takeover of the National Palace. The takeover had sparked the first nationwide insurrection against Somoza, and a small Air Force plane was strafing the city that day. The only person we found at the entrance to Estelí was a wiry old man, one of those swamp-green-eyed people whom Nicaraguans call "cats." He offered to take us into the combat zone, and when we asked, rather doubtfully, if he was armed he displayed that combination of recklessness, theatrical flair, and innocence which has seduced so many visitors to this land. "This is the weapon I will defend Nicaragua with to the last drop of blood!" he declaimed, his ragged shirt fluttering in a heroic wind that seemed to have just sprung up around his chest, and, thrusting a hand into the air, he brandished a table knife.

Now, a dozen years later, two Estelí men, also in their careworn fifties—one a "cat"; the other brown-eyed, and pale-skinned below the shirt collar; both missing a few teeth—talked to us and to a woman known everywhere around Estelí as Chepita, the leader of the local unit of the all-purpose Sandinista Defense Committees that have at various points in their history served as emergency civil-defense organizations, neighborhood-control apparatuses, and, in their most recent transformation, support centers for community projects. Chepita had volunteered to take us on her rounds that day, and now we listened as she helped the two men, Ernesto Delgadillo and Juan Blandón, organize the inauguration of a two-room school building that had just been completed.

"Is there music?" Chepita wanted to know.

There was: a couple of guitar pickers and a violin.

"Good. We'll bring the loudspeakers. Dancers for the dance contest?"

There were four child couples and four adults.

"Other cultural activities?"

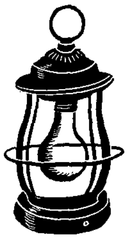
The two men looked blank.

"Other activities to fill in the program after the ribbon-cutting," Chepita insisted.

"Someone told us about a burlap-sack race that's supposed to be a lot of fun," Blandón said. "Does that count?"

Chepita frowned. "*Compañero*," she said, "how about things to make the community aware of its history and its values? A joke-telling contest, or a storytelling contest by some of the oldest men in the village."

The elders agreed to try, and Chepita went on to explain to the women present how they could use red and black ribbon—the Sandinista colors—to make decorations.



Delgadillo—whose home, a rudimentary three-room hut, we were sitting in—said he and Blandón had learned to read during the 1980 literacy campaign, which mobilized tens of thousands of Nicaraguan teen-agers in an exhausting but exhilarating five-month drive. "Basically, we just got familiar with the letters," Delgadillo said. "We resisted the learning at first, because one gets used to living in the torment of ignorance and thinks that reading won't make a difference, but, of course, it does. For example, at seminars, when at the end they hand out questions, and you have to write down the answers."

Seminars! Since when had cracked-footed peasants with gawky smiles been going to seminars in Nicaragua?

"Oh, since the revolution," Blandón said casually.

There are now seminars on planting and livestock-insemination techniques, on coöperative management and public health, held both in local urban centers and in Managua, and the most active community leaders can even aspire to a trip to Havana or Belgium. Just imagine what Delgadillo could dream of for his children! "They're going to have a different style," he said, spreading his arms enthusiastically. "Because we cast off the slavery of the Somoza days, when he didn't even give us permission to dream of a future."

Still, for the present things hardly looked positive. Delgadillo's hut represented the lowest rung of Latin-American poverty: dirt floors, no windows, wide gaps between uneven wall boards, a wood-burning hearth for cooking corn and beans. There was little else. Delgadillo, who had been bursting with eloquence just a few moments earlier, was suddenly taciturn when we asked him about his house, and admitted only after much prodding that his family's life was difficult—desperate, in fact. "It's the war," he said. "It takes resources from the state, so we don't get any help." Then we noticed that the head of the village's Sandinista Defense Committee had come in and was standing directly behind us, listening carefully.

We found out more at another hamlet near Estelí, which would also soon inaugurate a school. Chepita had wandered away to talk to a group of women, leaving us with a man who was sifting sand for cement at the construction site. "Some are happy, some are not," he answered with an equivocal smile when we asked about the economic situation. Eventually, he explained that most families were planting only subsistence crops, and were surviving on a cash income of nearly zero. There were no credits, he said. Hadn't been for several years now, and since 1988, when the government finally decided to link the interest rate on bank loans to the outrageous rate of inflation—thirty-six thousand per cent that year alone—peasants had refrained from even asking for loans. The situation was so bad that several families had left, and the ones that remained lived in fear of the Contras, who were still operating just on the other side of the hill.

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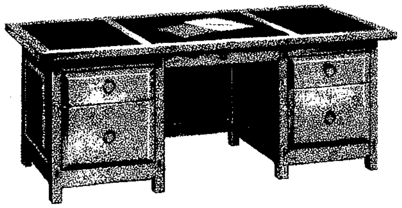

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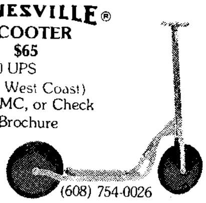

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Even though the United States officially suspended military aid (but not maintenance assistance) to the Contras in 1988, you can still see the war in much of northern Nicaragua. On the road between Estelí and San Rafael del Norte, our attention was caught by a couple of dozen brand-new prefabricated houses set in orderly rows in a lovely valley below. It was a *cooperativa armada*, one of dozens of such settlements established by the Sandinista Army as military/civilian obstacles, barring access to the local garrisons. The place seemed deserted, and a woman nursing a sickly baby explained why. "Since the Contras came and burned this place down, no one wants to come and live here," she said. The Contras, it seemed, had descended on the place in 1984, setting fire to the original village and all the machinery, and seven families had fled.

Several of the *cooperativa*'s twenty men were out in the fields, using a burned-out tractor and husking the season's meagre crop. The men were not really farmers. They had come here from the outskirts of Estelí in exchange for the promise of land, and the results of their inexperience were evident: worm-infested cauliflower, runty corn. The Contras were all over, they said—in the hills within walking distance of where we were standing, and in the valley just beyond. There had been some shooting in the vicinity the previous Sunday, but the farmers felt relatively safe: the local Army commander had been fighting in those hills ever since he was a Sandinista guerrilla, and he knew his business. Whenever the Contras got too close, the captain would come and tell the men to drop their work and get their guns.

In general, the *cooperativas* are well armed—with AK-47s, like the Contras—and they have privileged access to farm equipment and loans, so within the general grimness of the situation the men we talked to seemed calm and unswerving in their Sandinista loyalty. Besides, the Army captain's military skills were obviously matched by his political tact. "He has let me keep my boy here, helped me hide him from the draft," one man said. "He knows there aren't enough hands here to work the land if the boys go. He's a very good man. In exchange, we let him have a little bit of land at the entrance to the

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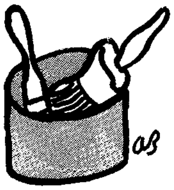
valley, so the troops can grow some food."

There are figures that give some idea of the war's damage. For example, by 1985, following the worst year of fighting, local research centers had tallied forty-eight schools destroyed and five hundred and two others closed down in combat areas; forty-four thousand hectares of forest burned; and four million dollars in gold lost in the principal mining centers. There were also four thousand dead, including five European volunteer workers and seven hundred and thirty-three farmers, and there were four hundred and twenty-five thousand displaced persons, some inside Nicaragua and some abroad. It is hard to compute the almost complete disruption of agriculture, the effects of allocating around thirty-five per cent of the eight-hundred-million-dollar national budget to the Army, the huge cost of treating the war-wounded and providing for their families. The Sandinistas brought suit against the United States at the International Court of Justice in The Hague for twelve billion dollars in war reparations in 1988, and the Court has agreed to try the case. An eventual ruling in their favor would gain them nothing; Washington refused to recognize the Court's jurisdiction when it condemned the Reagan Administration for mining Nicaragua's ports. The Sandinistas were not able, in their tallying of the destruction and damages, to factor in the effect of the Contras on their own hold on power, although many of the Sandinista blunders and political defeats were a direct response to the army of rebels organized, trained, supplied, and promoted by the United States.



Who knows, for example, whether the *cooperativa* members would have seemed so disposed to vote for Daniel Ortega if the local captain had not agreed to let their sons evade the draft? If the Sandinistas and their opposition can agree on anything, it is that the government lost the elections on the critical issue of the draft. It proved beyond a doubt that the war against the Contras, for which the draft was indispensable, did not move Nicaraguans as a whole to the extremes of patriotism and sacrifice which the Sandinistas had just naturally expected from their people, and which those people had displayed inexhaustibly during the insurrection against Somoza.

A FEW kilometres outside Managua proper is a dismal, sprawling township that has been known since the revolution as Ciudad Sandino; earlier, when the Somoza family and a close associate parcelled it out to victims of the 1972 earthquake (at a price), it was called Open Tres. During the 1978 uprising and the final anti-Somoza insurrection, in 1979, almost all the male teen-agers in Open Tres left it to join the guerrillas, and Somoza's National Guard attempted to arrest the remainder one night, so closely was the area's youth identified with the rebellion. Less than a dozen years later, Ciudad Sandino voted against the Sandinistas nearly three to one, and shortly before that happened I spent a few days there, to see how some of the poor who constitute the vast majority of Nicaragua's population lived and what they did with their spare time.

They didn't do much. After privation, the overwhelming reality of Nicaragua is boredom, a reality so pervasive as to explain the crowds at almost any campaign event at which the Sandinistas appeared with their loudspeakers and salsa music, and of those there were many in Ciudad Sandino. The campaign kicked off in December when Daniel Ortega, who used to be an amiable, nondescript type of guy, arrived in Ciudad Sandino wearing new, flashy shirts that his campaign designers had found for him, to pose with babies for Polaroid pictures and hand out caps and T-shirts with the Sandinistas' red-and-black logo.

The teen-age daughters of Alonso and Rosa Ramírez still wear the T-shirts—partly because they like Daniel, as he is universally known, and partly because they have hardly any other clothes. Their parents, like most of the population, have seen their standard of living decline over the last several years, and that means they must support three children still living at home on a combined income of less than a hundred dollars a month. Rubén, the youngest child, is nine, and never drinks milk. The family subsists on rice and beans and a few tortillas (they're expensive) and very sweet black coffee. They sleep on metal cots overlaid with salvaged bits of foam rubber, and careless sleepers soon find different parts of their bodies wedged between sagging wires and knocking against the floor. The house has no kitchen, and not even a sink, but only a hose in the yard, with the running water the revolution brought; a washstand; and a latrine next to a tiny pen where a pig is kept. There is no electrical appliance except a radio. An automobile's sideview mirror serves the family for grooming, and is stowed away carefully after each use.

Before Alonso Ramírez lost his job at a state-owned cheese factory, his salary actually came to less than he now earns by picking up construction work here and there, but when he was taken off the payroll he had no way of knowing that people would come to trust his honesty and reliability and sweet temper enough to keep him almost steadily in demand. The factory shut down a year ago, after years of corruption and mismanagement, which began when a program to halt inflation led instead to an inflation rate so wildly out of proportion to government-controlled wages that consumption of most goods virtually stopped. Demand for the cheese soon dropped so sharply that it started to fester in the vats. Rather than admit to a production setback, the factory manager gave orders that the stuff be dumped secretly at night behind the Cuesta del Plomo—the sharp rise off the shore of Lake Managua where Somoza's National Guard used to drop the mutilated corpses of Sandinista sympathizers. Eventually, much of the cheese started disappearing into the black-market network, but there was still an excess, and it was still disposed of at the dump site. A high-ranking official from the Ministry of Agrarian Reform, which owned the factory, visited it after hearing of the crisis. "And he was really angry," Ramírez said. "He told us that our boys fighting the war would have been grateful for just a little cheese at the front, and that at the very least we could have distributed the cheese among ourselves. So for a while we were all taking lots of cheese home, and some was going to the border"—the border with Honduras, where the Contra war was being fought. "There were still black-market sales, though," he added. And the official had said nothing about generating profits, so,

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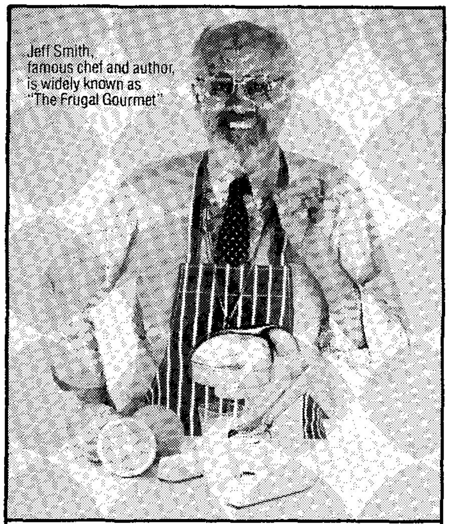

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despite determined efforts by the union to get rid of the manager, the factory was eventually closed down, the manager was promoted, and Ramírez was dismissed.

Amazingly, both Alonso and Rosa Ramírez voted for Daniel Ortega. Rosa, who works as a maid and washerwoman for less than thirty dollars a month, likes him, and she does not seem to associate her extreme poverty with the Sandinistas' erratic economic policies. She told me that she thought the President was a good man, with much better intentions toward the poor than his opponent's, but she didn't know what she would have done if she had had a draft-age son. She does know that she had fought tooth and nail to keep her older daughter from joining a coffee-picking brigade. "No one can like the idea of her daughter going off someplace where she can be raped or lost," she said. "I told my neighbors that since none of us agreed with this situation we should get together and tell the head of the Defense Committee, so he could at least get our complaint down on paper and show it to those farther up. But people were scared to talk. Privately, they complained, but in public no one said a word. That's what's happened to the Sandinistas. There's a lot of dissatisfaction they didn't know about." She thinks it's a pity that communication between "the people" and Ortega has been sabotaged by what she calls "his administrators": the middle-level party cadres and bureaucrats who were hastily put in place by the guerrillas to manage a country their own small numbers could not hope to control.

Rosa's neighbor across the street, Enrique García Avilés, once attempted unsuccessfully to hide his son from the draft, and the draft is only one of a long list of grievances he has against the F.S.L.N. He remembers that when the Sandinista Defense Committees were formed, to watch over him and his neighbors, enforce calls to voluntary work sessions, and mobilize people for rallies, the woman who had performed similar tasks for Somoza emerged as the head of the local organization. García, who then considered himself a Sandinista, loathed her. Eventually, he grew to hate the Sandinistas, too, with a passion that did not diminish when the woman was replaced by a more reasonable neighbor, and it has not diminished since. "They are drastic, totalitarian," he says. "That woman stood here in the street and burned *La Prensa*"—the opposition newspaper. "A lot of people didn't like that, but there was pressure on us to go to those things. If we didn't, she could cut our rations."

García is a shoemaker, affiliated with the Cooperativa Kojak. "Only the *cooperativas* got materials at one point, but if you refused to go harvest coffee or sugar on the government farms they cut back your supplies," he complains. "I still feel my blood boil when I remember those things. And what about what they did to Father Bismarck Carballo? Anyone can have a slipup, but to set a trap for him with a woman like that and run him out naked into the street! And then to have the shamelessness to show this on the nightly news! They think we don't remember things like that, but the people never forgot."

The Sandinistas did run their election campaign as if no one in the country had any memory. In the past, whenever international or domestic pressure against a particular policy—harassment of the conservative sector of the Catholic Church, say, or censorship of nongovernment news media—became unbearable, the policy was simply dropped. In the campaign stops I witnessed, Ortega made no reference to recent history; he never attempted to explain to his audience what had happened to the economy after the worst of the Contra war was over, what mistakes had been made by the Sandinistas themselves, or what measures were being taken to correct policies that had proved unworkable. There was no discussion of why Cardinal Miguel Obando y Bravo had once been a principal object of ridicule in the official press and why his homilies calling for peace are now quoted respectfully. For Sandinista supporters and detractors alike, the message was simple: UNO, the coalition backing Mrs. Chamorro, was "the National Guard–UNO." And for the Sandinistas the message was that, following Ortega's inevitable reëlection, "*Todo sera mejor*"—"Everything will be better." The speeches usually lasted about fifteen minutes, and then the loudspeakers switched to salsa music, while Ortega threw autographed baseballs out to the crowd.

A lot of F.S.L.N. people agreed even

before the election that the Ortega campaign had about as much content as the literature on a box of breakfast cereal, but, they said, the President had already got a deeper message across in the weekly televised question-and-answer sessions known as "De Cara al Pueblo" ("Face the People"). "In the beginning, to be perfectly honest, the sessions were staged," the mayor of Managua, Carlos Carrión, told me two days before the elections. "We'd make sure someone in the audience asked this question and someone else that one. But it made us uncomfortable. The President, especially, wouldn't put up with it. So 'Face the People' became the place where the real issues could be debated, and they always ended with a long explanation by the President of the issue that seemed to be most on everyone's mind."

Carrión's underlying assumption was that the Sandinistas' spiritual link with the people was so strong that it could override any temporary romance with the opposition, so that UNO and F.S.L.N. sympathizers alike would turn up at the lively question-and-answer sessions, allowing the Party to keep accurate track of the pulse of the nation. Although there was no reason that this should be the case, the conviction appears to have been shared by the whole of the F.S.L.N., and it explains why, a few days after a disturbingly large UNO rally in the city of Masaya, Ortega's campaign organizers decided to turn a scheduled "De Cara al Pueblo" into yet another Sandinista sound-machine presentation. The session was to be held in the Indian enclave of Monimbó, which, like Ciudad Sandino, is considered a cradle of the revolution. By the time Ortega was scheduled to arrive, the crowd was not nearly as large as UNO's had been, but Justo González, a shoemaker and a local leader of the anti-Somoza insurrection, was insisting that nothing was wrong. "People will show up at the last minute," he said. "This isn't supposed to be a rally anyway. The people of Monimbó have been asking for a 'De Cara al Pueblo' for a long time, to discuss their problems, and that's a much smaller affair." González said that the community's main problems were lack of water—they had just spent two weeks without any—and lack of raw materials for the hammocks, Indian clothing, and leather goods that Monimbó traditionally lives off. But when the "Dannymobile" arrived Ortega spent almost two hours posing with babies for Polaroid shots and then gave the standard, content-free speech. UNO won Masaya two weeks later by a margin of ten per cent.

It seems that sometime in the course of the Sandinistas' long showdown with the United States, avoiding bad news became a Party tradition. At the grass-roots level, bad-news bearers were stigmatized as Contra allies or weaklings. The lower-level Party cadres and militants, eager to please in the pressurecooker atmosphere imposed on them by the demands of a war and of a barely consolidated government, filtered out the negative from their reports. "In January our own internal polls showed a sharp decline in our popularity," a Sandinista member of the National Assembly told me after the elections. "So we sent out our regional campaign supervisors to check with the local committees. And they said that they had been back to the block organizations, and that they were willing to put both hands and both feet into the fire, that we were way ahead, and that on February 25th they would deliver the votes." As a result of this encouragement, and of the impressive turnouts at most rallies (made possible by government logistics and considerable peer pressure to attend), the F.S.L.N. leadership decided that it did not have to make the announcement annulling the draft, which affected teen-agers, primarily those that the F.S.L.N. considered its natural constituency: the sixteen-year-olds, who had been granted the vote, free schooling, and great political weight by the government. There is a general feeling now that many of those teen-agers were actually undecided voters, who waited until the Party's closing campaign rally, on February 21st, for an announcement on the draft. More than two hundred thousand people turned out for the affair, and the younger part of the crowd stayed through the endless song-and-dance part of the festivities in order to hear Ortega's speech. Probably on instructions from his image-makers, the President made strange prancing movements across the stage before launching into an unusually long and thoughtful talk, in which he announced a program of national reconciliation and specific economic improvement following the elections. He also discussed how the confrontation with the United States was draining Nicaragua, and predicted that an overwhelming number of votes in the Sandinistas' favor would legitimize the regime in United States eyes and lead to better relations. Everything will be better, he promised. But he didn't announce the end of the draft.

THE huge Olof Palme Assembly Hall was full at 6 A.M. on the day following the elections. A great many foreign reporters were on hand, quite a few of whom were living in Nicaragua and were in sympathy with the revolution or were working with the alternative press. There were also lots of *internacionalistas*, foreign volunteers who had somehow learned that Daniel Ortega would be speaking now that the vote tally showed UNO to have gained a resounding triumph. They were the first to rise to their feet when the doors opened and Ortega walked in, at the head of a crowd of F.S.L.N. candidates for the National Assembly. Miguel d'Escoto, the Maryknoll priest who is also the Foreign Minister, was with them, too, wearing a red-and-black kerchief around his neck, and so was Interior Minister Tomás Borge. As the novelist and historian Sergio Ramírez, who has served as Vice-President under Ortega, moved into the hall, he looked as if he had just had a death in the family. He and Ortega walked toward the microphone and raised their arms in greeting as a wave of applause rolled over them.

The Sandinistas are unique among Latin-American revolutionary organizations in their ability to project a heroic image and, time and again, overcome their own limitations as a radical movement from a small, backward nation in order to make the grand gesture. No matter that most of their leaders had never been outside Nicaragua before their 1979 victory, or had much beyond a high-school education. Never mind that the F.S.L.N.'s first eighteen years were spent in clandestinity and bred the sectarianism and paranoia inevitable in an underground movement, or that the desperate war with the United States reinforced the leadership's provincialism, rigidity, and general siege mentality. Now, as Daniel Ortega spoke in a sorrowing voice of the Sandinistas' deep love for Nicaragua, it seemed that no one could doubt him, and when he said unhesitatingly that his government would respect the people's vote one could almost feel listeners' memories welling up—of how the Sandinistas, organized in 1961, had endured in all but unbearable circumstances, carried on an all but hopeless struggle against the region's most firmly entrenched dictatorship, survived the torture and death of their most valuable and beloved leaders, wasted much of their lives in jail, nearly starved to death in the jungle, and at last led a suicidal charge against Somoza that ended in a confounding, delirious victory. And now the majority of the population wished them gone, and they were leaving.

After the sobbing in the audience had ended, the journalists filed quietly out. In the bright sunlight, the convention center's clean tropical architecture stood out against the rubble and overgrowth of post-earthquake Managua. I remembered how, a few weeks after Somoza's downfall, a well-known Latin-American Trotskyite had burst into the lobby of the Hotel Intercontinental here, just off a plane from Mexico, his face alight with discovery. "I understand!" he bubbled. "It seemed impossible that a guerrilla group could force the collapse of a state so quickly, but I've just driven here from the airport, and, let me tell you, Nicaragua was not a state. It was a hacienda—Somoza's private hacienda! And the National Guard were not an army, they were his private watchmen!" He was right: Nicaragua was not a state until the Sandinistas made it one. The telephone book (one two-hundred-page book for the entire country) used to list the sites of the public phones—less than a dozen in all of Nicaragua. And I once counted the elevators in Managua: three in the Intercontinental, two in the Bank of America building, three more in the old Central Bank building where the President now has his offices, two in what is now the Interior Ministry. It was a ten-elevator country.

All through the Contra war, the United States' trade embargo, and the catastrophic drop in prices for Nicaragua's principal exports—coffee, sugar, and cotton—the Sandinistas persisted with single-minded determination in their efforts to build a state, despite the barely three million dollars in cash and $1.5 billion in debt they inherited from Somoza. Its presence is now everywhere. There are traffic police who do not take bribes, modest but gracefully designed children's parks, public trash bins, and there are literacy, vaccination, and infant-anti-dehydration campaigns that work. There are, among a good many bureaucrats and Party munchkins, competent technical teams in every ministry. Above all, there is an institutional ability to organize, mobilize, and deliver, and it allowed the Organization of American States and the United Nations to set up electoral guidelines that would have been exacting by European standards, let alone Latin America's. The F.S.L.N. has trained so many young people in the Party discipline of punctuality and responsibility that, with UNO having to scrabble for months to dig up enough polling supervisors for Election Day, the Supreme Electoral Council had to staff most of its regional centers with Sandinistas. And, following their instructions from the Supreme Electoral Council to the letter, the regional-center heads went right on tallying and reporting the votes after they became aware that their party was losing.

THE President-elect of Nicaragua, Violeta Chamorro, claimed victory at 3:30 A.M., after Mariano Fiallos announced that thirty per cent of the votes were in and UNO had maintained its nearly fifty-four per cent of the total. Mrs. Chamorro, a stately woman with a high regard for the proprieties, had reportedly wanted to wait until after Ortega conceded, but as the night wore on and no word came from the Sandinistas it became clear that UNO had to lay claim to its spectacular victory or risk losing it. The Bambana Club was already bursting with campaign workers and an even larger number of reporters, and the UNO leadership had been celebrating on the dais for a couple of hours, when Mrs. Chamorro made her entrance, arms aloft, silver hair shining in the spotlights. There is no question among the people who voted for her or in the coalition that supported her candidacy that Mrs. Chamorro is a symbolic figure—she has trouble remembering the names of heads of state, and reads her prepared speeches with difficulty—but as figureheads go she's a pretty good one, and never had she been better than she was on that happy night. Radiant, she dropped the hectoring tone that dampens the spirits of her admirers at rallies. ("We are not rabble!" she will admonish a too enthusiastic crowd.) She spoke loudly and clearly, and, after months of a campaign that was nearly as bitter and divisive as the Contra war, she spoke generously of peace and reconciliation. "All Nicaraguans have triumphed today," she declared. "We have given the world a magnificent example of civic spirit. . . . Among all of us, we have achieved the first democratic election in the country's history . . . and we will, God willing, produce a peaceful change of government."

Violeta Chamorro is the widow of Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, a combative newspaper editor who was assassinated—almost certainly on Somoza's orders—in January, 1978. The country was then already in ferment, and his murder added coals to the insurrectionist fire the Sandinistas were fanning. Because he belonged to the moneyed élite, and because the record of that sector's fight against the Somoza dictatorship is skimpy, there has lately been an effort to appropriate Pedro Joaquín as a leader of the private sector, which he actually looked down on, and to present his murder as the single outrage that ignited the anti-Somoza insurrection. But this is a version of events that not even his immediate family can agree on: the Chamorro son Carlos Fernando and daughter Claudia, who are high-ranking F.S.L.N. members, vehemently refute it. Pedro Joaquín Chamorro was nevertheless so important to the insurrection that his widow was invited to join the Sandinista's first coalition junta. She is said to have felt slighted and manipulated in that role, and to have been shocked by the F.S.L.N.'s secret socialist agenda. When she resigned, in 1980, she immediately went over to the opposition, where another son, Pedro Joaquín, Jr., was drawing the battle lines at *La Prensa*, the family newspaper.

She made sure she would not suffer

similar vexations when she agreed to lead the campaign of fourteen tiny, squabbling parties that initially formed UNO: her daughter Cristiana's husband, Antonio Lacayo, became her campaign director; Antonio Lacayo's brother-in-law Alfredo César led the list of candidates for the National Assembly; and Pedro Joaquín, Jr., who had served as a director of the Contras, was an adviser. Thus securely supported, she grew in confidence as the campaign progressed. It is hard to imagine that UNO would have had its victory without Violeta Chamorro's energy, striking looks, and moral authority.

They were all on the dais that night—Lacayo, César, Cristiana, and Pedro Joaquín, Jr., laughing with and embracing former Contra leaders, like Azucena Ferrey. The embraces included even Vice-President-elect Virgilio Godoy, a temperamental man, whose relations with the Chamorro clan are notoriously poor. (The tensions came to a head on February 4th, when Godoy's chief campaign adviser, in full view of the television cameras, punched Lacayo in the stomach in a dispute over precedence.) Godoy is the head of the Independent Liberal Party, one of the larger minority parties, with representation in the National Assembly, and after a long struggle it was decided to give him the Vice-Presidency over Enrique Bolaños, the former head of the Private Sector Supreme Council. Bolaños thereupon took off for Miami, and he withheld the Council's endorsement of Mrs. Chamorro until the last minute. He still refuses to shake hands with Godoy.

"There were months of arguing and fighting to create the coalition," I was told by a diplomat who monitored UNO's evolution closely. "And then more arguing over the platform. They couldn't agree on whether they should settle first on the candidate or on the platform. They tried to set up platform committees for a while, and that didn't work. They were always late for the deadlines set by the Supreme Electoral Council, and sometimes they missed them. Everything evolved in a very 'Nica' way." But the diplomat was not worrying about how Mrs. Chamorro would preside over her unruly group, or how the unlikely alliance of orthodox Communists, Christian Democrats, and aging Conservatives would

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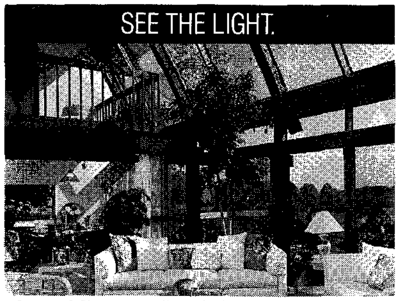

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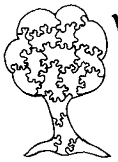

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share power and govern. "UNO at this point is Violeta," he said.

"I am in charge here," Doña Violeta has taken to saying in press conferences and interviews, but one wonders. She certainly has authority over her immediate family, but there is no question that most political decisions, large and small, continue to be made by her son-in-law, Antonio Lacayo, and who elected him? Then there is the issue of her health: Mrs. Chamorro suffers from advanced osteoporosis and has been in a wheelchair ever since she broke a knee in January. She stopped campaigning altogether that month while she went to Houston for treatment, and she left for Houston again last week. How fully will she be able to preside over the government on April 25th?

The Sandinistas are hoping that she will. In the blinding light of the reality forced upon them on Election Day, they have decided they like Mrs. Chamorro and her family, particularly Antonio Lacayo. He is not a politician, they say, and that is precisely the advantage he has over the real UNO crowd: "He is moderate, pragmatic, efficient," one Sandinista official told me. "He is one of the most successful businessmen this country has ever known." Unlike his brothers-in-law Alfredo César and Pedro Joaquín, Jr., Lacayo never joined the rubber-stamp leadership of the National Resistance, as the Contras eventually came to call themselves. He stayed in Nicaragua and added to the family fortune with a diversified portfolio: agroindustrial complexes here and in Costa Rica and Mexico, the oil-processing firm Gracsa, which is a successful mixed-capital operation, and a share in one of Managua's most popular restaurants.

"We think he is aware of how dangerous the situation is, and we think we can work with him to defuse the bomb we are all sitting on," this same Sandinista official said, echoing many others. In fact, there is hardly anyone in the country who is not aware of the dangers involved in completing a transition of power before April 25th, and of the equally grave situation the new government will have to face; one reason the UNO victory celebrations have been so low-key is that even its most furiously anti-Sandinista supporters know how little there is to be happy about. A few days after the election, I went to talk to a Latin-American ambassador with firsthand experience of the ruin a government can come to when it is unable to meet a desperate population's impossible hopes—the food riots and general popular insubordination, the military pressures, and the foreign-debt burden that can make a country ungovernable. "There are reasons to be pessimistic," he said. "It's not as if this is a transition of power between two parties that believe in the same basic system and agree on the rules of the game. We're dealing with two different concepts of what Nicaragua should be. To the degree that the Sandinistas perceive that their essential conquests—everything that gave their struggle meaning and content—are questioned, modified, or altered, they will react very strongly. The Army, for example. The Sandinista Army is partisan, and during their rule this broke with a long Latin-American tradition of an autonomous Army that can step in with a coup at any point. For the Sandinistas the Army is essential, but from UNO's point of view it is intolerable."

So far, the F.S.L.N. has seemed willing to replace much of the military top command, including Defense Minister Humberto Ortega and Interior Minister Tomás Borge, if suitably neutral substitutes can be found, but they could backtrack at any moment. "You can't ask the Sandinistas to reduce the size of the Army without a parallel reduction of all the Central American military," the ambassador said. "Doña Violeta seems amenable to the idea, but the United States has to be willing to help, too, by reducing its levels of military assistance in the region. Will they be willing to do that in El Salvador?"

Above all, the ambassador thought, the transition teams headed by Antonio Lacayo and Humberto Ortega (brother of the President) will have to find a formula that takes into account both sides' fears and insecurities, "and in that sense the United States will have to send a very clear signal to the effect that it will respect the true results of the elections: UNO's victory and the Sandinistas' presence as the largest and most coherent party by far. This hasn't happened yet." It would be dangerous, the ambassador went on, to try to ignore or provoke the Sandinistas. "There is a sense in which the F.S.L.N. didn't really lose, considering that they got forty per cent of the vote in an economic situation that very few governments could have survived."

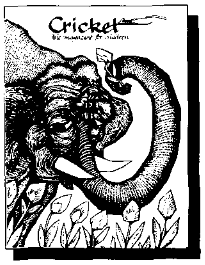
Of course, whatever happens in the next twelve months in Nicaragua will be determined largely by factors beyond the direct control of any of the players. Even if Congress approves the half billion dollars in aid that Mrs. Chamorro's team requested and the Bush Administration has agreed to press for, the country's economy will still be desperate. How will Nicaragua replace the hundred and sixty thousand tons of oil provided every year by the Soviet Union? Who will step in with money for public housing like the thousand units now being built by Cuban construction workers in hurricane-struck Bluefields? The UNO economic plan calls for reprivatization of the thirty per cent or so of agricultural lands now in government hands. Where are the buyers quixotic enough to invest in this unstable, economically devastated country?

The key to the new government's stability lies with the Sandinistas, as the Latin-American ambassador pointed out. They can be a loyal if difficult opposition, or, if they feel their existence threatened, "they can be savage." The blanket amnesty announced this week covering virtually every official crime that might have been committed during the last ten years—from embezzlement to murder—and the rush to legalize property seized from Somoza and the private sector (homes for the Party leadership and tens of thousands of small plots for squatters) are further examples of how recklessly incoherent the Sandinistas can be when they feel threatened: calmly discussing the restructuring of the Army at one moment, subverting the very idea of legality at the next.

FOR days now, the country has been in a post-earthquake sort of daze, and the situation is so precarious that wherever people gather the talk is of whether April 25th will arrive peacefully, or whether there will be still more fighting. For the Sandinistas, whose very survival as an organization is at stake, the stress has been almost unendurable, and never greater than in the official silence following Daniel Ortega's 6 A.M. speech. Radio Sandino, the official Party voice, did not stop broadcasting during those hours, however, and a steady stream of strident cries filled the airwaves as lower-level cadres from all over the country called in, begging the President to annul the elections, bring in the Army, and summon the Sandinistas to defend the revolution.

Finally, on the Tuesday after Election Day, it was announced that the F.S.L.N. National Directorate was meeting with its top cadres, and that President Ortega would address the press corps afterward. Immediately, Sandinista delegations from all over Managua converged on Omar Torrijos Plaza, outside the convention center. When the plaza was filled to overflowing, it seemed just like old times. The faithful were sucking in desperately needed strength from their own numbers and the spectacle of their red-and-black flags and insignia. The questions that had floated so heavily in the air (What will happen to my job? What will become of the kindergartens? Is this the end of the party that has meant my life and my purpose?) were soon replaced by chants. There were vivas to the Sandinista Army and oaths of loyalty to The Struggle. The prodigious loudspeakers materialized, and Sandinista music blared to the rooftops. Daniel Ortega appeared. "The change of government by no means signifies the end of the revolution!" he shouted, and the crowd gave a vast roar of relief. And then, for long minutes, he tried to say something he had never said during the campaign and that the crowd now did not want to hear: "We are certain that the majority of the people who gave their vote to UNO did not do so because they are counter-revolutionaries," he insisted, while the plaza filled with cries of "Down with the National Guard–UNO!" Ortega went on, "They did so because they thought they could improve their situation with the opposition." In a divided country, Daniel Ortega was trying to speak of reconciliation to his most radicalized supporters, and he had a hard time shouting them down. Mrs. Chamorro will no doubt face similar difficulties with her UNO supporters at the beginning of what will be, if Nicaragua is lucky and both sides are uncommonly wise, a long, delicate, dangerous process of national rehabilitation.

—ALMA GUILLERMOPRIETO



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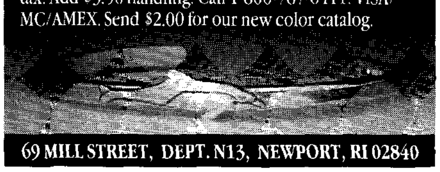

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BOOKS

Portrait of the Young Man as an Artist

THREE of Winston Churchill's early books—"The Story of the Malakand Field Force: An Episode of Frontier War" ($18.95), which first appeared in 1898; "The Boer War" ($19.95), combining two volumes, "London to Ladysmith via Pretoria" and "Ian Hamilton's March," that were originally issued separately in 1900; and "My African Journey," of 1908 ($17.95)—have recently been republished by Norton. Because they originated as journalism—the first two as newspaper reporting, the third as magazine articles—they show us the past as modern times, and history as current events, and because their writing is exceptional they have become literature. The books also introduce us to an astonishing young man who grew up to save our civilization.

There's not an awkward passage in "The Story of the Malakand Field Force," Churchill's first book. He sets the exotic stage—British India's (now Pakistan's) North-West Frontier—as he moves us into the action. The field force was composed of British and Indian Army units assembled to cope with what Churchill called "the great tribal upheaval of 1897"—an unexpected assault on the Indian frontier by the tribes who lived in the valleys of the Hindu Kush. Churchill's story starts on the night of July 26th, when thousands of warriors attacked an Army camp in the Malakand Pass and a small (two-hundred-man) garrison in the village of Chakdara. Throughout August, a succession of other tribes, in other valleys, went to war with equal suddenness.

Churchill elbowed his way into the Malakand Field Force, seeking military, not literary, distinction. He was a twenty-two-year-old subaltern in the 4th Hussars, a regiment stationed in Bangalore, far to the south. He was poor. His father, who died in 1895 after a short, flashy political career and a long illness, had left an estate just equal to his debts, and Winston's Army pay came to fourteen shillings a day. After two years as a soldier, the young man was bored. His father had thought Winston was only bright enough for Sandhurst, where he had done well because he enjoyed riding. Despite his mania for polo and a program of serious reading (Plato, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Macaulay, and twenty-seven volumes of the Annual Register), Churchill was restless in the peacetime cavalry. When the frontier tribes attacked, he wired the Malakand Field Force commander, Sir Bindon Blood, whom he had met socially, proposing to spend his leave at war. (Cavalry officers were allowed as much as five months' leave a year.) Sir Bindon, who had filled all his slots for junior officers, allowed Winston to come along as a war correspondent.

The pattern of the campaign was dictated by the region's melodramatic topography. Churchill describes the Bengal Lancers, under fire, trying to swim their horses through a gorge of the swift-flowing Swat River, and he also describes the artillerymen walking their mules over a swinging bridge across the Panjkora River while the current below battered the bodies of dead camels against the rocks. The tribes fought for fun, for loot, and for Islam; one mullah had promised that they would be invulnerable to the bullets of the infidel, and another that they would go to heaven if they were killed. Since they didn't coördinate a strategy, the frontier campaign was a series of separate actions, some consecutive, others simultaneous. Churchill sees to it that the reader is never confused; we always know where a particular brigade is and what it is trying to do. Though Churchill the writer was at least as green as Churchill the soldier, he knew that it was best to describe little things (for example, that a bullet miss-

THE MANHATTAN TRIANGLE

ing you makes "a curious sucking noise" in the air) and let the reader discover the big things—the steadiness of the outnumbered imperial forces, the cultural misunderstandings that pervaded the frontier—for himself.

The following year, Churchill wangled his way into the 21st Lancers, a regiment in the Anglo-Egyptian force that went up the Nile from Egypt under the command of Sir Herbert (not yet Lord) Kitchener. Their aim was to retake the Sudan from the dervishes who, in 1885, had captured Khartoum and killed General Gordon. Though Churchill worked as a correspondent, he also saw action at the Battle of Omdurman. In early November, 1899, his dispatches were published, under the title "The River War"; by then, he had already resigned from the Army, lost his first Parliamentary election, and landed at Cape Town as a journalist reporting the Boer War.

d.ehrenberg

Churchill's books about the Boer War aren't a complete history; they're accounts of two campaigns. The first campaign is Sir Redvers Buller's relief of Ladysmith, in Natal. The second is the fighting march of Ian Hamilton's mounted division from Bloemfontein to Johannesburg (Churchill biked into the city a day ahead of the Army) and on to Pretoria. Churchill's war started badly. Two weeks after he landed, he was a prisoner of the Boers, who attacked an armored train on which he was riding. Churchill reveals that he took charge of efforts to clear the track, and that when the British had filled the engineer's cab with wounded and it began to steam away he jumped off, hoping to rally British soldiers who were still fighting. Yet he immediately petitioned the Boers for release, claiming noncombatant status. The Boers ignored his plea, so one night in December he climbed over the wall of the prison, and, by the new year, was back on the British front line.

He had made use of his time in captivity. The moment he was taken, he began interviewing Boers, so that, right in the middle of the war, he was able to present English readers with speaking portraits of the enemy. He was honest and sensitive, and reported the Boers' humanity and human diversity—brave and bright, sullen and stupid, fire-eaters and reluctant warriors.

The Boer War was the most "modern" war that Churchill (or anyone else in the British Army) had fought. It was much bigger than any of the earlier colonial wars: Hamilton, commanding the smaller of two parallel columns, led eleven thousand men; a thousand had cleared a valley in the Hindu Kush. The Boers had plenty of up-to-date matériel, and the effectiveness of their artillery gave Churchill uneasy, prescient thoughts about a future European war. Churchill's dispatches are rarely overtly critical of the British command, even when he's writing about a general like Buller, whom most historians deplore. Thomas Pakenham, in his history of the Boer War, describes a frontal assault by the Gordon Highlanders on a ridge filled with well-entrenched Boers. Recalling Churchill's account of that engagement and its aftermath of Scottish corpses, Pakenham asks rhetorically why Churchill didn't question Hamilton's orders to the Highlanders. My impression is that Churchill, besides not wanting to dishearten readers and/or get shipped back by an irate general, was reluctant to pass judgment because he wasn't sure he understood the new problems of this kind of war. And, of course, Pakenham knows that eighteen Highlanders "lay dead in a row" and that "their faces were covered with blankets, but their grey stockinged feet—for the boots had been removed—looked very pitiful" only because Churchill told him so.

Churchill came home from South Africa and was elected to Parliament as a Conservative. In May, 1904, he joined the Liberals, because he thought the Tories were about to abandon free trade. The Liberals came in at the end of 1905, and he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. There was no particular reason for the Under-Secretary to travel to the East Africa Protectorate (now Kenya) and Uganda (then another protectorate) in 1907, but Parliament was in recess and Churchill was footloose, so he went, and his trip became the subject of "My African Journey." He landed at

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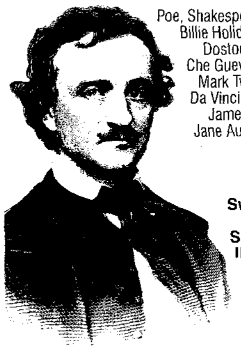

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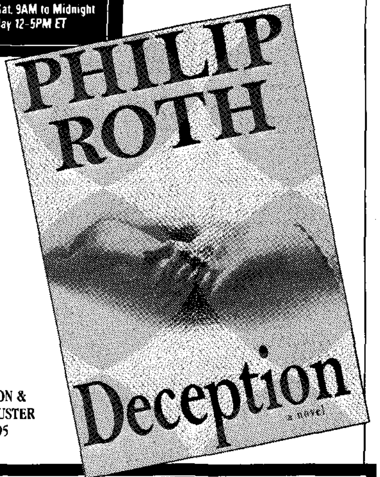

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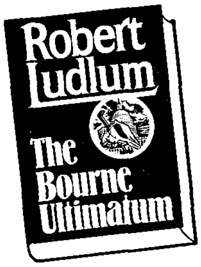

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Mombasa in October, rode the railway through Kenya, and took a steamboat across Lake Victoria to Uganda. He returned by way of the Nile, sailing where the waters were navigable and hiking where they weren't, and reached Khartoum from the south in December.

Across thousands of miles of Africa, the Pax Britannica assured his safety; he comments that he could not have travelled down the Nile a decade earlier, when the dervishes' "devastating barbarism" ruled in the Sudan. By 1907, the only creatures that threatened the lives of travellers were ticks (fever), mosquitoes (malaria), and tsetse flies (sleeping sickness). Churchill's impressions of Kenya anticipate the memoirs of Elspeth Huxley and Isak Dinesen, with their evocations of breathtaking landscapes and limitless wildlife. Like these writers, Churchill admired and shot. Churchill predicted that "modern science" would rid Kenya of the pestilences that were afflicting livestock and people, but he didn't take to most of the white settlers, who, despite his efforts at ministerial tact, appear snobbish and exploitive, lacking any sense of the rights of the African natives. Even though sleeping sickness had depopulated vast areas of Uganda, he was more enthusiastic about that region's future, partly because he didn't expect whites to settle there.

In all three books, Churchill reads like a writer—someone with special literary gifts, not just an intelligent man with a good vocabulary. He *was* highly intelligent—in these books you are impressed by how quickly he learns—but he also had something more. Byron Farwell's "Queen Victoria's Little Wars" has a quotation from Churchill's friend Ian Hamilton describing a cavalry pursuit in the Second (1878-80) Afghan War. Hamilton's intelligent language explains what happened without engaging the reader. By contrast, a paragraph by Churchill describing his ride into Ladysmith just ahead of the English forces picks up the acceleration and exhilaration of a triumphant gallop and takes the reader along. The reader also feels Churchill's humiliation when he is marched from the train to the prison through the streets of Pretoria, crowded with Boer civilians who have turned out to jeer at the column of dishevelled British prisoners. Movies and television have familiarized us with many images found in these books—men in khaki picking their way around boulders, a river full of water lilies and submerged hippopotamuses—yet Churchill's language makes them fresh. His writing here is never elaborate or rhetorical, and its restraint generates energy.

Could a reader guess from these books that Churchill would later lead England to defy Hitler? Perhaps in 1908 no one in England could have imagined Hitler; the Kaiser seemed as troublesome as any German could be. But an attentive reader might find clues to Churchill's greatness, paradoxically, in his imaginative limitations. The range of his appreciations is wide enough to include many classes of things—butterflies, bicycles, ironies. But he can't really empathize with, or emotionally grasp, race hatred. All over the Empire he meets its assorted racial, ethnic, religious, linguistic, and national groups, and is aware that some of them dislike others, and, by 1907, that those antipathies cause problems of governance. But when, for example, he encounters the Boers' all-out racism, he transcribes what they say as if he were quoting madmen. Churchill emphatically believed in the superiority of British political institutions. He did not, however, believe in the innate superiority of the white race: "In sport, in courage, and in the sight of heaven, all men meet on equal terms."

Churchill doesn't fuss a great deal about courage, which he finds "not only common, but cosmopolitan." He's certainly unemphatic about his own; his panache is matter-of-fact. What he doesn't understand at all is the opposite of courage. He cannot imagine cowardice, losing heart, or giving up. He is repelled and bewildered when he's forced to mention that in the course of the Boer War British soldiers have raised a white flag. He doesn't understand surrender. —NAOMI BLIVEN

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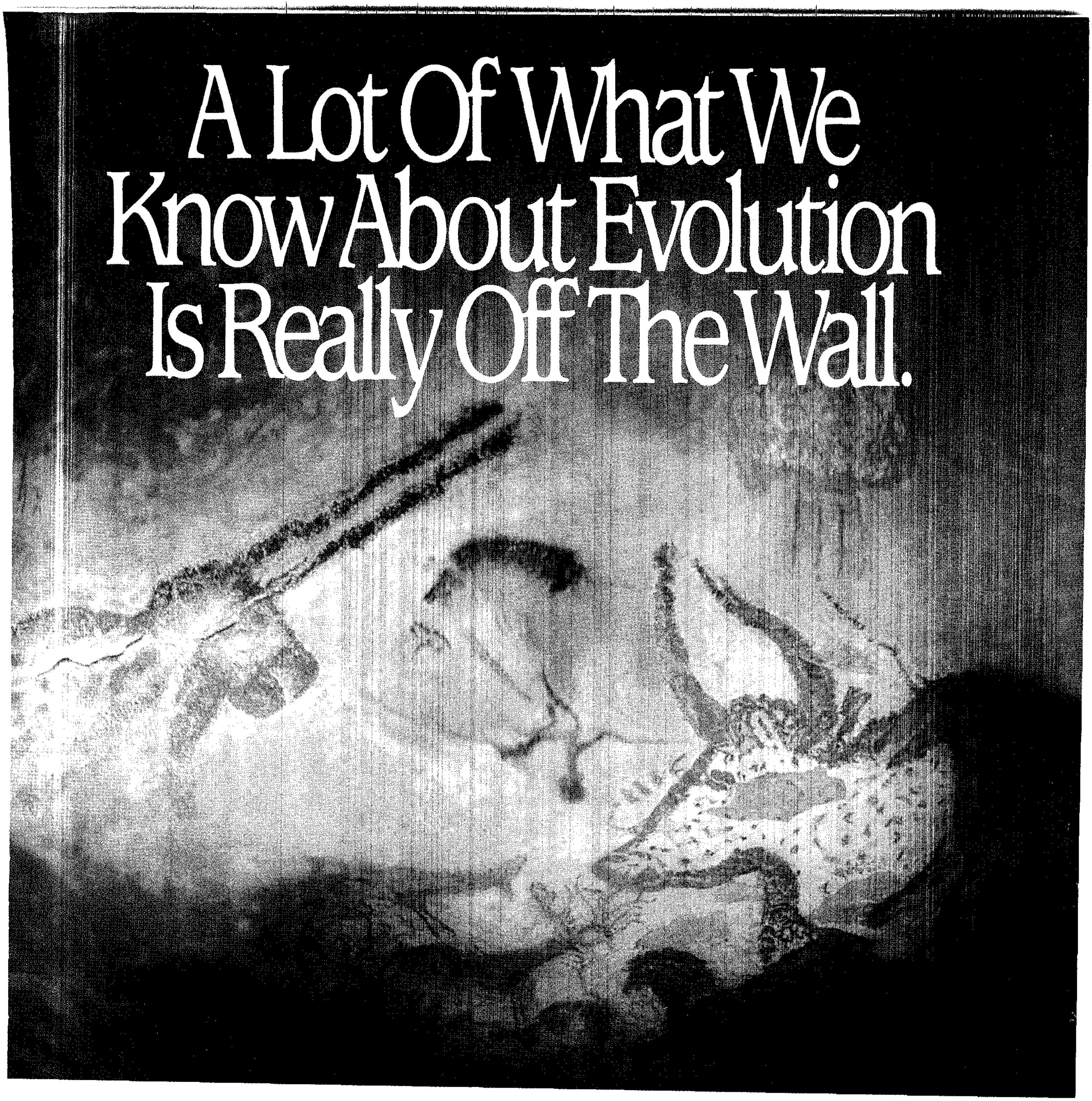

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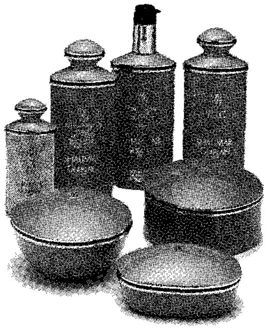

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